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A BOOK ABOUT THE TWO AFRICAS

by

JAMES SAXON CHILDERS



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
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For
WILLIAM H. DANFORTH
"Minisino"

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J. S. C.

A PLACE CALLED AFRICA

I was visiting Professor Charles T. Loram in his office at the Yale Graduate School. Dr. Loram was born in Africa and lived there most of his life. As we talked, he suddenly put his hand on the map of Africa and said: "Childers, I'm tremendously proud of this continent."

I didn't understand. I realized that a person might be fascinated by Africa or excited by Africa, but how could he be proud of Africa?

I had seen a good many African movies, read a number of African novels and books of African travel. How could a person be proud of all that I had seen and read? Jungles. Deserts. Uncivilized black men. Fever. What was there to be proud of?

Then I went to Africa. I entered at the Cape, the southernmost tip of the continent, and traveled slowly toward the north until I came out at Cairo. I crossed North Africa and finally left the continent from Tangiers, the northwest corner. I had a good look at most of Africa.

Now I understand why Dr. Loram said: "I am tremendously proud of this continent."

The book I am setting out to write on Africa would probably be more popular if I, too, would write the orthodox story of mysterious jungles, deserts, uncivilized black men, and fever. But I prefer not to limit myself to these subjects. I wish to write about the whole of Africa as I saw it.

I want particularly to make plain that Africa is not limited to wild animals and screeching voodoo. It is indeed a continent of which Dr. Loram or any other man might be tremendously proud.

I traveled in Africa in 1939 when, technically, the European nations were friendly to Africa and to each other.

I left Tangiers only a few days before war was declared in Europe. This book, therefore, tells of Africa in a time of comparative peace when the peoples of Africa and the continent itself were not part of the loot fought for by the nations of Europe.

In writing of Africa in a moment of peace, I hope that I can tell of the normal life of the people in the cities, the jungles, and the deserts. I hope, too, that I can give some idea of Africa as it actually is today. Because Africa today is almost incredibly different from the barbaric land of yesterday.

If we could forget the traditional Africa and come to know the continent as it is at present, if we could recognize the present African resources and the possibilities of future African wealth, we could then better understand why this continent is one of the continuous reasons that the nations of Europe go to war.



Cape Town was the first city I saw in Africa. I stepped ashore and was met by friends who led me to a large American automobile.

"It's fine to see you again," they said, as we drove through the business section of the city, traffic lights occasionally stopping us and giving me a better chance to see the shops and office buildings.

From the downtown area we drove over a boulevard to the home of one of my friends. On the veranda of his home, built high on the mountain, we looked down at the city of three hundred thousand persons.

"Pretty sight, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," I said. But to myself I was saying: Where is Africa?



In Durban, another large city in South Africa, I had breakfast in my room at the hotel. Then a friend came and we motored out to one of the city's championship golf courses where I found the greens the fastest I ever four-putted.

We lunched at the clubhouse, then went to the racecourse and spent the afternoon watching the ponies and picking the wrong ones.

Back at the hotel, I changed into a tail coat and white tie. With my friends I dined at the country club. We spent the evening dancing.

As I was undressing that night, I said: But where is Africa?



Salisbury is the capital of Southern Rhodesia. I went for a stroll about this city in the center of Africa, in the very heart of the Dark Continent.

I visited a beautifully decorated coffee shop. Went into the lobbies of the great office buildings. Looked at the windows of the department stores.

In one window the display of men's shirts and socks reminded me of Fifth Avenue. In another the new low-cut evening waistcoat was suggestive of Bond Street. But the window which interested me most showed the furs for the coming season. There was an ermine wrap which particularly caught my eye and a mink coat that would be noticed on the Rue de la Paix.

After leaving the store, I went to the club and lunched with friends. Then we drove out to the stadium and saw a perfectly topping game of Rugby football.

That night when I was undressing I didn't bother to ask: Where is Africa?

I had learned that there is no such place as "Africa."

There are, instead, two Africas. The primitive, about which

we know a little. And the modern, about which we know less.



Our ignorance of Africa leads us into traps—like the lady who left the performance of *Tobacco Road* and went straight to a gentleman from Georgia.

"Tell me," she demanded, "are *all* the people in the South like those in *Tobacco Road*?"

"Well, no, ma'am," said the mischievous gentleman from Georgia, "we got some a lot meaner than that; we got some show nuff mean 'uns down in Gawga. Why, down where I come from, them folks in *Tobacco Road* would be the country club set."

Just as *Tobacco Road* is a good show—and a better show because most of the audience know nothing of the country it is supposed to portray—so most of the plays and movies laid in Africa are good shows.

In these performances lions forever roar in the jungle. Elephants stampede in the forest. Witch doctors work their voodoo. Paint-smearing men dance their fierce dances.

I saw one of these African dances in Africa itself. I went to see it because at the hotel was a big sign:

TOURISTS

LET US MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS

FOR

NATIVE WAR DANCES

SEE AFRICANS DO WILD WAR DANCES

IN NATIVE JUNGLE

SPECIAL RATES FOR PARTIES

It was a grand show, this wild war dance. Only the witch doctor—very frightening in all his paint and feathers and rattles—had forgotten to take off his wrist watch.

Please don't imagine for a moment that Africa has totally bleached out. It hasn't. Nor are the ladies of the Congo now platinum blondes.

Africa is still a shadowed continent with millions of primitive people living primitive lives. There are still thousands of elephants in Africa. Thousands of lions. And people who race deep into the jungle, bows and poisoned arrows in their hands, when a stranger appears; I myself have had them flee from me.

Merely because the white man's civilization has made progress in Africa, don't imagine that there is a lack of excitement. In Africa there is still enough excitement and adventure to satisfy anyone. Certainly there was enough to satisfy me—at times even more than enough.

FROM NEW YORK TO ST. HELENA

The longest regular non-stop voyage made by any ship at sea is the voyage made by American ships sailing for twenty-two days from New York to Cape Town. The distance is sixty-eight hundred miles.

I traveled from New York to the Cape on one of the American ships, the American-South African liner *City of New York*. Ordinarily these ships do not sight land for the full twenty-two days, but the *City of New York*, flagship of the fleet, stops for one day at St. Helena, the famous island far down in the South Atlantic.

In the past most persons traveled from the United States to the Cape by way of Europe, crossing the North Atlantic to England and there taking another boat for the trip south. These persons either did not know about the American service direct from New York to Cape Town or they had never heard of the hospitality of the American-South African line. Certainly my voyage on the *City of New York* was the most enjoyable trip I ever made at sea.

The officers of the ship were friendly and knew a lot about Africa. They would sit for hours and talk with us, answering questions about Cape Town, Durban, Beira, Mombasa, and the other coastal towns. On board, too, were men and women who had lived on the continent and could tell us of what lay ahead.

There was a newspaperman of Johannesburg who had been touring the United States. There was an American engineer who had been in South Africa for twenty years making mining machinery. There was a South African lady returning from Boston where she had attended her daugh-

ter's wedding to a Bostonian. As we walked the decks, or sat on the ship's veranda, or had our evening drinks in the bar, these people prepared us as best they could for our visit to their continent.

But they did not prepare me for the Africa I saw as I traveled from the Cape to the Mediterranean. I doubt if they could have prepared me for the surprises that await any man who travels in Africa. We all have such fixed ideas about this continent that the truth startles us and we have difficulty accepting it.

Seventeen days out of New York our ship anchored off the island of St. Helena.

THE EMPEROR

Before I left for Africa I visited William H. Danforth, chairman of the board of the Ralston-Purina Company, makers of the famous Checkerboard feeds and cereals. Mr. Danforth has been my friend since I was a boy and we frequently discuss our trips, and our plans for trips, with each other.

As we sat on the veranda of his summer home on Lake Michigan, he told me about Africa. "I'm glad you're going," he said. "Africa is a wonderful continent and I understand your enthusiasm about seeing it, but why are you so eager to see St. Helena?"

The question stopped me. "I don't quite know," I said. "It's just one of those weird places I've always wanted to see, like Tibet and Mecca."

"But Tibet has the Grand Lama and Mecca has Mohammed. They are shrines. Is St. Helena a shrine for you? Is Napoleon one of your heroes?"

"No," I said quickly. "Not at all." I thought a minute. "Possibly I'm interested because the island is one of the world's outposts, and I like to visit the really far-off places."

"It's an outpost, all right. But I guess you won't like it. I was unhappy during my visit there. The people distressed me."

Despite the warning I was excited as we drew near St. Helena. On the morning we were scheduled to sight land, I was up early. I hurried out on deck. The ship was riding a calm sea toward the rocky island.

As soon as we could, we all went ashore.



St. Helena today would be almost unknown if the English, after the battle of Waterloo and after Napoleon's abdication, had not taken the Emperor there and kept him prisoner for six years, until his death in 1821.

As a boy in school I heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. Later in college I read of him and studied his life. Still later in France I saw statues of him and heard men speak his name with fervor. In Paris I walked beneath the Arc de Triomphe. I stood beside the great crypt where his body now lies, all his Victories in brilliant colors above him. But in Paris he was to me only Napoleon Bonaparte; on St. Helena, the bare rock and the scene of his sorrow, I knew him for the first time as the Emperor.

On St. Helena, Wagram and Jena and Austerlitz are but names, shadowy and uncertain. On the island there are no sounds of the guns, no cry from the Old Guard. In the infinite quietness, one forgets Murat and Dessaix, Augereau and the impetuous Ney; one forgets the plumes and the drawn swords. One does not think of Lannes with his knees shot away. And Duroc dying.

In the quietness one hears: "Here is the spring where the Emperor drank. There, under that slab, he was buried."

From under the slab, he rose such a Napoleon in the spirit as never was in the flesh. Today there lives a Napoleon, a symbol and a tradition, to whose wizardry as a soldier, and greatness as an emperor, has been added the mystery of a prisoner hidden away in distant exile. St. Helena has well played its part in creating the Napoleon that lives today in the hearts of all Frenchmen and in the mind of all the world.

At twenty-five Napoleon conquered Italy. At thirty-five he crowned himself emperor of the French. This man of almost unknown birth was embraced by the czar of the Russians: the proud Alexander called him brother. Kings schemed to receive a nod from the little Corsican. Queens sought his bed. Yet all his wizardry would be only history if St. Helena,

and the years of imprisonment there, had not given to our imagination a martyr, where conquests and crowns would have left only a man.



Toward the end of his life Napoleon said: "They can whittle me down, they can suppress me and mutilate me all they want but they will find it hard to obliterate me altogether. A French historian will be obliged to say something about the empire, and if he has any heart he will have to give me back some credit."

Even Napoleon, the supreme egoist, thought of himself as only the maker of the French empire. Even he did not remember how mystery added to greatness sometimes creates a god; he failed to see that the six years of imprisonment on St. Helena, years of innumerable rumors drifting away from the island to excite the imagination of millions of men, would complete the apotheosis which battles had only begun.

What of Napoleon without St. Helena? Suppose the British had granted his request and allowed him to live out his life in England? Napoleon growing fat—and he did grow fat—as a country squire! Napoleon in safe and comfortable retirement, living quietly in Surrey or Warwickshire!

Or suppose he had gone to the United States, as he thought of doing, as many of his followers urged him to do. Suppose he had lived in New Orleans where even today they show the house that was built to receive him. Napoleon Bonaparte living in Chartres Street! He's growing fat, they say. He was a great general in his time. Too bad.

Without St. Helena there would not have been that mystery which comes from distance and secrecy; there would have been no tradition of oppression on a wind-swept island—and no martyr. Only a man named Napoleon who, they

say, was a great general in his time, living in Surrey, or Warwickshire, or Chartres Street in New Orleans.

Even without St. Helena, Napoleon would of course be among the immortals; but the Napoleon that lives today did not ride from the field of Wagram or Austerlitz: he rose from beneath the slab in the Vale of the Geranium on St. Helena.

While one is in Europe or in America he remembers, and bitterly remembers, Napoleon's three million dead men strewn from the sands of Egypt to the plains of Russia, but on St. Helena one can not fully rid himself of the sadness that comes into the heart and the imagination as he hears: "This is the spring where the Emperor drank. This is the arbor where the Emperor walked. This is the room where the Emperor dined. There, between those windows, he died."

The Emperor drank here. Walked there. Died between those windows. There are parts of St. Helena where living men are the shadows, where only the ghosts of the Imperial Court are real. One has only to open his eyes and see them, or listen and hear them speak. Out of the limitless and oppressive silence of St. Helena one hears the Emperor himself as he speaks again, giving commands in these small rooms that, in some strange way, are infinitely more imperial than the Tuileries.

The Emperor still commands the remnants of his court, those few who were faithful and followed him, but now it is not to order the Old Guard to advance, or Ney to charge and complete the rout; it is some simple command about dinner, or the carriage, or the garden. Yet in answer, one sees Count Bertrand, grand marshal of the imperial household, bow. One hears him reply to the Emperor's command: "Yes, Sire," he answers.



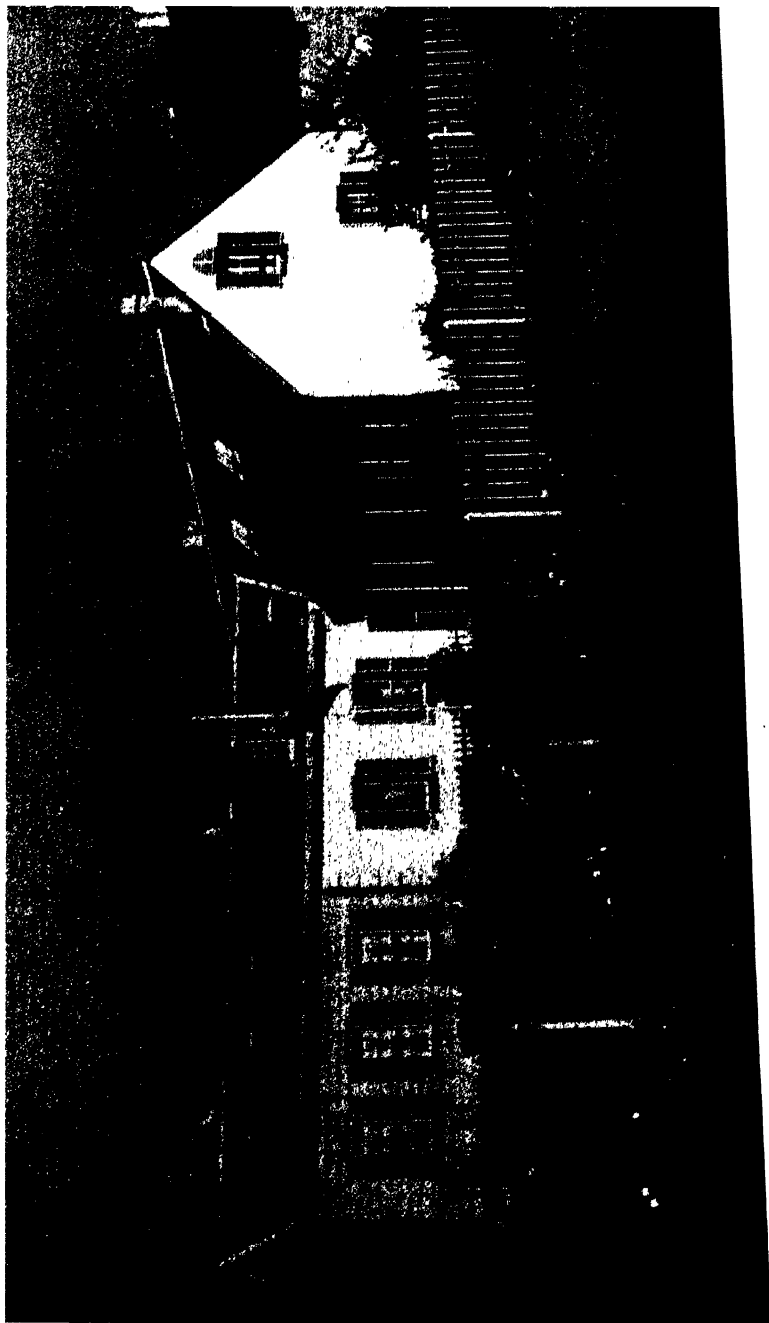
A visit to St. Helena is a truly depressing experience. On the island the insistent ghosts of the past take possession of the most stubborn realist and at least partly quiet his accusations against the man who massacred three thousand prisoners, who deserted his troops in Egypt, who led a murderous sally into Russia, who said: "What are the lives of a million men to me?" On St. Helena the pathetic anti-climax is so vivid that indignation is stilled into sorrow. On St. Helena the Emperor of the French could not even sit on his chamber pot without being spied on by his English jailers!

But that imaginative sorrow is for the past only. The present is infinitely more distressing. On St. Helena today are five thousand men and women struggling for food.

The island was at one time a port of call for ships making the journey from Europe to India, but today with the Suez Canal bearing ships to the East and with St. Helena far out in the ocean—two thousand miles east of Brazil and seventeen hundred miles west of South Africa—the island is virtually cut off from contact with the world. Only twenty-five or thirty ships call there each year, and most of them stop solely that the passengers may visit the home of the Emperor.

St. Helena is ten miles wide and eleven miles long. Flax is grown upon it. There is no other money crop and for years there has been no really profitable demand for flax. The natives grow vegetables in their gardens; they catch fish. Mostly they depend upon the few tourists who come from time to time. When a ship anchors in the roadstead and the native boatmen bring passengers ashore, the women and children of the island flock to the landing and plead with travelers to buy.

They offer baskets woven from flax, but baskets are bulky and tourists will not bother with them. They offer seed work: mats, bracelets, and belts; but the seeds of the island are too bright in coloring, and the natives can not afford to dye them. They offer exquisite needlework, but it is done on cheapest cotton cloth, and no one will buy.

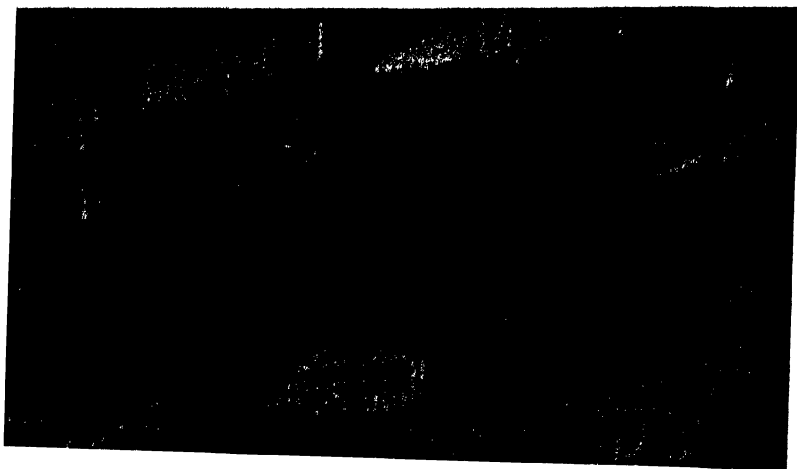


... the front two—"Napoleon died."



NAPOLEON'S BED: On such a camp bed as this, Napoleon slept during all his campaigns. Somewhat in memory of the days of his glory, he slept on the camp bed during his exile.

VALE OF THE GERANIUM



"Why not do this needlework on linen?" the tourist asks.

"How can we buy linen?" the native asks. "Linen is dear and we have no money."

The tourist goes into a shop. The shelves are only half filled. But the shopkeeper, usually a woman and always immaculately dressed, hurries to show everything she has in stock. "Won't you buy something?" she asks. "Something. Anything."

In the teashops the tablecovers and napkins are of the cheapest material, but they are spotless. A half-caste girl takes the order. She speaks beautiful English, the language of the island. One orders tea. Tea, they have. And buttered scones. Beyond that, the supply of food is scant.

The traveler is glad to leave the few bare shops, to get out of Jamestown, the only town on the island. He wishes to begin the drive over the steep and twisting roads that lead from the hot valley, where the town is wedged between two mountains, to the top of the island, four thousand feet above the sea.

Almost immediately one leaves Jamestown, he begins climbing a mountain that is bleak and bare except for cactus and an occasional tree. As he goes higher, the vegetation increases, until he rides between sharply sloping fields that are green with flax. And always he travels toward Longwood, the house where Napoleon spent his last years.

It is a simple frame house with a flower garden in front and stables behind. There is a billiard room and in a corner of this room stands a globe; the same globe was in the room when Napoleon lived there. One can see him as he turns the globe and watches all the world move beneath his finger as once it moved beneath his sword. France... Europe... Africa... the East... Alexander... Napoleon. One can see him walk away quickly and go back into the two small rooms where he shut himself for so long at a time, brooding, remembering.

There are replicas of the camp beds on which Napoleon slept during his different campaigns, and which were brought to St. Helena. On one of them he died. There is the bath where he spent hours in water so hot that another man could not even put his hand in it. There is the garden which he planned and the arbor where he walked. There is the lookout where he sat for so many hours watching the sea, waiting for the sails that never came.

There is something a little shabby about it all. As a matter of fact, after Napoleon's death his house was sold to a farmer who used it to stable his sheep and cattle. Later the British became ashamed of their neglect of the place and patched it up. But not until 1858, when England ceded the house and land to France, was the Emperor's old home even partly restored. The French somewhat cleaned up Longwood, swept it out, and arranged the furniture; but still there is something musty, something shabby, about it. One is glad to get out of the house, out into the open again.

From the Emperor's home, the visitor goes to the Emperor's grave. There he sees where late in the afternoon of May 9, 1821, Napoleon was buried. The place is called the Vale of the Geranium. Near the grave is a spring that the Emperor often visited; the water is sweet and good to the taste.

In 1840 the French government asked for Napoleon's body. The British granted the request. In that year the body was taken from the grave in the Vale of the Geranium and carried to Paris to be buried in the heart of the city that Napoleon loved.

Yet it is not in Paris that the Emperor shows himself, not in the French capital. But in the Vale of the Geranium, where there are no battleflags, no marching men—there the Emperor can be seen. There, in the tremendous quiet, one can see him as he comes slowly over the path that leads through the trees to the spring.

CAPE TOWN

Five days after leaving St. Helena, the lookout picked up land again. This time it was the Cape of Good Hope, the great stone mountain rising sheer out of the water, the southern point of the continent.

After Sir Francis Drake had completed his voyage around the world some three hundred years ago, he said: "This cape is the most stately thing, and the fairest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

Men who since have traveled far more than Sir Francis still say that the Cape of Good Hope is the fairest cape in the whole circumference of the earth. The great stone mountain rising sheer out of the sea is one of the world's noblest sights and South Africans are rightly proud of the cape and its beauty. They look upon it somewhat as Japanese returning home to Nippon look in reverence upon Fujiyama, or as Americans look to the Statue of Liberty.

On the *City of New York* was an American who simply could not forget the glories, particularly the skyscrapers, of the United States. Repeatedly he talked of the tall buildings in New York and other large American cities.

Also on board ship was an elderly South African, a quiet man who had little to say; certainly he seemed the last person to answer the American's boasting. But on the morning our ship sailed into the harbor of Cape Town, the South African spoke to the American: "There, sir," he said, pointing toward the magnificent mountains, "are our skyscrapers."

Cape Town itself is a lovely city with the mountains at its back and the sea before it. And the people of the town are gracious and friendly, even though in some ways they puzzle and confuse a traveler.

For instance, I had been in Cape Town only a short time

when I was considerably puzzled by having "to book" in advance.

I first ran into the custom on the evening I went to a movie house—"bioscope" in South Africa—and put my money on the counter.

"Have you booked, sir?" the girl asked.

"Booked what?"

"A seat, sir."

No, I hadn't booked a seat.

"You haven't booked a seat, sir!"

That was bad. Very bad. But she'd see what could be done.

She carefully studied a diagram of the theater and finally asked where I preferred to sit: "Stalls or dress circle, sir?"

"Listen, lady, all I want is to see your show. Just let me get inside. I'll find a seat."

"Oh, but no, sir!"

Again she consulted the diagram, then opened a book that had triple stubs. With a large blue pencil she wrote a number and a letter on each of the three stubs, then gave me two of them.

When I turned from the window with the stubs in my hand, a gentleman in full dress bowed to me: "This way, sir."

He escorted me along the corridor until we came to another gentleman, this one in uniform. I received a smart salute from the gentleman in uniform and a retiring bow from the gentleman in tails.

My new escort led me along a passage until we came to a most distinguished looking person in a most resplendent uniform. He tore off one of the stubs.

He then joined us as we walked toward a row of girls, each dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy, who stood severely at attention. A stub was handed to one of the girls. She inspected it with a flashlight, then whispered: "This way, sir."

Both the gentlemen in uniform bowed.

I resisted the temptation to curtsy.

A few days after my visit to the bioscope, I wanted to find out about trains to Kimberley. I went to the railway station and spoke to the ticket seller.

Now Kimberley from Cape Town is about like Cincinnati from Atlanta. Naturally I expected the ticket man to have at least some idea about the Kimberley trains.

But no. He considered a moment, then sent me around to another window. This chap held a conference with a friend. Together they decided I should visit the Inquiry Office and discuss the matter with the superintendent.

I followed that course and visited the Inquiry Office. The superintendent received me and gave me a chair while he consulted the time-table. After making a few memoranda, the superintendent took off his glasses and announced the hour of departure of trains from Cape Town to Kimberley.

I thanked him, said that I would be going on Thursday, and started out.

"Have you booked, sir?" the superintendent asked.

"No. Must I?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I'd book at least three or four days in advance."

Another official, at a desk in the corner, looked up quickly. "Only three or four days! I think that's cutting it a little fine. You should book at least a week in advance."

Despite the warning, I failed to book for the railway journey. The reason was that I left Cape Town rather suddenly.

One morning I woke and decided to move on. In Cape Town the buildings and streets and people are so much like buildings and streets and people in American cities that I felt too much at home; I felt as if I'd never left the United States. I decided to leave Cape Town and go out in search of "Africa."

When the hotel porter came in answer to my ring, I asked him to get me a reservation on the train going north that morning.

"This morning, sir!"

"Yes."

"But have you booked, sir?" He looked at his watch. "It's nine o'clock, sir."

"And the train doesn't leave until eleven-thirty. See if you can't get me a reservation."

The porter went away talking to himself. And I had a good idea what he was saying. I knew that already my reputation in that hotel was distinctly bad.

My loss of caste began the very first morning.

That morning a boy knocked at my door at seven o'clock. When I opened the door he handed me a cup of tea.

"Your tea, sir," the boy said.

"But I didn't order tea."

"Your tea, sir," he said, handed it to me, and went away.

Believing that there was some mistake, I went back to bed and to sleep.

Next morning at seven o'clock there was a knock at my door. I got up and opened it.

"Your tea, sir," the boy said.

"Now look here, I didn't order tea and I don't want any. Stop waking me like this."

Next morning at seven o'clock: same knock. Same boy.

"Your tea, sir."

That day I spoke to the manager of the hotel. For a moment he was puzzled, then he solved the riddle entirely to his satisfaction: "Oh, yes, of course, sir—you're an American, aren't you?"

Once he knew I was an American, he understood that I was capable of anything, even to refusing morning tea. He promised he would speak to the roomboy.



ONE OF THE AFRICAS: Here is modern Africa, the Africa without elephants, lions, and jungle drums. There are hundreds of modern African cities.

COLOSSAL CLOSING-DOWN

CAPE
TOWNS
BIGGEST
SALE

SALE

1000
OF
AMAZING
BARGAINS

HALF PRICE AND LESS



CAPE TOWN, OMAHA, PROIDA

Possibly he did. But next morning at seven o'clock: same knock.

I leaped out of bed. I snatched open the door. But there was no roomboy in sight. There was, however, a cup of tea, steaming hot, on the floor.

It is such experiences that cause one to agree with a remark I heard an Englishman make: "We British," he said, "are not quick to change our customs."

Knowing my reputation in the hotel as some kind of monstrosity that didn't take early morning tea and couldn't abide Yorkshire pudding, I could well imagine the muttered comments of the porter as he went away on the preposterous errand. The idea! Trying to book a seat only two hours before train time! The very idea!

The porter was gone only a short time. When he returned, his face glowed, he looked positively triumphant. "As I felt certain," he said, "it is quite impossible to book at this late hour."

"See here," I said, "let's talk this thing over; let's consider it."

I gave him a rousing pep talk and promised him a large tip. Finally I managed to get him into the spirit of the chase. I persuaded him to sally forth a second time.

When he returned an hour later his spirit was bedraggled: he had been unable to book a seat. However, the excitement of the thing had taken hold of him. He audaciously suggested that we go to the train without booking.

"No harm trying, sir."

No harm at all.

Brazenly we presented ourselves to the conductor—who in South Africa is, of course, the guard. At first the guard was astounded. But his astonishment lessened as I gave him a ten shilling tip. It subsided completely as I promised him another ten shilling note if he could find me a seat.

Actually he found me an entire compartment to myself.

Later I talked with him. "There are at least half a dozen empty compartments on this train," I said. "Why couldn't I get one before I left Cape Town?"

"You hadn't booked, sir."

"But the porter went to the station two hours before train time."

"Two hours, sir. Only two hours!"

"Skip it."

Some weeks later I told a railway official what had happened. "Why couldn't I get a reservation?" I asked.

"You mean you sent for a reservation only two hours in advance!"

"Yes."

"But, my dear sir, the whole system operates on bookings."

"Yet there were half a dozen empty compartments on the train."

"But they had not been booked."

"Skip it."



The train leaves Cape Town at eleven-thirty in the morning. It arrives at Kimberley at seven o'clock the following morning.

Scores of stops were made at small stations where the people, white and black, came to see the train run, exactly as they do at small towns in America.

At some of the stations candy, tobacco, magazines, and books were sold. Whenever the train stopped, natives walked beside the windows, offering to sell sandwiches and the fine fruits—particularly the delicious grapes—of South Africa.

At dinner time I went back to the dining-car and had a thoroughly good meal.

At bedtime the sleeping-car attendant rented me a pair of sheets and two blankets for seventy-five cents. Then I

decided I wanted to travel "de luxe," so I paid another seventy-five cents and got a mattress.

Before the night was out, the blankets felt good. Cape Town is as far south of the equator as Birmingham, Alabama, is north of it. The two cities have the same climate and their winters are sharply cold.

At Kimberley I took a taxi to the hotel where I had breakfast and a hot bath.

In the middle of the morning I went across the street to the office of the greatest diamond mining corporation in the world.

DIAMONDS

Nobody knows how diamonds are formed. Even the experts only guess about it; they don't really know.

Some men say that diamonds grew like strange underground plants, developing with incredible slowness. Others say that the stones were formed in an instant—by a stroke of lightning! The Persian legend has it that diamonds were made by the devil: he saw Eve looking with such rapture on brightly-colored flowers in Eden that he planted his own devilish flowers deep underground, hard and everlasting so that their brilliance might forever tempt and confound Eve and her daughters.

The more common scientific explanation is that diamonds were formed deep in the earth by terrific heat and pressure. The details of the formation are not known and even its general nature is only vaguely understood.

At some later time volcanic action forced the stones toward the surface, near enough for them to be mined.

When I was in Kimberley I went down to the bottom of the diamond mines. We descended sixteen hundred feet in a cage, passing the different "levels" like an elevator passing the well-lighted floors of a skyscraper. When we came to the bottom, we stepped out into a great stone room with corridors running from it. Electric trains moved over the tracks. Ten-thousand-pound tipples were filled in four seconds. Huge pumps kept the water flowing. Electric signals from the surface directed the work underground. Telephones rang. The first aid station was as well equipped as some operation rooms.

At the bottom of the mine, with trains moving about me, machinery whirring, men striding along in dirty boots, their faces splattered with blue-gray mud, I felt a long, long way

from Tiffany's. I could only faintly hear: "Darling, this ring tells the story—what about it?" Yet here is where they come from, out of this rock and blue-gray muck, out of this whirr of machinery—the engagement rings of five continents.

From the different mines around Kimberley, the engineers of the DeBeers Consolidated Mines each day bring to the surface eleven thousand tons of rock which they have dynamited underground. Scattered through this mountain of rock are a few diamonds, enough to fill a wine glass. Some of the diamonds are no larger than a pinhead. Yet by devices that seem almost miraculous, the engineers find them, all of them.

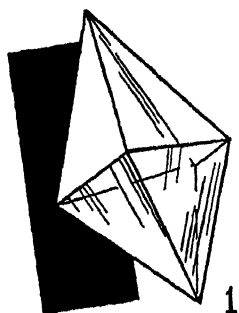
By sending the ore through a number of different machines, the engineers separate the diamonds from the waste material, constantly throwing away the waste, reducing it, until finally all the waste is gone and only the diamonds are left.



Most of us think of a diamond as a blaze in milady's tiara or as a gleaming stone on the fateful finger of the sweetest girl in the world. Few of us understand that when diamonds are taken from the ground they are milky-white and dirty—before they can go out in polite society, they must have their faces washed. The diamond cutters of the world are the gentlemen who do the job.

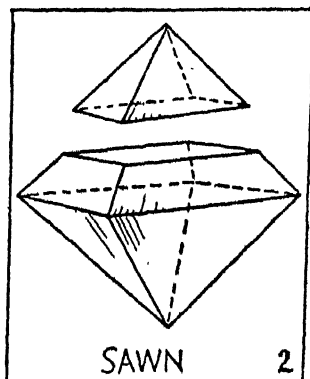
One of the several puzzling facts about diamonds is that virtually every rough stone is octahedral; it has eight sides, like two pyramids fitted together, bottom to bottom.

The cutter's first job is to separate these pyramids. The diamond is the hardest substance known, but it has grain like a piece of wood and any diamond struck a sharp blow exactly with the grain will split like wood. Formerly, the cutters split the diamond by placing a sharp piece of steel upon the grain and striking the steel. Today they use a thin saw.



OCTAHEDRON

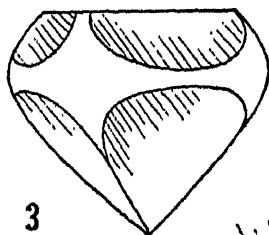
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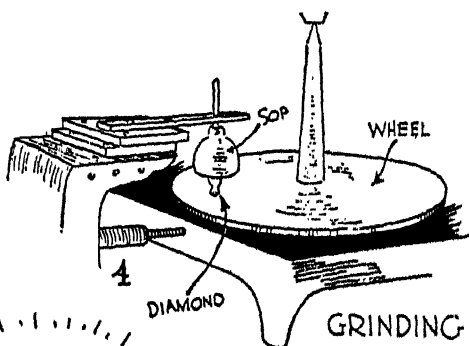
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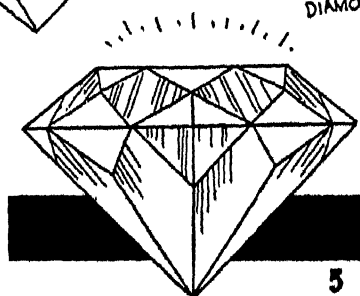
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DIAMOND

GRINDING



5

FINISHED

HOW A DIAMOND IS "CUT"

After the pyramids have been separated, each is "roughed"; its corners are smoothed off. Then it is fitted into a holder, a "dop," which is pressed down upon a whirling iron disk until a small surface has been worn flat, until a facet has been "cut." Actually the "cutting" of a diamond is a wearing away, a smoothing off.

This cutting, this wearing away, consumes from one-half to two-thirds of the ordinary stone; even more is lost when one of the world's great diamonds is cut.

The celebrated Kohinoor, whose history goes back beyond written history, lost about five hundred carats on the cutter's wheel. The Great Mogul originally weighed nine hundred carats and was as large as a hen's egg; after being cut, the stone weighed only two hundred and eight carats. The Pitt or Regent diamond, one of the finest of all precious stones, was reduced by the cutter from four hundred and ten carats to one hundred and thirty-six.

The world's most famous diamond is the Cullinan, the largest diamond ever found. When discovered at the Premier mine in South Africa this stone weighed three thousand and twenty-four carats, about a pound and a half; it was as large as a woman's fist.

The cutters of the world studied the stone itself, or models of it, and went frantic. How was such a diamond to be cut? For years they debated ways and means of cutting the diamond. Then in 1908 a great ceremony was held and the stone was split by a cutter of Amsterdam. In the room at the time were doctors and nurses to attend him in case his hand should slip and his pounding heart fail.

Realizing that the stone could not be cut as a single unit, the experts divided the Cullinan into nine large diamonds and ninety-six smaller ones. The largest of them, Cullinan I, weighs five hundred and thirty-six carats and is the largest cut diamond; it is in the scepter of the British kings. Cullinan II, the world's second largest cut diamond, weighs three hun-

dred and nine carats; it is in the British crown. The other Cullinan diamonds are among the British jewels of state.

These huge stones are freaks and are not to be thought of when one ordinarily thinks of diamonds. Ordinarily a stone that weighs a single carat—usually such a stone is about the size of a pea—is considered a fairly large diamond. Even smaller ones of fine quality are sought after and fetch good prices.

To cut a stone of one carat requires from three days to a week. A good part of the time is spent by the cutter studying the formation of the diamond, determining the run of the grain. Each stone absolutely must be cut with the grain; to cut across would be impossible—actually the diamond would cut through the iron disk without being affected in the slightest.

A diamond's beauty can be revealed by several different cuts, but the standard is fifty-eight facets. In the seventeenth century an Italian discovered that by cutting a diamond in this fashion the light was given full play and the whole beauty of the stone was exposed. Today virtually every diamond, regardless of its size, is cut with fifty-eight facets.



Remarkable discoveries of diamonds in the rock are not the only discoveries made by the diamond mining companies of South Africa. These companies also find diamonds in hair, ears, nostrils, eyelids, and intestines of men.

Some laborers work for a quarter of a century in a diamond mine and never see a diamond. Occasionally a workman finds one.

If he turns it in, he is given a reward. But the reward is small and his wages are only fifty cents a day. The stone may be worth a thousand dollars. If he could smuggle the diamond out of the compound, the guarded inclosure where all

natives live during the period of their labor contract, he could sell it and return to his kraal a wealthy man. He could buy fifty head of cattle and with the cattle buy five wives, paying the current price of ten head of cattle for each wife. It's a big temptation.

The mining companies know of the temptation and take precautions to protect their property. They are particularly careful when a native has completed his contract and is ready to leave the mine. At this time they search his belongings and his person.

Every man knows that his clothing will be examined, therefore none is foolish enough to hide a stone in his pocket; he seeks a more private place. Since his own insides are about the most private place he can imagine, he swallows the diamond. If a supervisor happens to see him do it, the native is taken to the hospital, X-rayed, and the stone located.

But the company is unwilling to depend entirely upon its supervisors. Five days before a native is scheduled to leave the compound, he is put in detention. In a specially built room he lives alone, guarded and watched at all times and regularly fed dried fruit. There is no chance for him to leave detention with a diamond in his body.



Frequently the conversation in South Africa gets around to diamonds, and sooner or later someone begins talking about Namaqualand, a district of Southwest Africa at the mouth of the Orange River. It is a part of the continent about which America and Europe know very little, but it is the El Dorado of Africa.

Years ago someone wrote a book called *Acres of Diamonds!* He thought he was a daring fellow to imagine whole acres of diamonds. As a matter of fact his imagination didn't carry him even near the truth because in Namaqualand there

are not merely a few acres of diamonds—in Namaqualand today there are nine hundred square miles of the precious stones.

And there is nothing fictional about it: in Namaqualand this minute is an area, sixty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, where diamonds are so plentiful that the government of South Africa has closed it, barricaded it, and set armed guards to patrol it.

So long as the South African government can keep prospectors and miners out of Namaqualand, the world monopoly on diamonds can be maintained by the powerful Diamond Syndicate. But if miners could get into Namaqualand they would bring out so many of the blue-white stones that the present controlled prices could no longer be maintained: even you and I might have pendants if we wished them.

The first African diamond field was discovered near Kimberley in 1866. For twenty years these fields were worked by individuals and small groups who mined and sold in such competition that no one grew rich. Then came the genius, Cecil Rhodes. He pointed out the folly of competition, showing how a monopoly could dictate. In 1888 he effected the amalgamation which gave the DeBeers Company the control of the diamond mines of South Africa and the diamond markets of the world.

At that time diamonds were still mined in the ancient mines of India and Borneo, but the diggings were of no world importance. Diamonds were also found in Brazil, British Guiana, and Australia; but none of these mines was a threat to the South Africa Syndicate.

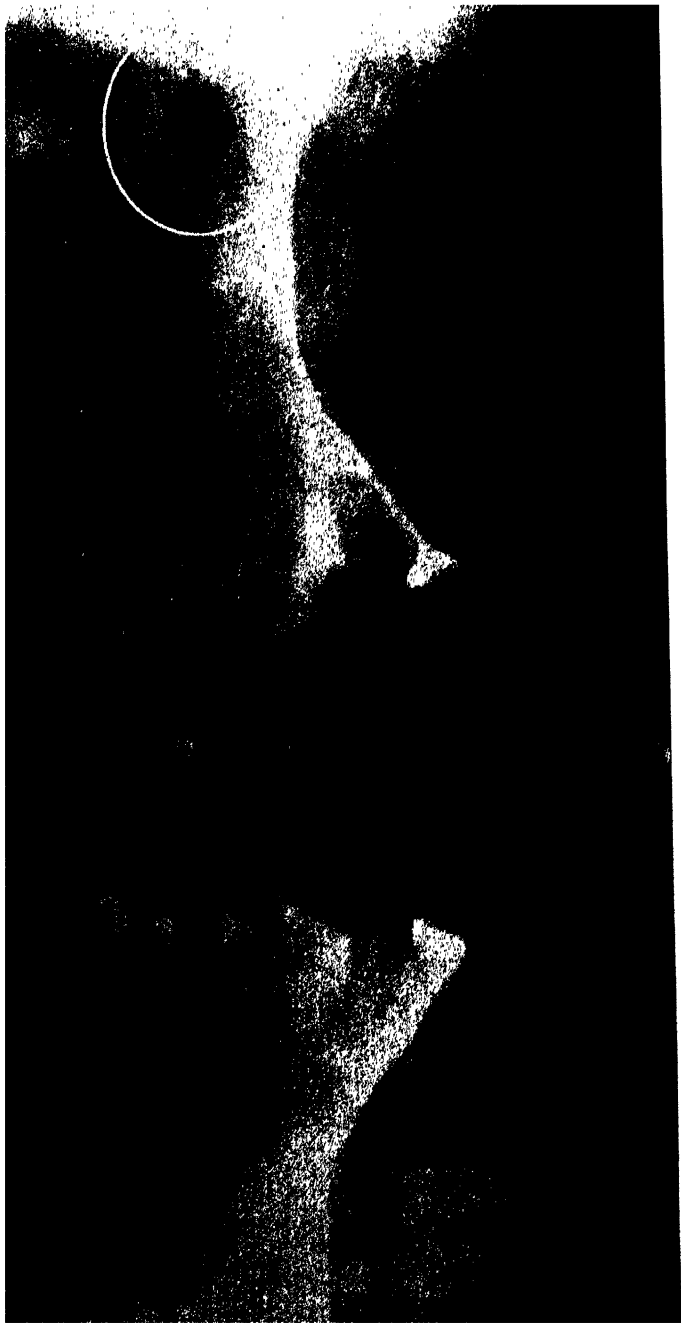
Nor did the Syndicate worry seriously when, in 1906, diamonds were discovered in Pike County, Arkansas, or when an occasional stone was picked up in California, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Virginia, and Georgia.



OFF DUTY



AT WORK



X-RAY OF A DIAMOND THIEF: Natives in the diamond mines sometimes steal diamonds and give them a temporary hideout by swallowing them. A man suspected of such a theft is x-rayed. In the picture above a diamond can be plainly seen in the man's intestines.

These diamonds of the United States could not compete, either in size or quality, with the diamonds of South Africa. The directors of the Syndicate took their ease and their profits. They had no worry; they controlled the world's supply of diamonds and they sold at their own price.

Then outside the Syndicate's domain other diamond fields were discovered in Africa: in Angola, the Belgian Congo, the Gold Coast. The Syndicate worked out an agreement with the owners of these new mines and the price of diamonds remained as high as ever, although the safes and wallets of dealers were now crowded with surplus stones.

Suddenly in 1927 came the almost fabulous finds in Namaqualand. From an area slightly larger than an acre—the Oyster Line Terrace of Alexander Bay—ninety million dollars' worth of diamonds were found. Probably no such concentration of mineral wealth has ever been known anywhere else in the world.

The Syndicate warned the government of South Africa that the diamond business, and the government's own annual income of three million dollars from taxes on diamonds, were endangered by this flood of diamonds. The monopoly, the Syndicate said, was threatened; once the dykes broke, diamonds would pour upon the market. Already some hard-pressed dealers were threatening to open their safes and their wallets. If they did open them, prices would collapse. Shop girls would wear diamonds—then, of course, dowagers would not. The diamond might never again win back its carefully built up, and carefully maintained, prestige.

Something had to be done. The government did it. And they took no half measures; they simply shut off the Namaqualand flood at its source, closing the area where the diamonds had been found. It is closed today. No prospector or casual visitor is allowed to enter the guarded area of nine hundred square miles.

The Syndicate, backed by the government, still holds its monopoly and the prosperity of the diamond trade for the present is ensured.

Perhaps this prosperity is not so ensured as it was in the past. For the first time in the history of the diamond trade, the mining corporations are advertising, are urging people to buy. Possibly this is being done to quiet the left-wing dealers who declare that the great diamond surplus, which has been accumulating for so long, should be emptied upon the market and mass sales made at low prices. These dealers argue that the world's diamond surplus can no longer be held back. They believe that insistence upon the old price level for only the elect trade is a form of commercial snob-bishness which is costly, possibly ruinous.



Whenever I write a technical or a controversial story, I submit it to an authority before I publish it. I sent this story on diamonds to an official of one of the South African diamond mining corporations.

In his reply he said: "The principal point to discuss in your story is the 'fabulous' richness of Namaqualand. This is a subject on which it is difficult for me to express myself, though it is natural that none of us here is enthusiastic about the publication of a story whose central theme is that diamonds really aren't worth a damn."

He goes on to say that many of the reports about Namaqualand are exaggerated. "It is true," he said, "that nine hundred square miles have been fenced off in Namaqualand, but it does not follow that the whole area is diamondiferous. When fully proved, the area will probably show not more than five or six square miles that are payably diamondiferous."

As this official says, there is unquestionably "an unlimited supply of misinformation about Namaqualand." But there is

also ample evidence, fully admitted by the government, that the area contains tremendous mineral wealth.

Beyond the admitted evidence of wealth in Namaqualand there are numberless stories, repeatedly told in South Africa, which cause the place to sound like a maharajah's dream, a miser's fantasy.

For example, I had been in South Africa only a short time when a man told me about Namaqualand. He swore that one of his friends owned a herd of cattle in the diamondiferous area before it was taken over by the government.

"Learning of the proposed closing," the man said, "my friend opened the dewlaps of the bulls in the herd, stuffed diamonds into the cuts, waited for the wounds to heal, then drove his enormously valuable cattle past the guards."

Another man told of a group of men who bribed their way into the restricted area. Once inside, they gathered diamonds, wrapped them in cotton, and hid them in the tires of their automobiles. Then they drove out and went on their way rejoicing, praying against a blowout.

How much truth there is in these particular stories I, of course, do not know. I repeat them merely as rumors and not necessarily as facts.

THE PRICE OF LOVE

A lady of France appeared at court with a pendant gleaming at her breast.

The courtiers looked. They raised their eyeglasses and looked more closely—"But, madame, it is lovely."

The king himself commented: "Charming," he said.

The lady stole the show. This was in the fifteenth century and she was the first lady of Europe to wear a diamond at a royal reception. Until that time the lapidaries hadn't learned to cut the stone so that its full beauty was revealed. Then they discovered how to cut away the ugly covering and the lady appeared at court wearing the gleaming pendant.

That night there was no love, not even peace, in the boudoirs. All through the night ladies refused welcome to their husbands. Lovers, too, were chided, hearing through the long, frigid hours the repeated complaint: "She has a diamond. She is truly loved. But there is no diamond on my breast. The king does not speak to me. She is truly loved."

The price of peace and love were argosies fitted out to sail to the south, to India, because in the Middle Ages the Indian mines in the Deccan plains were the only diamond mines in operation; no other source of diamonds was known.

For millenniums the merchants of Golconda had sold these Indian stones to potentates and priests who had set them in crowns and altars. But there was no real sale for diamonds in Europe until the French lady appeared at court in the fifteenth century and the king applauded, and caused all the other ladies to demand diamonds for themselves.

The way to the East, and the diamonds of India, lay around the jagged tip of a continent which the Middle Ages scorned. The Cape of Good Hope was only a place to stop for water and green stuff to give the scurvy crew. Naked

black men would trade fresh meat for beads; they would trade the supplies that the sailors needed. But shake out your sails and steer for the East. And leave behind such diamonds as the merchants of Golconda never dreamed of.

It has been the fate of Africa—it is the strange fate of Africa today—that men pass it by in their search for riches. Had the sailors and traders of the Middle Ages known of the wealth that lay in the ground some five hundred miles to the north of the Cape, the history of the world would have been changed by diamonds.

Could these medieval sailors have dreamed of the thousands of diamonds that lay to the north, the green diamonds, the pink, blue, yellow, white, and that most glorious of all diamonds, the white stone with the faint blue shade—had they known that they could have filled their hats with diamonds, they would have touched the shore with their knees, rather than with quick disdainful boots.

Even today travelers wandering about the earth are prone to disdain the riches, more beautiful, more exciting, more memorable than even diamonds, that crowd this strangely misunderstood continent about which most of the world remains insistently ignorant.

But the time will come, after the fine truth about Africa is known, when travelers will tell the captain of the tourist ship to lay a new course, to turn south off the old, old route and steer for the Cape.



From Kimberley and its diamond mines I traveled to Bloemfontein, a pretty little city in the Orange Free State.

Then I went on to Durban in the province of Natal. Durban is a seaport on the southeast coast of the continent.

My first night there a friend took me to a school for boys ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen.

"You're to speak to them," he said.

"But I didn't promise to speak to any boys."

"You're to speak about the United States."

While I talked about American industry and commerce and politics and even sports, the lads sat politely suffering it. Then I finished my talk and invited them to ask questions.

Instantly they burst out with demands that I tell them about the *real* United States. They had seen the movies and read the magazines and they wanted the truth.

"That's right. Tell us about the real United States. Tell us what is a six-shooter."

"How does an Indian take a scalp?"

"Are all gangsters two-gun men and what is a moll?"

"What do the cowboys in your town mean when they say 'Yippee'?"



Among the major offenses committed by the white man in spreading his civilization has been the substitution of European clothes for native dress.

On the island of Bali, for instant, the girls are beautiful girls with wonderful bodies. They have fine shoulders gained from working in the fields; they have fine carriages gained from walking with parcels balanced on their heads.

In other days a girl of Bali wore a brightly-colored sarong, which is a long, graceful skirt. She wore nothing else except golden cones in her ears and yellow temple flowers in her black hair. Then the white man came. And now many girls of Bali wear cheap cotton dresses—in which they look like all other girls in cheap cotton dresses.

When wearing a kimono, the girl of Japan is attractive in a shy, doll-like way. But the white man has taught her to wear European dress. And in European dress the little Japanese girls and women are bowlegged and squatty.

Some of the women of China are glorious, especially when

they wear silks and brocades and their raven hair is shingled and their jade ear pendants hang low. But in European dress the Chinese girl is just another girl in the crowd.

Many of the women of India, particularly the pale, fragile women of Bengal, are truly beautiful when wrapped in the sari. With its flowing lines and its blending of colors, the sari is incomparably the most charming dress in the world.

Fortunately the Indian women have not given up their native dress. In many parts of the Orient and all along the East Coast of Africa one sees them wearing the feminine and lovely costume.

One morning in Durban I was out for a walk and saw a group of Indian women draped in their silken saris, blue and yellow and pink bordered lightly with gold and silver. I was thinking how truly beautiful they were.

Then an automobile drove up.

Two English women got out. Both were distinctly broad across the beam. Both wore very short shorts. As they went galumphing along on their fat, bulky legs, they passed near the Indian women in their saris.

I closed my eyes and turned away.



Parts of South Africa seem almost endless plains, flat as far as one can see. This country is known as the veld.

Most persons think of it as a British Tommy described it. He had come back from a trek during the Boer War.

"See 'ere, mate," said a friend, who had not yet gone out of camp. "What's this 'ere veld everybody's talking about?"

"Well, mate," said the soldier who had seen the veld, "it's just miles and miles of damn all."

"Veld" is an Afrikaans word meaning grass. It is pronounced "felt."

In the old days men were forever asking: how's the veld to the north? How is it to the west?

They were asking: How is the grazing in those parts? Would I be wise to go there and take my cattle?

A number of fine expressions hang on from the old Boer days. ("Boer" means farmer or tiller of the soil.) One expression that is particularly pleasing is still used when time for departure comes.

The Boers, of course, drove oxen. But even in this day of automobiles, the South African frequently gets up and says: "Well, it's time to inspan. Let's go."



After I had been in Durban for a time I believed it was like every other large and prosperous city. I believed, too, that nothing unusual ever happened in Durban.

Then one day I learned I was mistaken.

It was the day I went to the Umbilo Temple.

TORTURE

I am on the staff of the *Birmingham News* and when I returned from Africa I wrote some stories about what I had seen and done on my trip. Everything went along fine, people were writing the editor and stopping me on the street to say how much they enjoyed the stories—then I published one about a ceremony I had seen in Durban.

For the next week the tone of the letters to the editor changed: "What does Childers think we are—morons or children? Does he actually expect us to believe that stuff?" My friends on the street greeted me with wise and knowing smiles. "Well, maybe somebody will believe it," they seemed to say.

Finally I grew tired of being questioned. I talked it over with Charles Fell, my managing editor and one of the world's great gentlemen. We decided to settle all doubt. We would prove my declarations. We would use a full page of pictures showing the nine Hindu men and women with skewers in their cheeks, tongues, and lips. We would include in the layout other pictures showing these devotees with darts stuck in their breasts and hanging from their backs and arms.

As we looked at the pictures of the gory ceremony, we agreed that the pictures would be proof enough. "That will convince them," we said.

The day after the photographs of the torture rites were published, I received a letter. It said: "Please tell me how you could fake such pictures. They are wonderful. I am an amateur photographer very much interested in all kinds of trick photography and I would like to know how you made those pictures."

I don't know whether you will believe this chapter or not;

but I'm asking you to believe it, because it is true. There is no detail of it that is not true. I have gone through the chapter carefully to see that I took no reportorial license.

I can offer no explanation of what I saw. I don't understand it any more than you will. I did my best to get an answer, but could not.



One Sunday afternoon in Durban I saw nine Hindu, one of them a woman, stand unflinching as priests thrust skewers the size of knitting needles through their cheeks, tongues, and lips. I saw the priests stick hundreds of darts into the breasts, backs, arms, and legs of these people. I saw them walk a mile under a fierce sun with the skewers and darts in their flesh.

As the priests thrust the skewers into the eight men and the woman, I was standing within three feet of them. I saw no bleeding.

I walked in the crowd that followed the devotees in their mile march from the holy river to the temple. During that time I saw no blood. The slobber that drooled from the pierced and fixed tongues contained no fleck of blood.

At the end of the march to the temple, the devotees went down into a pit and walked through a bed of fire thirty feet in length.

One of the men stopped in the middle of the pit, stooped over, gathered the hot coals in his hands, and poured them on his naked head and shoulders.

When this man came from the pit I was within six feet of him. At that time I saw no marks upon his body. I saw him an hour later: there were no blisters, no marks of any kind on his shoulders or on the soles of his feet. Nor were there any scars on his lips and cheeks where the skewers had gone through. He thrust out his tongue for me: there were

no marks on it. There were no marks on his body where the hundreds of darts had been thrust.

Three thousand people saw this ceremony. We could not all have been hypnotized. Nor could even the God Marriaman hypnotize my camera. We saw this piercing of the flesh, this walking on fire. The pictures I took, that are reproduced in this book, prove it.

Ten days before the ceremony, those who were to pay their vows to the god, entered the Umbilo Temple in Durban. The woman and each of the men had been ill during the year. At the time of their illness they had made a deal with their god; they arranged a quid pro quo. "If you cure me," each of them said, "I'll honor you, and I'll do it in such a dramatic way that all the world will realize what a great and powerful god you are."

The fact that each of them got well, proved that the god had heard the promise and had carried out his part of the deal. Ten days before the ceremony I witnessed, the eight men and the woman entered the temple to prepare themselves for the pay-off. During this time of purification they ate only once a day, at noon; they ate only fruit and drank only milk and cow urine. They spent the ten days in meditation and prayer, making themselves clean and worthy to receive the god, because only through close communion with him would they be able to endure the tortures in his honor.

At noon on the day that the ceremony is held each year, the shrill Indian flute sounds and the drums begin to beat. At the same time a pile of logs six feet high is lighted in the center of a rectangular pit. The devotees pass beside the fire and begin their march to the Umhlatuzana River, the holy river.

As I walked from the temple to the river I happened to catch up with a very beautiful Hindu girl who was carrying an armful of flowers. I noticed that she was pretty and that

she carried the flowers, but I paid no particular attention to her—I had been around Orientals too much to dare a second look at a woman not known to be a prostitute.

Then suddenly she smiled in a most attractive way and said in perfect English, "Are you, too, going to walk through the fire?"

"No, are you?" I asked in an effort to return the joke.

"Yes," she said.

Ordinarily I would have been surprised, but she was a Hindu and one learns not to be surprised at anything about the religious customs of these people.

"Are you really?" I asked. "And will you also go through the torture?"

"Oh, yes. Here is my skewer." She showed me the pin, as large as a steel knitting needle, with its three prongs at the top like a trident. "They will stick this through my tongue."

She showed me the thing as casually as if she had said: "This is a flower. They will stick it in my hair."

"But why are you going through the ceremony?" I asked.

"Because of my uncle," she said. "He was very sick and I promised that I, too, would honor the god."

She showed me her uncle, a large, gray-haired man who was hurrying toward the holy river.

I asked her if she would let me take her photograph.

"Of course," she said, and posed in the shade of a bridge.

Then we started through a field of high grass.

"You follow me," she said. "There may be snakes here and if I go first they will bite me instead of you." She saw the expression on my face and laughed. "Oh, but it will make no difference to me," she said. "Today a hundred snakes could bite me and it would make no difference. Today I am holy."

She was mistaken. Later when the drums were rapid and the flutes were shrill and fast, the other devotees gave violent evidence that the god had come to them; but this girl did

not receive the god. She marched the holy circle, round and round, and at first there was disappointment on her face, then terror. But the god refused to come to her and finally the priests drew her from the circle and pushed her aside. They would not thrust the skewer through her tongue, nor would they allow her to walk through the fire. For some reason she was unworthy and the god refused to enter into her body; her eyeballs did not roll back and lock, her legs and arms did not stiffen—she was disgraced.

I saw her on the return from the river. She was walking off alone. She had dropped her flowers and the eager tenseness, which had added so much to her beauty, was totally gone from her face. I spoke to her, but she only shook her head and turned away from me.

Later I asked a Hindu why the god had refused to come to her.

"There was something wrong in her heart," he said. "And of course He knew."

"What will happen to her?" I asked.

"This year she will be shunned. But when the ceremony is held again next year, she will be admitted to the circle once more. It will be better for her if her heart is all pure, if it is fully prepared to receive Him."



Once the devotees have completed the mile march from the temple to the Umhlatuzana River, the holy river, they go down into the water and squat in it; they have it poured upon their heads and drink it in honor of their god. And the water is so vile and stinking that I, who had to wade through part of it to get near the worshipers, was almost nauseated as I put my feet in it. The holy river is simply an open sewer.

While the devotées were washing and praying in the river,

the other Hindu were building an altar of sand on the river bank. They patted the altar into shape like children making frog houses, then they decorated it with flowers and brightly-painted symbols; they sprinkled it with colored powder that had been blessed by the priest and is holy. Before the altar, they filled brass bowls with incense which burned with a heavy, too-sweet smell, like the repellent smell of flowers at a funeral.

When finally the devotees had completed their ablutions, they came up from the river and went to the altar. They stood for a moment while the band played and the priests mumbled and cast powder on the fire and into the incense pots. Then the band began a slow march and the priest led the procession round the altar.

This part of the ceremony took place at noon on a terribly hot day. Nor was there shade of any kind. But there was the sickening smell of the incense and the stench of the open sewer.

The tempo of the march quickened and the priest walked more rapidly. From time to time he raised his eyes to heaven and whirled his arms in sudden gestures. Round and round the altar the procession moved. The fingers of the drummer, fluttering against the ends of his drum, moved faster and faster. The march quickened. Round and round the altar they went, marching to the insistent beat of the drum.

In an instant a man's eyes rolled back into his head until only the whites showed. His arms and legs were rigid and his body quivered. Then his eyes dropped forward almost into place once more, and locked there. He began a strange little backward-and-forward dance step which continued for four hours.

This almost convulsive entrance into a semi-trance was the signal that the god had come to the man. Immediately the priests caught him and held him, though they could not interrupt his strange little dance. But even as he moved back-

ward and forward, the priests thrust the darts, hooked at both ends, into his flesh. One hook went into the man's body, the other hook held the small brass bowls filled with milk and cow urine. When the man first went into his trance, his tongue stuck out and remained stiffly protruding. It seemed to me that thought of his tongue had been in his mind, for I saw his tongue pop out at the same instant that his eyes rolled. The priests stuck a skewer through his upper lip, through his tongue, and out through his lower lip.

Before the priests had finished with the first man, a second flung himself back, rigid, his eyeballs locked—it was the girl's uncle. As his legs gave way and his stiff arms whirled about, he had to be held by half a dozen men. When finally his legs straightened and he stood glaring from his glazed eyes, the priests thrust in the skewers and hooked in the darts.

Then the elderly woman in the procession flung up her right arm and shook a handful of leaves she had taken from the flowers that lay before the altar. She held her arm aloft for four hours, locked in the position it had assumed when her eyes went back and her body stiffened. (I have seen holy men in India who have held their arms above their heads for so long that their arms have locked and will remain locked forever. The men have to be spoon-fed like children, or their food is spread before them and they lean forward and lap it up like dogs. Some day someone will write a book about the holy men of India that will be an intensely interesting volume. Some of these men spend their lives on beds of nails. Others crawl back into caves and never appear, receiving food and water from their followers. I believe that the most determined of these gentlemen was one who sat beside a cool stream of water, bowls of fresh water on top of his head, and died of thirst.)

When at last all the devotees, except the one poor girl, had received the god, and the skewers and darts had pierced

their flesh, the march back to the temple began. At times the eight men and the one woman walked quickly, then they danced, assuming strange postures and grimacing as much as their pinned faces would permit. At times they marched solemnly over bright yellow saris that women stretched on the ground before them, to be made holy by the touch of their feet.

Always the music of the shrill flute and the rhythm of the drums sounded. And the chanting of the men and women. And, too, the clacking of rattles sounded in the hands of dancers who ceaselessly leaped and whirled as they led the procession from the river to the temple.

By the time we returned to the temple yard, the fire of logs had burned into a smoldering mass which had been raked over the pit thirty feet long. One by one the devotees went down into this pit and marched through. Some of them danced through, others walked slowly, solemnly, as if in deep contemplation. A woman placed a child upon the back of a man; he carried the boy over the fire. Not satisfied with one trip, all of them went back through the fire a second time; some of them went through three, even four, times.

If there is any question about the heat of the fire, let me say that as I crouched at the outer edge of the circle I had to screen my face with my hat. Later I went nearer the pit and thrust my hand toward it—I might just as well have thrust my hand toward a grate after the blaze had died down and the hot coals remain.

Once the devotees had walked through the fire, and while the skewers and darts were still in their bodies, they began to march round and round the temple. The man still did his little back-and-forward dance step. The woman still held her arm aloft. All of them marched or were led round and round the temple, the home of their god. Some of them seemed to know where they were; others seemed oblivious to every-

thing and had to be guided by friends. Three men and a girl who had not been part of the original group at the altar caught the spirit of the ceremony and their eyes assumed that blank, stupid look; they joined the procession and marched with the others round the temple.

The priest, with the darts in his body and his tongue and lips sewed together, held a pan of holy powder. Men, women, and children came forward and kneeled before him; he rolled his eyes and marked their faces with the powder. They bent forward and kissed his feet and, after he had passed, kissed the marks of his feet in the dust.

I turned to a European doctor who lives in Durban. "How do you explain it?" I asked.

"I don't."

"But surely there must be some explanation."

"I've never been able to find it," he said. "Some men say it's a form of catalepsy, and probably it is; but, believe me, it's a lot more than that. Western medicine doesn't recognize it and doesn't understand it; certainly we can't explain it."

That night I dined in the home of an Indian friend I had met years before in the United States. He and his family are Christians, members of the Church of England, and they deplore such ceremonies as I had seen that day. "Such horrible shows provoke Europeans to think of Indians as heathen indulging in pagan rites," my friend said. "This barbaric worship through torture lowers the Indian people in the estimate of the public and prevents us from advancing to our rightful place."

I asked him for an explanation of the ceremony. He could give none. I asked if he, and other Indians who disapprove of the Hindu form of worship, believed there is trickery in the ceremony. "No," he said; then he told me a story that is almost as puzzling as the rites I had witnessed that day.

The story he told was heard by a dozen other Indians, all Christians; they vouched for the truth of what he said. Later I asked European friends about the story: they declared it was true.

A few years ago two Europeans, both Swedes, said that if Hindu could walk through the fire, so could they. They made the boast in bravado, but once they declared themselves, they refused to back out: they went to the temple to be cleansed after the manner of the Hindu. At first they joked about the adventure; but as the days passed, these Europeans changed in their feelings and testified that some influence, or power, was taking possession of them. By the time of the ceremony, they had given themselves to the worship as fully as the Hindu themselves.

On the day of the rites, the Europeans circled the altar to the dictates of the flute and the drums; but, according to their plans, they received no skewers or darts in their flesh. They had vowed only to walk over the burning coals.

When time came for them to enter the pit, one of the Europeans went down and, his eyes set, marched through. He came out at the other end without a mark on his feet.

Then the second European went down, stepped out on the fire, and began his march. His eyes fixed, he walked slowly over the coals until he was within a few yards of the far end of the pit.

Suddenly the Europeans in the audience applauded. The man hesitated. He seemed to hear. His eyes moved and he bowed in recognition of the applause. As he did, he screamed and leaped from the coals.

When the doctors examined the bottoms of his feet, they were blistered.

"He forsook his faith in the god," the priest explained. "He took credit to himself."



This ceremony is, of course, strictly Hindu; it is not African. In the middle of the last century, thousands of Hindu were brought from India to South Africa to work as laborers. Today, the descendants of these Hindu immigrants continue the ancient rites of their religion. The torture and the fire walking are in no wise native African forms of worship; they are Hindu sacraments celebrated each year in any part of the world where Hindu have settled in appreciable numbers.

I first saw the sacraments in Singapore years ago. On the day of the celebration, I was having fever; but I left a nursing home to go to the Hindu temple. When I saw the priests thrust the skewers into the flesh of the devotees, I thought that the fever had taken complete charge and that I was totally out of my head.

"Good Lord!" I said.

A priest turned to me and smiled. "What's the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Are you really sticking those things into that man?"

"Certainly. Would you like to put this one in?"

"But you use no antiseptic," I said.

"None at all." He dropped the skewer into a pile of cow dung that had been brought to make the place holy. (With the Hindu anything that comes from the cow is holy. In Benares on the banks of the Ganges I have seen an absolute rush of men, women, and children to a cow or bull whenever one of these animals paused to urinate or defecate: to receive the urine or excrement direct from the holy beast is a peculiar blessing.) After having raked the skewer through the dung with his naked foot, the priest rolled it out upon the ground, then picked it up. "Now thrust it in," he said.

I stuck it through the man's cheek and through his tongue. As I was trying to push it out his other cheek, I went too low and hit his teeth. I backed out a bit, raised my aim,

and this time pierced his opposite cheek. The man had neither moved nor flinched.

While I was jabbing this gentleman with the skewer, there was no bleeding.

Two hours later I watched the priests jerk the skewers and darts from the man's body, pulling them out as if they were pulling darts from a wooden target. There was no bleeding.

After another hour, and after the man had come out of the trance, I examined his face and his chest and back. There was no mark on him. He allowed me to touch his cheek and body and search for scars. I found none.

The next morning back in the nursing home when my English doctor called on me, I was ready with a thousand questions. For a time he answered me vaguely, then he excused himself and hurried away.

The nursing sister, who had been in the room and had heard us, said that the doctor had studied the rites for fifteen years, then had left them strictly alone. "They puzzled him," she said, "until finally they seemed to affect him in some peculiar way. Now he never goes to see the ceremony, nor will he talk about it."

When I left the nursing home, I visited the man whose cheek and tongue I had punctured. I talked with him, but I learned nothing. He merely said: "I did not know it was you. I felt nothing."

I went to see the priest. Why? I asked, and asked again: Why? Why do they feel nothing? Why is there no blood? Why are there no scars?

I shall never forget the smile of that Hindu priest, or the way he slowly spread his hands and said softly: "But the god—you forget the god. You see, he takes care of his children."





"TO-DAY I AM HOLY"—BUT SHE WAS MISTAKEN

HOLY RIVER





A WOMAN AT WORSHIP: Immediately behind her ear can be seen the pierced tongue of the high priest.



DEVOTEE: Hanging from the hooks in his body are oranges and carnations. Holy water has been thrown upon him. The liquid on his body is all water; there is absolutely no blood.



FIRE-WALKER

On the day of the ceremony in Durban, I almost suffered a real disappointment.

At noon, when we left the temple for the river, virtually no one was around the fire pit. When we returned at three o'clock, thousands of spectators jammed the temple yard. I saw no chance of getting through the mob and witnessing the fire walking. I was most unhappy.

Then suddenly the police drew taut some ropes and forced the crowd to part. They opened a passage for the devotees and priests.

At that instant I joined the Hindu cult. In fact I became a priest and took my place in the midst of them.

Bareheaded and sanctimonious, I marched with the other priests as we advanced through the lane of people toward the fire.

I was elated until I raised my eyes and saw a huge policeman staring at me. He was busy trying to control the crowd, but at sight of me among the priests he gaped and was about to order me out of the procession.

Solemnly I winked at him. He hesitated an instant, then solemnly he winked back and allowed me to pass through.

Such kindness sent me on my way rejoicing and I marched on toward the inner circle, certain that all my troubles were ended.

Then I stepped into the circle.

And a hundred worshipers howled!

A priest grabbed me and jerked me back.

"Shoes," he said, in horror.

"What about them?" I asked.

"Shoes shall not touch this holy ground," he said.

"What about socks?" I asked.

"Yes."

Off came my shoes and I entered the circle.

As I entered it, so I left it. Because when I went back

for my shoes they were gone. I was forced to return to the city—so far as my feet were concerned—a most pious man.

Before I went back into town, I looked up the cop who had let me through. After I had thanked him and we were having some beer together, he told me about the ceremony.

"Damned nuisance it is, sir," he said. "Once each year these chaps go dotty, completely out of their heads."

"Just a minute," I said. "Hold on there. I'll ask you to remember to whom you are speaking."

"Sorry, sir," he said with dignity. "Forgot you were a priest, sir."

Then he winked that slow wink and we ordered more beer.

"DARKEST AMERICA"

We Americans sometimes are annoyed by stubborn Europeans who think that pioneers are still clearing out the Ohio valley, that Indians still are rampant in the suburbs of Chicago.

"Can't these stupid people realize that the old pioneer America is gone?" we ask. "Don't they understand that tremendous changes have taken place on this continent since the days of Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill?"

Similar questions are asked in South Africa. "Can't these stupid Europeans and Americans realize that 'darkest Africa' is now as well-lighted as Piccadilly Circus or Broadway at Forty-second? Don't they understand that the Zulus no longer attack and that the war shield can be seen only in museums and curio shops?"

After I returned from Africa I wrote an article about the modernity of life on the continent as a whole, particularly in South Africa. Someone sent the article to a columnist in Durban. This gentleman, using the pen name of "The Idler," wrote the following column in the *Natal Mercury*:

A short time ago James Saxon Childers visited Africa. When he returned to the United States he was asked so many outlandish questions about Africa that he found it necessary to write an article saying that we have trains, air service, roads, hotels, and that the country is not entirely peopled by wild men.

That is very handsome of Mr. Childers. But, dear friends and listeners in Africa, do you see what it implies?

It means that the many thousands of people in Darkest America and Darkest Europe who have not read Mr. Childers' article will still suppose that we grope in a sort of primeval gloom.

I should like to think that I, for instance, am known quite widely as a paragon of light and learning, and that professors of Yale and Harvard quote me in their lectures.

Instead, I am forced to conclude that to many people my writing name—"The Idler"—calls up the impression of an almost naked gentleman sitting on a log in the darkness of his hut. Now and again a flame leaps from the embers beside him, lighting up the whites of his eyes, and revealing the fact that he is gnawing a human rib. From time to time he dips a spearpoint in a pool of blood and writes wobbly letters on the inside of a goat skin.



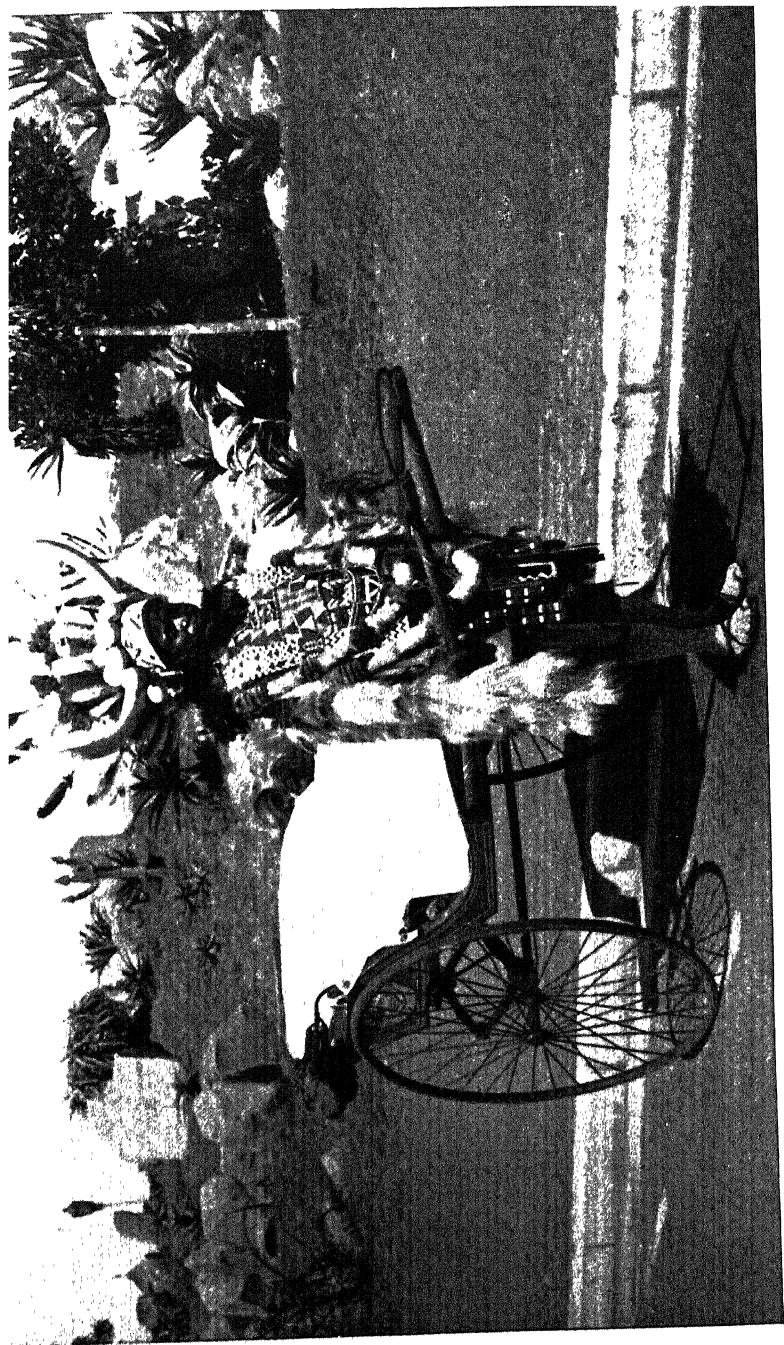
One night in South Africa I was a guest in the home of a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. I had met this minister some years ago at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. We were attending an international conference.

"Ach, man, but you Americans were wonderful to me in your country," he said, as we sat in his home talking. "I loved your great country and the people there. Everyone was so friendly, so kind."

That night at dinner his eight daughters and his one son were at the table. The conversation was bi-lingual: the members of the family spoke Afrikaans, the language of the Boers, to each other and spoke English to me. After dinner one of the daughters played the piano while the whole family sang South African songs. Then they sang hymns. Finally we all knelt in family prayer.

Afrikaans is near enough German and English for me partly to understand. I heard the old minister, white haired and kneeling with his children about him, pray for the blessing of God upon all the world and particularly for "*onze freund van Amerika*." That friend from America felt very humble as he listened to the old man pray.

After prayers we talked again until finally the youngest child, a girl of eight, went to her father and kissed him good-night. Then she came to me and put her arms around me and kissed me good-night.



TRANSPORTATION IN DURBAN—FOR THE TOURIST



TRANSPORTATION IN DURBAN—FOR THE PEOPLE OF DURBAN

I was ten thousand miles from home. And that youngster kissed me good-night.



In Durban one morning I went to the native market, a part of the town where the black men have their tiny shops.

In most countries that tourists visit, the natives offer embroidery, beaten silver, carvings, and colored cloth of fanciful design; they do their best to catch the traveler's eye and cause him to spend his money. But the black man of Africa apparently is not aware of the profit that might be made out of tourists and does not particularly cater to them.

Of course in every large African city there are curio shops, but always they are owned by Europeans and are located in the European part of the city. They are entirely commercial and usually are quite unattractive. The floors are covered with leopard skins. Gaping heads of lions hang thick upon the walls. On counters and racks are belts and walking sticks adorned with hideous designs of too-bright beads. In one corner is the inevitable tray of picture postcards. And most unfortunate of all is the European lady who tends the shop: she has heard of Greenwich Village and she wears a green smock, smokes cigarettes in a long jade holder, carries on a blasé patter and casually asks prices that would shame even an Arab or an Indian trader.

If a white man goes to a native market where the Africans themselves trade, he is perfectly welcome; but no one tries to sell him anything, not even if he stops and examines a bit of beadwork, a wooden carving, a leather dancing shield, or anything else made by native craftsmen for the native trade.

If, finally, the traveler asks the price of something, the shopkeeper looks up from the skin he is cutting and sewing, or the cap he is knitting with brightly-dyed wool, and courteously answers; then he looks down again and gets on with his sewing or his knitting. If the traveler buys, all

right. If not, there is still food at home. And if there is no food, one can tighten his belt. One may be a shopkeeper, but he does not have to beg people to buy. That would be undignified. One would lose his self-respect and shame the memory of his father.



In Durban one sees many Zulus—Zululand itself lies just to the north of Natal proper—and hears many stories about these people.

I was particularly interested in the way the Zulus buy their wives.

They are a polygamous people and whenever a man feels that he can support another wife, and has sufficient cattle to pay the dowry, he takes another woman.

Like any other man, the king of the Zulus pays the dowry whenever he buys an ordinary wife. But when he marries the head wife, the queen of the nation, the dowry is paid by the people of the entire nation.

As a young man the king takes as many wives as he wishes. Then finally the time comes when the counselors of the nation go to him and say: "We, your people, feel that you should now marry a head wife, so that she may bear our next ruler."

The king agrees.

Runners then go over the country announcing that a head wife is to be taken. There is great rejoicing among the people and all contribute to the dowry—the *lobola*, it is called.

The contributions are a kind of popular suffrage. When the prince is born, each man feels that the royal child is not only his ruler but, in some far-off way, his son as well—did he not help pay the *lobola*?

The dowry paid for the ordinary wife of a commoner is ten cattle.

The head wife of the Zulu king who died in 1935, King Solomon, was a princess of Swaziland for whom the Zulu people paid a dowry of five hundred cattle, a value of ten thousand dollars.



In some parts of Africa wives are the basis of taxation. A man is taxed for each wife he owns.

In Portuguese East Africa the authorities have a neat way of collecting the tax:

If a man doesn't pay, they put his wives—and they're careful to get all of them—into jail until he comes and redeems them.

ZULULAND

There is no more exciting name on the maps of the world than Zululand. One thinks of going to China, and plans to go to India; but he only dreams of going to Zululand. Who, outside Africa, ever heard of the Basuto tribe, or the Shangaan, or the Bachopi, or the Swazi? But who has not heard of the Zulus, the fierce warriors who once shrilled their war cry and threw their deadly spears? Who has not heard of Zululand? And dreamed the impossible dream of some day going there?

I not only realized that dream but had the exceptional honor of traveling with D. McK. Malcolm, Chief Inspector of Native Education, and Mrs. Malcolm. As we drove through Zululand, Mr. Malcolm, who is probably the greatest authority on the Zulu, told me of the remarkable past of these people when they were ruled by their mighty kings and of the present when they are somewhat dominated by the white man.

On the morning that Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm and I left Durban, we drove north over a road which frequently swings close to the Indian Ocean: on the right was the endless blue of the ocean, on the left the fields of sugar cane were green as far as we could see.

All the morning and into the afternoon we drove north until finally we entered Zululand and came to a small town.

"This town is called Gin-gin-dlova," Mr. Malcolm said. "*Dlova* in Zulu means elephant. *Gin-gin-dlova* means 'to swallow an elephant.' You see, in Zulu the way to compliment a man is to say that he is a big man: he can swallow an elephant. So the city modestly calls itself Gin-gin-dlova, a city capable of swallowing an elephant."

We drove on north and late in the afternoon came to a town on top of a mountain, a town where the winds forever

blow. The name of the place is Eshowe—E-sho-o-o-o-o-we: “The sound that the wind makes through the leaves.”

At the hotel in Eshowe we took our rooms for the night, then had tea. Later we went to the fine brick postoffice and mailed some letters, then walked over to the golf course that is on the brow of a mountain. From all parts of the course one may look across valleys and see endless other mountains rolling on to the horizon.

We were standing in silence looking at the long, long roll of the mountains, when suddenly there came the shrill cry of a bird, startling in all that illimitable stillness.

I looked up and there were three birds, flying high, only dimly seen in the dusk. Their cry sounded again, harsh and lingering.

“The natives call him the In-kan-karne bird,” Mr. Malcolm said. “Hear him? *In-kan-karne*—that’s what he says.”

I watched them as they flew away toward the night.

“It is the ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt.”

And that was a little more than I could take. To be in Zululand, at a place called E-sho-o-o-o-o-o-we, “the sound that the wind makes through the leaves,” to stand on a mountain looking at numberless other mountains in the deep purple of the coming night and to hear the ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt, calling from the sky—it was a little more than even my dreams of Zululand had promised.



The next day as we drove along over the good chert roads of Zululand we would stop from time to time and talk with the different Zulus we met.

“*Sakubona*,” Mr. Malcolm would begin.

The Zulu would return the greeting. “*Sakubona*,” he would say, tossing back his head in a gesture that is the opposite of our bow but that has the same social significance.

After the first greeting, the long exchange of courtesies would begin, Mr. Malcolm and the Zulu asking the numerous questions that are expected.

The Zulu is really a great gentleman. His code of courtesy is sometimes different from ours, but over and above any code, he has an easy graciousness which constantly proves itself in his natural good manners. His unfailing politeness, without the slightest touch of servility, and his invariable good humor—a quick smile leading to a soft, low laugh—make him a thoroughly pleasing person.

H. P. Junod, a noted authority on the Bantu, of which linguistic group the Zulu is a member, says in his book, *Bantu Heritage*:

In their primitive state, the Bantu are a very polite people. It is a well known fact that, on the whole, the Umuntu of the bush is a gentleman.

His rules of politeness, however, are very different from ours. Colonel Gibbons, one of the early travelers, was rather indignant about the way in which he was treated: 'Savages, whose sole article of apparel consisted of a leather necklet, armed cap-a-pie with assagai, ax, bow, and poisoned arrows, they passed within a foot of me without greeting or remarks, scarcely a glance.' Probably the Colonel did not know that the first principle of Bantu politeness is that a superior must always be the first to greet an inferior.

I remember when I first came to Africa, how much I was struck by the apparently very cold reception I met with in Bantu villages. On my arrival everybody disappeared, and I was shocked. But after some time I understood. When a superior or chief comes to a village, his duty is to seek the shade of a tree and to sit down quietly waiting.

People go and get ready. The master of the village says a word to his boys and you soon see them running after a hen. When the hen is caught and when the people are ready, they come to you. How could they receive you without a present? It would be quite unseemly, it would be proof that they were not well brought up.

After Mr. Malcolm and each Zulu had finished their formal civilities, after each had asked the many questions and all had been answered properly, I would be introduced.

"*Sakubona*," I would say, thus exhausting my Zulu vocabulary.

"*Sakubona*," the Zulu would reply. Then—Mr. Malcolm interpreting—the Zulu would ask me where I came from, what kind of house I lived in, what kind of work I did, how many cattle I owned, how many wives I had.

It's fine, this friendly Zulu way of greeting. I shall certainly introduce it in America. I know several gentlemen I'd like to ask how many wives they have.

Incidentally, after we had talked with half a dozen Zulus Mr. Malcolm said: "See here, after this you're married. These Zulus simply can't understand your having no wives at all. Two of them have asked if you were wounded in battle in a highly intimate part of your body, or what is wrong with you?"

And so in Zululand, without benefit of clergy or even presence of woman, I took unto myself a wife or two. I have found it a most convenient marital state.



Mr. Malcolm had gone into Zululand in his official capacity as Inspector of Native Education. On our tour through the country we stopped a dozen times in villages or settlements and visited schools for Zulu boys and girls. Most of the schools in Zululand are financed entirely by the South African government; some, though, are mission schools under government supervision.

In the lower grades the small children are taught chiefly in Zulu, though even in the primary grades the teachers drill them in the alphabet and simple English words. By the

third and fourth year the children show definite progress in English. I had a great time listening to these youngsters of ten and eleven stand and read, speaking their words hesitantly and with a delightful accent: "The rat must be—be—ca-careful or the cat will catch him."

In the higher grades arithmetic, geography, grammar, all the usual subjects are taught, the recitations being carried on wholly in English. I noticed that the ages of the Zulu children are about the ages of American children in corresponding grades.

All teachers in government schools in Zululand are Zulus, men and women who have been trained in the native colleges. The principal of each school is a white man.

Every school has a garden where each boy and girl has a plot of ground; prizes are given to the best gardener. Some schools have cattle that are tended by the boys; they not only care for the cattle each day, but regularly drive them, like all other cattle in Zululand, to the government dipping vats. In the schools the boys in the manual training departments make the school furniture; the girls in the home economic departments make window curtains, tablecovers and napkins, as well as their own dresses.

In one classroom I asked the boys what they most enjoyed doing. Of course I hoped that they, Zulus and the sons of Zulus, would say, "Throw the assagai," or something fierce like that. Instead they answered unanimously: "Play soccer football."

At every school there is a playground where the children play all kinds of games, drill, and take setting-up exercises under the supervision of playground directors. I noticed that the boys and girls particularly like games in which they chant and clap their hands and dance; they go on for hours playing such dancing games.

We saw some unusually fine dancing one morning at a school where Mr. Malcolm, who is director of Boy Scout

work in Zululand, installed a Scout troop at one of the native schools.

As we drove up to the school that morning, the Zulu teacher, spick and span in his Scoutmaster's uniform, met us at the door and smartly saluted. He led us inside. As soon as we appeared, every child in the room rose and, according to the custom, said: "Good morning, sir."

Then the ceremonies began. Speeches were made and songs were sung inside the school room. When this part of the program was ended, everyone marched out into the open.

The boys who were to be initiated took their places and stood rigid as Mr. Malcolm addressed them. Then they raised their hands in the Scout sign and took the oath of Boy Scouts the world over. Mr. Malcolm then granted them their badges and the boys raised their staffs in salute.

The official ceremony concluded, the boys of the newly-created troop sang Zulu songs and danced Zulu dances in our honor.

I was somewhat bewildered as I heard these lads sing the weird songs and saw them dance the ancient dances of their warrior fathers, these boys who, only a moment before, had raised their hands and said: "On my honor I will do my best—"



"How do these children get to school each day?" I asked Mr. Malcolm, as we drove away.

"Most of them walk," he said. "Some of them come for miles. But you must understand that distances mean little to the native people. Even the children think nothing of leaving their homes well before daybreak in order to arrive at school in time for classes."

"What kind of homes do they come from?" I asked.

"The ordinary Zulu home."

"And what is the ordinary Zulu home? Remember that I've never seen one."

"Then we'll visit one," Mr. Malcolm said.

We drove on until we saw a cluster of grass huts, each circular and domed like a beehive, on the side of a hill near the road.

"We'll visit this kraal," Mr. Malcolm said, as he stopped the car. "I don't know the people who live here, but we'll take a chance on their homes being typical Zulu homes."

We left the car and went to the edge of the circular clearing where the huts were built.

"We must wait now," Mr. Malcolm said, "until they come to receive us."

We stood at the edge of the clearing until an elderly man came from one of the huts. Tied around his middle was a string from which a small apron of calf skin hung down in front; he wore nothing else. Mr. Malcolm saluted, then addressed him. They talked for a time. Then I saluted and Mr. Malcolm interpreted for me.

"He invites us into his hut," Mr. Malcolm said. "He and his friends are drinking beer and he invites us to join them."

We went to the hut's only entrance, an opening three feet high cut at the bottom. There we stooped low and crawled in. Inside were six men, squatting in a circle. Mats were spread for us on the earth floor that had been hardened by years of use. We took our places. The host waited until everyone was seated, or hunkered down, then he lifted the calabash with both hands. He drank deeply, then passed it on.

I waited my turn. And when the calabash came to me, I drank of the good Kafir beer that is made from corn and tastes something like buttermilk. I drank until I had finished, then, like the others, I passed the calabash and wiped my mouth by smearing the back of my hand across it. I tried

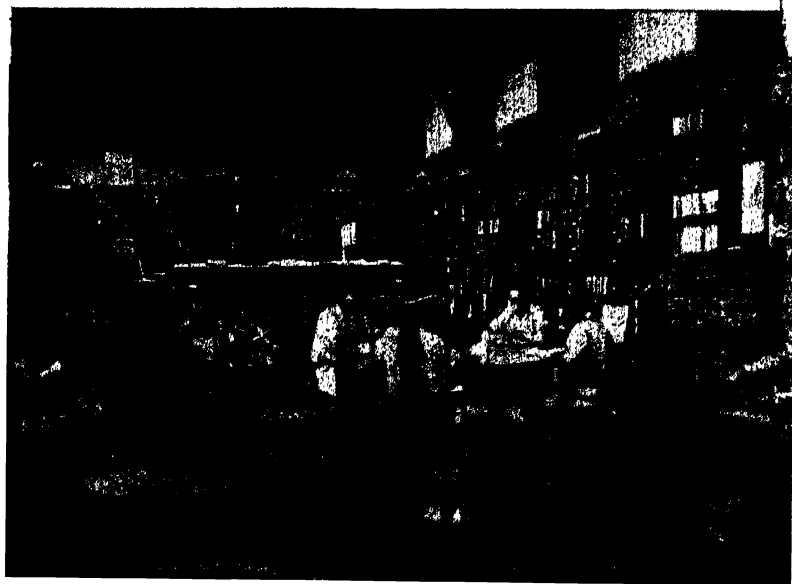


ZULULAND: The kraal at the left was where we drank beer.



KINDERGARTEN

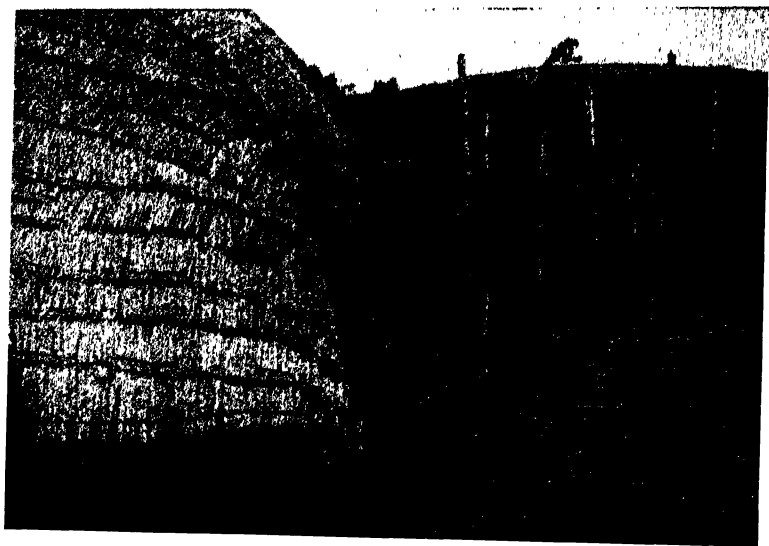
SCHOOL

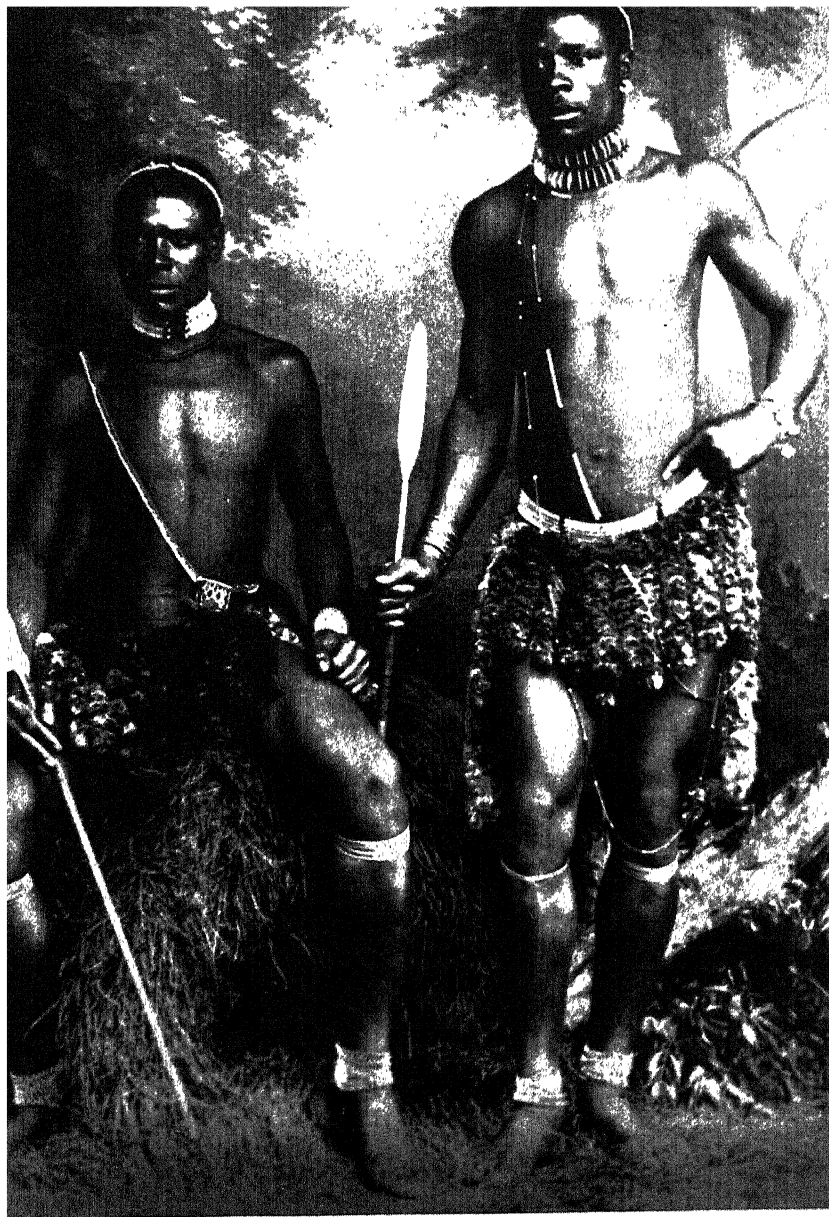




TENNIS TEAM: *Zulus in the city*

THE HOME THEY LEFT BEHIND: *Entrance to Zulu hut*





ZULU WARRIORS IN JUNGLE: Jungle made in Kokomo, Indiana. All back drops for photographic studios are made in Kokomo. These two lads put on ancestral togs and dropped into a Durban studio to have their picture made.

in every way to show myself an old Kafir beer drinker; but try as earnestly as I did, I still could not spit and splutter either so audibly or so fluidly as the others managed to do.

For an hour we sat on the mats and drank beer and smacked our lips. From time to time the Zulus took snuff, some pinching it up with their fingers from the boxes that each of them carry, others daintily poking it into their nostrils with little spoons. When the snuff irritated, a man would lean forward and blow his nose mightily and in various directions.

Then he would lean back once more, peer around the circle, and say the quiet, long-drawn-out Zulu expressions of contentment: "Ay-eeeeeee," he would say. Then: "Ummmmmmmmmm."

So each of us knew that all was good with him, that there was beer in his belly and friendship in his soul.



As we drove away from the home of the Zulus with whom we had been drinking beer, I said to Mr. Malcolm: "But this is all so contradictory. This morning we visited a school where that man's children wore European dress and studied arithmetic and learned to garden and care for cattle. This afternoon we find the man himself virtually naked and living a primitive life. I don't understand."

"Nor does the world understand," Mr. Malcolm said. "This morning you saw the son in his school. This afternoon you saw the father in his home. The difference you saw is the difference between two generations."

"Progress in parts of Africa has been as rapid as you saw it today—the difference between the school and the home. And all in one generation."

"Yes, but—"

"But suppose you wait and ask your questions of the man I'm taking you to meet. Dr. Dube is himself a Zulu. What he says will be of more interest than any answer I could give."



I should like to stop this book for a minute and try to explain a fact which, in talking with my friends, I have had greatest difficulty explaining. For some reason my friends simply will not understand the truth about Africa. They refuse to think of that continent as they think of Europe or North America. Through the years they have thought of Africa as only a primitive land. Apparently they have genuine difficulty realizing that life in Africa has changed, just as it has changed everywhere else.

I should like so much to say again, and for everyone really to understand, that in Africa there are actually two Africas—one primitive, the other absolutely modern.

In Africa today there are cannibals, rogue elephants, fever ridden swamps, all that one sees in the ordinary "African" movie.

But there are also night clubs, air conditioned trains, skyscrapers, paved highways, golf courses, race tracks, cricket fields.

We Americans who depend for our knowledge of America on books and cinemas know so little about even our own country as a whole. We know our own homes with their automatic furnaces, automatic refrigerators, automatic stoves. But we don't actually know about the people who live over the mountain. We don't realize that even in the United States men and women live in homes distressingly primitive. We think only of one kind of life in America. Our kind.

And when we think of Africa we think of only one kind of life, the other kind, the primitive. We refuse to realize

that some African homes have automatic furnaces, automatic refrigerators, automatic stoves.

In talking with my friends I have told them of African savages living savage lives. Later I have mentioned a formal dinner party.

"I just don't understand," my friends have said. "How can you talk about African savages, then talk about a dinner party?"

They simply will not learn that the two Africas are as far apart in living conditions as the living conditions of millionaires in Florida hotels and Seminole Indians in Florida swamps.

Any book that limits itself to either the primitive or the modern in Africa is unfair; such a book does not tell the whole story. A reporter must leave the city and go into the jungle, leave the jungle and return to the city; he must travel over paved highways in automobiles and over the desert on camels.

The sudden shift in his narrative from the city to the jungle and back to the city again may be somewhat confusing to those who cling to the traditional idea of Africa. But the story will be perfectly plain to those who remember that Africa, like the United States, like every other continent, is a land of contrasts between the old and the new.

BLACK MAN TALKING

Dr. Dube, the man of whom Mr. Malcolm spoke, is principal of Ohlange Institute, a school for Zulu boys and girls in Zululand. Dr. Dube founded the school in 1899. In 1935 the University of South Africa conferred an honorary doctorate upon him. The degree was granted because of his work in native education.

Dr. Dube received us in his home and, following the invariable practice in all parts of South Africa, served us tea. For a time we talked with Dr. Dube and his wife. We drank our tea and looked at the books in the doctor's library.

Then we went out to see the school.

We visited the classrooms. The barns. The dairy. The farms where boys were plowing. The shops where other boys were making shoes, clothing, furniture.

There was something familiar about this school. I felt that I had seen it before.

We were in the school kitchen when suddenly I stopped: I had remembered.

"But this place is like Tuskegee," I said, "a school back in my home state of Alabama. Have you ever heard of Tuskegee?"

Dr. Dube smiled. "This place is Tuskegee," he said. "Can't you see Booker Washington everywhere you turn? For years I studied in Alabama with him and when I came back here, I brought Tuskegee to Zululand."

He went on talking of Booker T. Washington and of what he did for the world. He talked of Tuskegee and of its importance to the American people, both white and black.

"Did you learn to speak such perfect English at Tuskegee?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I knew English before I went there."

He said that when he was a boy, missionaries sent him to the United States. To preparatory school first, then to college.

"To Oberlin College," he said.

Where were the shrill war cries and the poised spears ready to be hurled? I had come thousands of miles to see fierce Zulu warriors dressed in leopard skins and leopard claws. Instead, I met a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman who was carrying on a great educational tradition, a Zulu who is a graduate of Oberlin College—my college.

We talked of Peters Hall. Of the conservatory. Of the elm trees. Of the campus with the snow on it. We talked of Henry Churchill King. Of William J. Hutchins. Of Edward Increase Bosworth.

"Do the seniors still gather and sing on the last evening before graduation?" he asked.

Dr. Dube and I were in a school thousands of miles away, a school we both love and honor, when the bell rang for assembly at his Ohlange Institute in Zululand.

At assembly the students sang Zulu songs and hymns in Zulu. One of the hymns was "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." I couldn't understand a word they sang, but the tune was an old friend.

Dr. Dube asked me to speak to the students.

When he introduced me, he spoke English, one of his teachers interpreting so that the smaller children might understand. I was the only person in the room who did not understand Zulu, but Dr. Dube, with an unerring nicety, chose to forego his own language and use mine.



After assembly we went to Dr. Dube's office. Soon the talk turned to race relationships, to the relationship between white and black men in Africa.

I heard from Dr. Dube that in some parts of Africa the native is given a chance to go to school, to learn to read and write, and to learn a trade.

In other parts of the continent he is kept as far from school as possible. "Keep him ignorant and you keep him obedient," is the slogan in these parts.

By destroying the old Africa, and by refusing to teach the new trades and professions, white men in some parts of the continent have kept the native fit only for drudgery in the fields and mines.

"This virtual enslavement of the black man is not uncommon in parts of Africa," Dr. Dube said. "In these parts some Europeans fear the competition that follows education. They are unwilling to share the abundant good things of Africa.

"Eventually, of course, they will learn better. They will come to know that full fairness, that share and share alike, is the most profitable policy for all. It is a fundamental law of community and national progress."

As we talked, Dr. Dube again and again asked: Why shouldn't the native seek full privileges in a country where he plays so vital a part?

That same question was asked at the beginning of this century by Negroes in the United States.

At that time some men and women in the United States openly scoffed. "It is ridiculous," they said, "for Negroes to ask such a preposterous question. The very idea of their seeking equal rights and privileges with white people."

And yet today, with the century not half over, Negroes are in all professions. They are on important boards of trade. They are in high government positions. They are in the national Congress helping make the laws by which all Americans, white and black, are governed.

In South Africa at present the leaders of the native people are beginning to ask: How shall we gain full privileges?

Learning nothing from the history of race relationships in

the United States, ignoring the slow but inevitable rise of the under-man in world history, the majority of Europeans in Africa openly laugh at such a question.

"It is ridiculous," they say, "for natives to ask such a question. The very idea of their seeking equal rights and privileges with white people."

RULER OF TWO MILLION MEN

In Zululand I was received in royal audience by Mshiyeni Ka Dinizulu, regent of the Zulu nation, ruler of two million men.

Before I visited this man who rules the Zulu people I tried to learn about him and about his fathers, the Zulu kings who ruled before him.

I tried, too, to learn the black man's history of South Africa. I had read about the English and the Dutch in South Africa. But what of the black man who had lived there centuries before the English or the Dutch ever heard of the country?

I learned that South Africa originally was inhabited by a people of small size, yellow in color, hunters whose weapons and implements were of the Stone Age. These men were the Bushmen.

Besides the Bushmen, there lived originally in South Africa a darker people, of larger stature and a higher level of civilization. They were the Hottentots.

Centuries ago, exactly when no one knows, a horde of invaders from the north, a varied group of many bloods and mingled colors, marched into the land that is now South Africa.

As the invading tribes advanced they fought the Hottentots and the Bushmen. They fought among themselves.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the inter-tribal fighting, so ruinous to the people as a whole, was finally ended by one of the most remarkable men of history. Chaka was his name. Chaka not only stopped the fighting but he welded the jealous tribes into a single nation.

Unafraid of the white man, Chaka and his Zulus refused to give ground. Despite the unmerciful difference between rifle and assagai, the Zulus held their land against the English and the Dutch. Had they possessed comparable weapons, had they fought with guns instead of spears, they might have taken the offensive and actually driven the white man from the southern part of the continent. Had the Zulus possessed guns, the map of Africa today might be entirely black.

In the end Chaka was murdered and one of his brothers ruled the Zulu people. This brother was killed while fighting the English. A second brother then ascended the Zulu throne. After him came a king named Cetewayo.

Cetewayo was a shrewd statesman and for years ruled wisely. But the British were determined to have the country and to dominate it. In the end they forced him into war.

In this Zulu war of 1876, the last real stand of the African against the white man, the assagai again proved less effective than the rifle. The Zulus lost the war and the military power of the Zulu nation was ended. Cetewayo was exiled and his people more or less brought under the yoke.

It was Cetewayo's grandson, Mshiyeni Ka Dinizulu, regent of the Zulu nation, who received me in his royal kraal.

This ruler of the Zulus has no absolute power such as his fathers exercised, but his two million subjects still look to him as their king. The British, therefore, are careful to deal with him courteously.

"You see, when these Zulus are roused they are pretty tough fellows," I was told by an American in Durban. "White men don't dare kick them around as some natives in Africa are mistreated. The Zulu is a real fighter. He might reach for his spear again."

The regent's reception hall is round, like most buildings in Zululand. The roof is thatched; but the sides are of tile, instead of the customary grass. The floor is of earth taken

from ant heaps. These ant heaps in Africa are of unbelievable dimensions—roads are cut through them; garages are built in them—and the earth, which has absorbed a kind of oil from the ants, hardens when used as a floor and in time looks like a beautiful mahogany, highly polished.

The regent and his wife—he is a Christian and has only one wife—wore European dress. Occasionally she spoke English when addressing me. The rest of the conversation was carried on in Zulu, Mr. Malcolm, of course, interpreting for me.

The regent asked what I thought of his country and of his people. Did I consider the Zulus backward? What could better the country? What would benefit the people? Again and again he asked that question: What would benefit the Zulu people?

I felt that I was talking to a fine, honorable man who recognized his responsibilities and wished sincerely to serve his people.



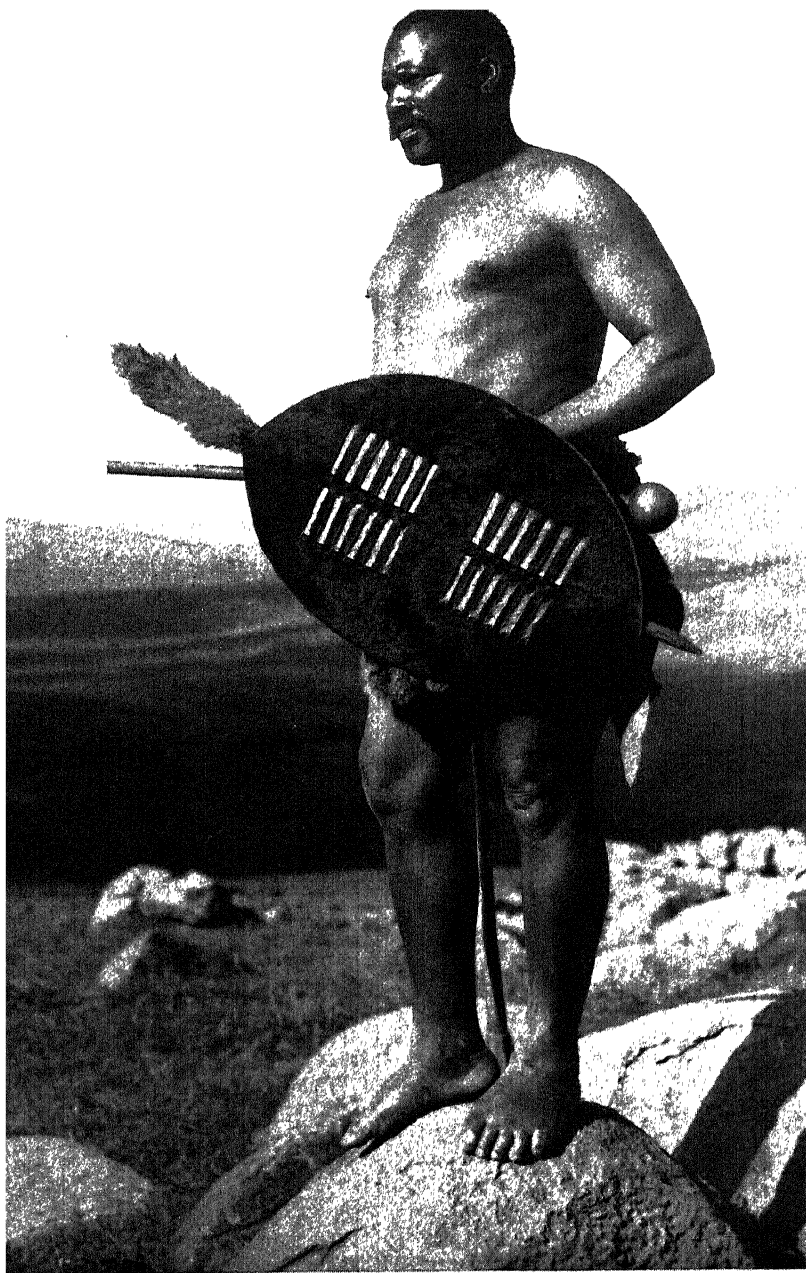
We were especially fortunate at this audience because an illustrious Zulu woman happened to be visiting the regent. This woman, old now, is the only living child of King Cetewayo, the ruler who for so long withstood the power of England.

Through Mr. Malcolm I asked if she remembered anything of her father leading his people against the English in the last Zulu war. Her answer was picturesque, though fully to appreciate it one should see the Zulu mothers carrying their babies in little hammocks swung from their shoulders. "No," she said, "I was then only a child on the back."

This woman asked many questions about America and seemed particularly interested in our methods of travel. When I told her about some of our trains and how fast they go, she couldn't grasp the idea of such speed. Then I told



MSHIYENI KA DINIZULU—REGENT OF THE ZULU PEOPLE



ZULU MAN: Some of the men of Zululand wear shabby Euro-





"ON MY HONOR I WILL DO MY BEST—"

her of trains that run on tracks elevated above the ground. She shook her head in astonishment. Finally I told her of trains that run underground. Instantly she exploded in an expression of complete disbelief.

When I asked if she would like to come to America and see for herself, she was very polite, but very, very positive. "Not for all the cattle in Zululand," she said.

As we talked, a maid brought in tea, serving it in a fine china service. Other servants came and went, the men dropping to their knees in the presence of the regent, though no one seemed to be very much in awe of him; they knelt simply out of respect. The easy behavior, and the way everyone talked freely to everyone else, showed that the regent and the other inmates of the palace were on friendly terms.

One of the most friendly members of the royal entourage was an old bulldog, frightfully scarred from his many battles, who took a fancy to me. The first time he came near my foot, I made the mistake of scratching him just above the rump. From that moment he continually twisted in front of me; backing at me, rubbing against me, demanding that his rump be scratched. I found difficulty in attending to the dog's demands and at the same time observing the proper etiquette of the royal audience.

And yet scratching that old dog's rump while I talked with the regent somehow made the audience more enjoyable, certainly more friendly, than standing solemnly and punctiliously before His Majesty on whatever European throne.

FROM DURBAN TO MOZAMBIQUE

After we completed our tour of Zululand we returned to Natal proper and I visited Mr. Malcolm at his home in Pietermaritzburg, a city I shall always remember for its bird sanctuary.

At one edge of the town is a small lake with trees growing close down to its edges. Late each afternoon egrets begin flying in to their roosts; they take their places in the trees beside the lake. At first only a few dozen come in. Then they drop down out of the sky by scores. Just before night hundreds of the white birds swoop in, the shrill whistle of their wings sounding clear as they coast out over the water and on to their favorite roosting places. Where a short time before the trees were all green, they are now white like snow, turned by the birds into ghost trees, like Alabama dogwoods in April.

From Pietermaritzburg I drove through the Valley of a Thousand Hills to Durban. And there one morning I took a boat for the three-hundred-mile trip up the coast to Lourenço Marques, capital of Mozambique.

On the boat I read *Jock of the Bushveld*.

Recognized as a classic in South Africa, this book is hardly known at all in the United States. Yet it is one of the great records of pioneering and one of the greatest of all books about animals.

When South Africa was just beginning to be settled by the white man, Percy Fitzpatrick—later Sir Percy—went there and lived on the veld. One day he acquired a puppy, “a poor miserable little rat of a thing about half the size of the others in the litter.”

That puppy was Jock.

Today when one travels in certain parts of South Africa, men point to a tree and say: "That's Jock of the bushveld's tree."

"There's where the koodoo kicked Jock."

"There's where Jock fought the duiker."

The story of the dog is written into the history of the country.

Jock of the Bushveld is full of fine, exciting stories—the book has been issued by an American publishing house and can be had in the United States—but I can quote only one of them:

One day into Sir Percy's camp came a petty chief of the Zulus. He reported that his cattle and sheep and goats were being preyed upon by a "tiger"—really it was a leopard, but in Africa the leopard is frequently called a tiger even though "Stripes" actually is not to be found anywhere on the continent. The "tiger" was too wise for the old man's snares or the snares of his people. He was too swift for the hunting assagai. Would the white man come with his gun?

Sir Percy agreed to go. That same day he left on the hunt.

With him went Jim Makokel, a Zulu teamster and a remarkable man. Jim, the dog Jock, and an ox named Vaterland, are three characters no reader will ever forget.

The route of the hunters lay along the side of a mountain spur which skirted

the rocky backbone and wound between occasional boulders, clumps and trees and bushes. We had moved on only a little way when a loud "waugh" from a baboon on the mountain behind made us stop and look back. The hoarse shout was repeated several times, and each time more loudly and emphatically; it seemed like the warning call of a sentry who had seen us.

The troop of baboons had evidently been quite close to us—hidden from us only by the little line of rocks—and on getting

warning from their sentry on the mountain had stolen quietly away and were then disappearing into the timbered depth of the ravine.

We sat still to watch them come out on the opposite side a few minutes later and clamber up the rock face, for they are always worth watching; but while we watched, the stillness was broken by an agonizing scream—horribly human in its expression of terror—followed by roars, barks, bellows, and screams from scores of voices in every key; and the crackle of breaking sticks and the rattle of stones added to the medley of sound as the baboons raced out of the wood and up the bare rocky slope.

The cries from below seemed to waken the whole mountain; great booming “waughs” came from different places far apart and ever so high up the face of the mountain; each big roar seemed to act like a trumpet call and bring forth a multitude of others; and the air rang with bewildering shouts and echoes volleying round the kloofs and faces of the mountain.

The strange thing was that the baboons did not continue their terrified scramble up the mountain, but, once out of the bush, they turned and rallied. Forming an irregular half-circle they faced downhill, thrusting their heads forward with sudden jerks as though to launch their cries with greater vehemence, and feinting to charge; they showered loose earth, stones, and debris of all sorts down with awkward and underhand scrapes of their forepaws, and gradually but surely descended to within a dozen yards of the bush’s edge.

“The tiger! Look! The tiger! There, on the rock below!”

Jim Makokel shot out the words in vehement gusts, choky with excitement; and true enough, there the tiger was. The long spotted body was crouched on a flat rock just below the baboons; he was broadside to us, with his fore-quarters slightly raised and his face turned toward the baboons; with wide-open mouth he snarled savagely at the advancing line, and with right paw raised made threatening dabs in their direction. His left paw pinned down the body of a baboon.

The voices from the mountain boomed louder and nearer as, clattering and scrambling down the face, came more and more baboons; there must have been hundreds of them; the semicircle growing thicker and blacker, more and more threatening, foot by foot closer. The tiger raised himself a little more and took swift looks from side to side across the advancing front, and then his

nerve went, and with one spring he shot from the rock into the bush.

There was an instant rush of the half-moon, and the rock was covered with roaring baboons, swarming over their rescued comrade and a moment later the crowd scrambled up the slope again, taking the tiger's victim with them. In that seeming rabble I could pick out nothing, but all the Kaffirs maintained they could see the mauled one dragged along by its arms by two others, much as a child might be helped uphill.



This story was of particular interest to me because of a conversation I had had one morning before I went to Africa.

Petey Sarron, the former featherweight champion who lost his title to Henry Armstrong, is a Birmingham boy. One morning Petey, who was just back from a boxing tour of South Africa, was talking with me about his trip. He told of an experience with baboons.

"Two of us were outside a camp practising with a rifle," Petey said, "when along came a troop of baboons. My friend said that baboons were vermin, that they destroyed the farmers' crops, and anyone could pop at them. So I popped at a big fellow out in front. I hit him all right. But instead of running from me, he ran toward me. And all the other baboons rushed forward with him.

"We were lucky enough to be near a cabin and could dive in. As we waited, we heard all kinds of cries. To tell the truth I thought some children were crying.

"When finally we went out, we saw a trail made by the baboons dragging the one I had shot. Then we came on his body. And off in the distance we could still hear the baboons. They were still making those cries that sounded like children in distress."

One authority says of baboons: "Of all quadrupeds, it is

probable that the African baboons are pound for pound the most pugnacious and the quickest on the draw. The old male baboon in his prime will fight anything that threatens his troop, literally at the drop of a hat.... His temper is hot, his voice raucous and blood-curdling, his canine teeth fearfully long and sharp, and his savage yell of warning sufficient to keep even the king of beast off his grass."



After a voyage made memorable for me by my meeting with *Jock of the Bushveld*, we landed at Lourenço Marques.

At one time this pretty little city was famous for its casinos and its ladies of the boulevards. Then hard times fell on Portugal and reached out to its colonies. Today the casinos of Lourenço Marques are closed. The ladies of its boulevards are drab sisters who can no longer compete in the capitals of Europe.



Some day some traveler who has suffered linguistic annoyances will write a treatise called, "Yes, I Understand."

He will tell of people pretending to understand a language of which actually they know only a dozen words. Of course it's probably pride and show-off that prompts them to say, "Yes, yes, I understand," when really they haven't understood at all; but whatever the cause of their stubborn pretense, the result is sometimes amusing.

One learns of this vanity, which apparently is world wide, and refuses to believe a waiter or a roomboy who insists that he understands some language not his own. One knows that the way of wisdom is to tell what is wanted, then describe it, then make gestures, and, if possible, draw a picture. Even then one is lucky if he gets what he asks for.

I suffered an admirable example of misunderstanding at a hotel in Lourenço Marques.

Yes, the waiter understood any language. Go ahead, speak any of them. He understood them all. English! Why, my dear sir, of course.

"All right," I said. "I want two poached eggs. Do you understand?"

The waiter looked deeply hurt: "Why, my dear sir!"

But I had had too much experience at this kind of thing. "I know," I said, "but I want poached eggs. Poached." Then I told him in as many languages as I knew, though, since I didn't know his Portuguese, I had to skip that one. Finally I made signs and gestures. "Poached eggs—do you understand? Poached."

"But, my dear sir, of course."

He took the rest of my order and started away. He got almost to the door of the kitchen, then turned and came back. For a minute he stood by my table, figuring out the English words he would use. When at last he had thought of the words and had arranged them in their proper order, he said:

"How do you want your poached eggs—scrambled?"



One afternoon in Lourenço Marques I took a train for Neilspruit, the town nearest the entrance to the Kruger National Park, the most famous game reserve in the world.

THE JUNGLE ON PARADE

Among the major misconceptions about Africa is the misunderstanding about the wild animals of the continent.

So many books have been written about the big game of Africa, so many photographs have portrayed Our Hero sitting on a dead elephant or a dead hippo, so many movies have depicted the giraffe in full gallop and shown the fierce charge of the rhino, that naturally we think of Africa as one vast jungle filled with wild beasts.

Well, it isn't that way. Far from it. In Africa today there are still areas where herds of zebra are so large that when the herds move, the whole striped plain seems to move; in these areas are wildebeest, gazelle, warthogs, and antelope by the countless thousands. There are districts where the giraffe is common and the hippo is in every pool, where the lion roars each night and governments send out professional hunters to slaughter—as protection for crops—the ever increasing herds of elephants.

But there are other parts of Africa where one has no more chance of seeing an elephant or a lion than of seeing a grizzly saunter down Broadway, or a wild gobbler strut through the lobby of the Waldorf.

Two hundred years ago when a great part of the United States was virgin country, deer and bear and turkeys were plentiful. Then the white man began his advance to the West, building cities and roads and forcing the animals to withdraw deeper into the forests. As the white man continued westward, shooting and trapping as he went, the extinction of the animals was threatened. The government,

therefore, set up national parks as sanctuaries where no hunting is allowed. The same story can be told of Africa.

Just as one hundred years ago the white man and his rifle were moving west in the United States, so one hundred years ago the white man and his rifle were advancing north from the Cape. On both continents the animals either fled or were slaughtered. In Africa, as in the United States, the white man built more and more cities and more and more roads to connect them, he settled the plains and opened the jungle, he closed in upon the animals until in parts of both continents there was no place for them to hide: protection of some kind had to be given, or the animals would be destroyed.

Seeing the need for sanctuaries, African conservationists fifty years ago marked out certain areas where no shooting would be permitted, great reserves where all animals might live in their free and natural state with no threat whatever from rifle or snare. In Africa today there are, of course, districts where hunting is licensed, where animals from the elephant to the tiny duiker may be shot, but scattered over the continent are game sanctuaries where no dog or gun is allowed. There are reserves in the Transvaal, in Zululand, Rhodesia, the Congo, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya: in different parts of Africa there is a total of one hundred thousand square miles of game sanctuaries where a man may go for exciting adventures with his camera—but he must leave his gun outside.

The most famous of these reserves is the Kruger National Park in the Eastern Transvaal. This particular reserve stretches along the border of Portuguese East Africa from the Crocodile River to the Limpopo, a distance of two hundred miles with an average width of forty miles. Within this area live specimens of most animals for which Africa is famous: lions, elephants, giraffe, wildebeest, waterbuck,

now you don't. In a zoo, with a one-color background, a zebra stands out like a barber's pole; but on the veld, his home, with the infinite shadings of colors and the intensely clear light with its gradation of shadows, the zebra can melt into the landscape the instant he stops.

Not only the zebra, but all the other animals, can disappear. In fact, they have the knack of not appearing in the first place. My guide was named Bobby Lawson—his address is Neilspruit, if you intend to visit the park—and Bobby has lived on the veld most of his life. Because he knows the animals and how their coloring blends into the background of the bush, he can see them.

Repeatedly he showed me animals where a moment before I had seen nothing at all. Again and again he would point at some buck or zebra I couldn't see, then an ear would flick or a tail would move and I could see the animal perfectly. Once Bobby got a good laugh because I couldn't see a herd of impala. "Why, man, there're thirty of them at least," he said, and flung up his hands and shouted. Instantly the bush was alive with leaping impala.

One particular morning I saw a really dramatic example of animal cunning. As we turned a corner in the road I happened to be looking up at a cliff. At that instant a klipspringer leaped from one rock to another.

He must have sighted us while he was in midair because he hit the rock and remained absolutely motionless. It was like a point my dog Black Mac made two seasons ago. He jumped a rail fence in South Alabama and smelled the birds while he was in the air. He hit the ground rigid and remained rigid as he held his point.

Unless I had seen the little klipspringer in his high rocky place—he is sometimes called the African chamois—I could never have detected him. He stood on the cliff as motionless as the jagged rocks about him; he blended perfectly into the background.

About noon of my first day in the Kruger Park, Bobby told me there was little chance of seeing any more animals for a while. "They go back into the bush at this time of day and sleep until the middle of the afternoon," he said. He suggested that we return to the resthouse for lunch.

It was hot and Bobby was driving rapidly when he whirled around a sharp bend in the road. I was looking off to one side when suddenly he slammed on his brakes and the car skidded. I looked to the front while the car was still skidding—right up under the chin of a giraffe.

I looked up and up and up, and there he stood, gazing down at us with the softest brown eyes I have ever seen. I thanked the Lord mighty fast as I looked at the giraffe and realized that he had a whole continent to wander over, but had come at just the right minute for me to see him. He was glorious as he stood there, towering so high against the skyline.

This particular giraffe was a thoroughly friendly fellow. He not only let me get a long and much-appreciated look at him, but he stood still while I sat in the automobile and took his picture. When finally he turned away, he walked for a short distance, then began to gallop, moving in that awkward undulation which starts at his head, flows down his long, long neck, into his body and out through his heels.

Possibly the reason the giraffe's gallop seems so awkward is that he always advances both right legs at the same time, then both left legs; his only gait is a pace. That is the way a possum runs, and certainly a possum looks very clumsy as he slithers along.

At the resthouse I was too excited for lunch. For me, waterbuck were flashing their white-ringed rumps through the bush. Jackals were slinking along in the shadows. Impala gracefully leaped high embankments, their feet bunched beneath them as they sailed over in perfect arcs. Hippos

thrust their huge heads from the water and snorted spray from their nostrils. I was not interested in lunch.

"Bobby," I said, "I can't remember a more exciting day than this. Since I was a youngster I've loved animals. I've had every kind of pet from a duck to a raccoon. I've spent hours in the woods just to glimpse a fox or a groundhog. And here in one morning I've seen hundreds of animals. It's been glorious."

"Yes," he said, "we've had a good morning. Only I wish we'd seen some lions."

I wished so, too, but I wasn't admitting it. I didn't want my disappointment about lions to mar so fine a morning. I had actually seen giraffe and hippos, koodoo and zebra, wildebeest and many other animals; I had already seen more than my share, even without lions.

After lunch we sat around the resthouse and smoked our pipes. We talked until the middle of the afternoon. Then Bobby said the animals had finished their noon sleep and had come out to feed again.

"Let's get going," he said.

For a long time I had been eager to go. The minute he suggested we leave, I pushed back my chair, leaving a half-filled tankard of beer, and hurried out to the car.

As we drove along during the afternoon, numberless guinea fowls scurried off the road and into the bush, their excited little *clink-clink-clink* coming back to us softly. Occasionally a head appeared, colored light blue instead of white like the tame guinea, but it appeared for an instant only, then the bird was gone. Bush pheasants, with red eyes and a red circle around each eye, flushed from us. Hundreds of partridges strutted along the road, a bird somewhat larger than our southern bob-white, but with many of the same markings and with almost the same pompous little walk.

The day was hot and suddenly I found myself worn with

the tension of the morning. I was almost settling back into my seat, telling myself that a man can stand just so much excitement, when we turned a corner and there before us was a solid stone hill, round like a dome, and on top of the hill—

The giraffe was forgotten, the hippos were forgotten, the baboons and the jackals, the hornbills with their rasping cries, were all forgotten, because on top of the hill, looking out over the country, unquestionably monarch of all, was a huge black-maned lion.

There are memories so treasured that they cease to be memories of something that came from outside; instead, they seem to have been born with a man, not merely something acquired after he was grown. And the sight of that black-maned lion, high on his stone hill, king of the country, is forever a part of me and seemingly always has been. Had I seen him in the bush or moving across the veld, I should have been thankful; but to see him on his throne was a sight so glorious that it was cause for celebration.

He was sitting with his paws out before him, his head up, looking out over his world. As we drew up at the foot of the hill, he turned and glanced at us. His black mane rippled at the movement of his head. Then he looked away: we were unworthy of his notice.

For several minutes we peered up at him, and then—well, sometimes one does silly things; afterward, he probably can't explain just why. And I offer no explanation of why, forgetting the law about stepping out of automobiles, I opened the door of the car, got out, and there in the middle of that African road I celebrated by dancing a most elaborate jig. At least I started dancing a jig in positively my best dancing manner.

But as I danced, the lion's tail suddenly swished from side to side—I could plainly see the tuft of black hair at

the end of it. Three times he swished his tail, then he heaved himself to his feet and glared down at us.

For a minute he stood motionless, then the great black ruff on his neck rose until it stood high and he let out a roar so vast that it shook through the hills and ended my dance abruptly. Indeed, my legs suddenly went so limp that I just managed to get back into the car.

After this terrific expression of disapproval of my dancing, the lion glared at us a moment longer, then slumped back on the rock again and went on looking out over his country.



When finally we drove away, the sun was setting. I was tired, and very contented with all I had seen. I was leaning back with my eyes closed, still seeing that glorious lion, when suddenly Bobby stopped the car.

"Look," he said, pointing. "There at the side of the road. Do you see?"

The dirt road was a yellow-brown and for a moment I saw nothing.

"There—lying in front of those bushes."

And then I saw. A lioness was resting in the road, her paws in front of her, her head raised as she watched our approach. Bobby eased the car into low gear and crept forward. When we were within a hundred feet I begged him to stop.

"She'll become frightened and will dive into the bush. And I want her picture," I said.

"She won't move," Bobby said, as he drove forward slowly.

Closer and closer he went until she half reared herself in readiness to plunge into the bush. Then he stopped. When he did, the lioness dropped back to her resting position.

We were so close that I could see her eyes and the expression in them. I could see the flies as they crawled on her

ears, causing her from time to time to flick her ears and drive the flies away. Once they annoyed her until she raised her great paw and rubbed it over the side of her head—I thought of how many times I had seen kittens make the same clumsy gesture. There were four scars on her back, deep brown against her tawny hide; one of them was long and jagged, as if she had been ripped open by a horn or a hoof; the other three were round, as if made by teeth. The stories those scars told! Of whirling, snarling fights. Of death struggles deep in the bush at night.

“We’ll have some fun,” Bobby said.

He took a newspaper from the panel of his car, crumpled it, and tied a string around the middle. Then he threw it out and began to back his car away. Immediately the lioness lifted her ears and raised her head.

“She’s dying for a romp,” Bobby said.

When we had backed about ten feet, she raised herself on her forepaws and cocked her head to one side, peering in a puzzled way at the strange thing that twisted over the ground. She watched it a moment longer before beginning to crawl stealthily toward it. Once she was near enough, she reached out with her paw and touched it, then jerked her paw back quickly and peered all around to see what was watching. Finally she reached out again and touched the paper several times, carefully, barely moving it with her paw—a paw which, with one blow, could have broken the back of an ox.

“Listen,” I said, “this doesn’t make sense. Here is a wild lion, completely free in the bush; yet she’s playing like a kitten.”

“After all,” Bobby said, “a lion is only a big cat. And did you ever see a cat that didn’t like to play?”

He jerked the string suddenly and the lioness slapped at the paper and jumped on it, picking it up in her teeth and shaking it. She played with it until she broke the string

and seemed to tire of the game, then she went back to her position on the side of the road and lay down again, apparently ignoring us completely.

"Something else," I said, "why is she so darn blasé about our being here? I thought wild animals wouldn't let men get close to them."

"If you left your automobile, she wouldn't let you get close," Bobby said. "But so long as you stay in your car, the animals here in the park don't bother about you."

"Why, there are three old lions in the park that pay no more attention to automobiles than you do. They always go together and are known as 'The Three Musketeers.' I've come upon them lying in the road and have blown my horn. They ignored it. I wadded up newspapers and threw at them. They glanced around, looked completely bored, and dozed on. Twice I've had to drive off the road, go out into the bush, in order to get around them. They simply wouldn't move."

"You see, lions here in the park are accustomed to automobiles. So long as you remain in your car, lions have absolutely no fear or hatred of you. Possibly it's because they don't detect the man smell. Possibly they don't see you fully and don't recognize you as a man. Whatever the reason, they apparently have no feeling whatever about automobiles or men in them."

As he was talking, he was driving in closer toward the lioness so that I could try for a picture. When at last we were as close as we could get, he stopped the car and I poked my camera out the window and focused it. Later I saw by the gage of my meter that I was holding my camera eight feet from her.

The light was not good and I was trying different exposures, intent on my pictures, when I heard a slight rustle in the grass beside me. I jerked in my elbow and looked down; a lion was walking beside the car, a huge, yellow-



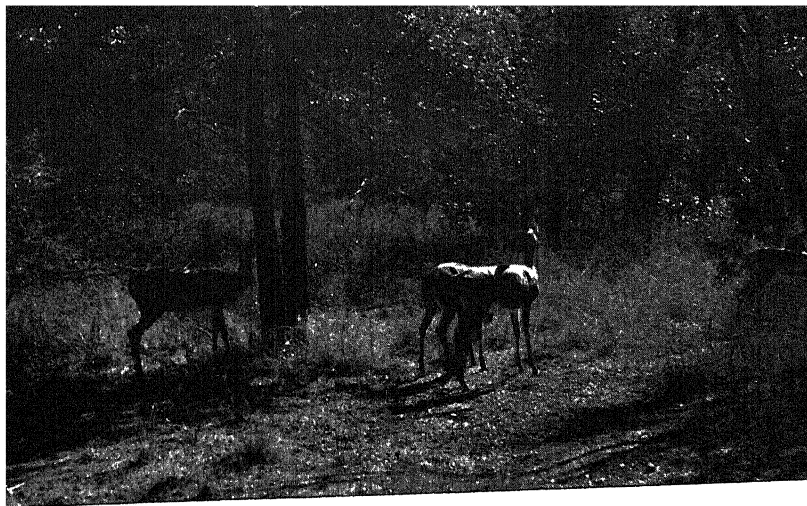
A TAIL THAT HAS NO END



WILDEBEEST
LECHWE



DOWN FOR THE MORNING DRINK



IMPALA
KODOO BULL





ROAD SIGN

TRAFFIC



maned chap just sauntering by so close that if I had leaned out of the car I could have stroked him—only he might have stroked back.

The new arrival was the lioness' mate. He went to her, sniffed her, and licked her neck. She turned on him, baring her teeth and snarling.

He sort of shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "All right. All right," he plainly said. "I was just finding out. And you don't have to act so darn virtuous. I wasn't particularly interested anyhow."

He went off the road into the grass. There he lay down and peered up at us. He yawned. Licked his chops. And looked away. From the edge of the bush came the sound of other bodies moving through the grass, the low muttering and grumbling of other lions.

What difference that the sun was down and the malarial mosquitoes were out? What difference that there were lions all about us, already on their nightly prow for food? At that moment nothing mattered except the lions themselves, and the fact that I was there among them.

Then Bobby touched my arm and said: "We must go—really. This is dangerous."

Neither of us spoke as we drove toward the warden's gate. Both of us were thinking of the magnificent parade of the jungle which we had witnessed that day.

When at last we came to the gate and stopped before the warden's little house, he came out to greet us.

"Had a good day?" he asked.

For a minute I didn't answer. Then I told him, and meant it: "Why, man, after today I could ghost-write Noah's memoirs."

CITY OF GOLD

After one finishes his stay at the Kruger Park, he drives to the little town of Neilspruit and there takes a sleeper for the overnight journey to Johannesburg. All day he has been in the bush close to lions and zebra, wildebeest, impala and waterbuck, but at night he travels luxuriously on an air-conditioned train. In the morning he wakes in a city of half a million people, the largest city in Africa south of Cairo.

In 1886 when the gold-fields of the district were opened there was no Johannesburg. Where the city now stands fifty farmers and prospectors plowed and dug.

Since 1886 Johannesburg has grown so rapidly that now it is just like any other great modern city, as the advertisements in the three daily newspapers testify:

CLEGHORN'S: South Africa's Most Up-to-Date Department Store. Air conditioned throughout. Café fifth floor.

BRENNERS SERVICE STATION: "The Better Service Station." Complete Lubrication. Petrol. Oil. Repairs and Accessories.

JUNE'S LADIES HAIRDRESSING SALON: Specialists in Permanent Waving. Fully Qualified Staff in Attendance.

MIRANDA: Specialists in the etiquette of Flowers for Formal Occasions.

THOMPSON FOUNDATION GARMENTS: Individually Designed for Comfort, Style, Economy. Demonstrations by appointment.

Vincent Townsend, city editor of the *Birmingham News*, had a good idea one morning when he decided to publish a series of articles comparing Birmingham to famous cities in other parts of the world. He asked me to write the series and to begin with Johannesburg.

"Emphasize the differences between the two towns," he said.

"The only difference between Johannesburg and Birmingham," I said, "except the unimportant differences between the population, mortality rate, civic assets, debt, et cetera, is that Johannesburg is in South Africa and Birmingham is in the United States. If there is any other difference between the two cities, I don't know of it.

"The office buildings in the two towns are the same. The shops and the ways of doing business are the same. The streets and the street cars are the same. The homes in the suburbs are the same. As a matter of fact, except that one is called Johannesburg and the other Birmingham, they might be the same. Again and again in Johannesburg I had to remind myself that I was in South Africa and not in Birmingham, Albany, Des Moines, or Little Rock."

It is true that on the streets of Johannesburg one sees the Hindu wearing the tarboosh. One also sees more Chinese than in an American city. Occasionally, too, one sees a black man fantastically dressed, returning from some tribal celebration; but, on the other hand, in an American city one sometimes sees a fully-arrayed Shriner returning from lodge.

The streets of Johannesburg are the streets of any American city from Portland to Portland and the differences in daily life are so trivial that Americans who have lived for years in Johannesburg could not name them for me.

A young town, prosperous and proud, Johannesburg is strong and knows its strength. It is vigorous and even a traveler quickly recognizes the vigor of its industry and its commerce. In fact, one walks the streets of Johannesburg and remembers parts of Carl Sandburg's *Chicago*—and its commerce.

No city is beautiful within itself, but in its surroundings it can be as lovely as Naples, as majestic as Rio de Janeiro, as bizarre as Peiping, or as ruggedly beautiful in its raw strength as the body of a blacksmith is beautiful, as Johannesburg is beautiful.

Birmingham, Alabama, is a city of coal and iron and steel, a young city that until recently was like a young man who has been sent to the university and is a little ashamed of the unlettered father and the farm that sent him. For a time we in Birmingham were ashamed of the slag piles, the coal dumps and the scrap heaps that had provided us with schools, colleges, libraries, and a symphony orchestra.

Then Lamar Dodd came to Birmingham and showed us that we were ungrateful. He taught us to see the rugged beauty in slag piles and coal dumps and scrap heaps. He painted them, and at last we saw them.

Johannesburg has not yet learned the beauty of its gold dumps. These glorious mountains of yellow earth that the miners have dug from below and have built about the city are more beautiful than Johannesburg's city hall or its cathedral or university. But as yet the mountains that sired the lesser buildings are accepted merely as dump heaps; they have not been recognized as things of magnificent beauty within themselves. But the time will come, of course, when some great artist will show the people of Johannesburg that they live amidst surroundings of absolute grandeur which they themselves, unknowing, have built.



At the Rose Deep Mine, one of the gold mines near Johannesburg, a dance is held in the native compound every other Sunday morning. On these mornings the natives put aside their picks and shovels; they dress in tribal costumes and celebrate the holiday by dancing tribal dances.

I went to the compound one morning and saw these black men forget that they were laborers on holiday. I saw them as warriors once more, truly dancing their war dances. On the morning I visited the Rose Deep Mine I saw men of twelve different African tribes dance in the compound:

IN DARKEST AFRICA: *This magnificent aerial view of Johannesburg was made and its copyright is held by The Aircraft Operating Company of Africa (Pty) Ltd., Johannesburg.*

The great mounds at the back of the picture are the yellow dumps around the gold mines.

The square in the foreground is a playing field.

The tracks in the immediate foreground are for the electric trains that run in and out of the city.

Basuto, Bachopi, Swazi, Bangoni, Pondo, Zulu, Shangaan, Bomvana, Ngqika, Baca, Mzingili, Zwangindaba.

Approximately three hundred thousand black men work in the gold mines around Johannesburg. They live under virtually the same conditions as those permitted to the natives employed in the diamond mines of Kimberley, except that the black man of the gold mine has one distinct advantage: he is allowed more freedom. He is allowed outside the compound and is permitted to meet visitors and to talk with them without supervision.

These privileges are not granted because of any greater faith in the gold miner, but because he has absolutely no chance to steal gold or smuggle it out.

A diamond is a small and isolated stone. A native might possibly find one and conceal it. But there are no nuggets in the mines around Johannesburg, only dust gold embedded in the rock. Since, therefore, stealing at the gold mines is impossible, smuggling is impossible, the natives at the Johannesburg mines are allowed to meet their friends freely and, once a fortnight, to dance for them. The public is invited.

The tribes take turns in the dancing compound, an open square with the earthen floor beaten hard by the bare feet of many dancers. In one morning a visitor to the compound sees an almost incredible variety of dancing because in their dancing, as in all else, the people of Africa have no uniformity.

Some of the tribes march into the dancing square quietly. Some sing and prance as they enter. Some bound in, shouting and beating their shields with the assagai. The Shangaan whistle shrilly as they race in. The Bachopi march in to the quick tempo of their bamboo pianos.

Some of the dancing is slow and graceful, almost posturing. Some is a wild frenzied whirl. Some is done with the arms extended, the body rigid; only the heels dance as the

ankle bells sound the rhythm. The Bachopi dance almost a minuet. The wild Basuto bloody their spears.

On the morning I went to the mine I saw tribe after tribe come into the compound, dance, and go away.

Then finally the Zulus, dressed in plumes and calf skins, marched into the square and began a slow dance in which their bodies swayed to the rhythm of the witch man's slow, monotonous song.

The Zulus moved with drifting feet and swaying bodies again and again through the same form until finally as they danced they seemed no more to be dancing. Their long muscles slithered under greased and gleaming black skins. Their powerful shoulders rolled. Their arms and hands made patterns. And somehow they were no longer laborers in a mine dancing on a holiday granted by their overlords. Instead, they were warriors again, back once more in Zululand where Chaka once led his regiments and Cetewayo led his young men into battle.

Suddenly, without warning, the song of the witch man ended.

The dancers remained poised.

From the far edge of the compound sounded the clack of dry bones.

And the voice of the witch man crying: "*Hah-man-too. Hah-man-too.*"

The dancers leaped into the air and shook their shields and clattered their spears.

"*Hah-man-too,*" they cried. "*Hah-man-too.*"

The witch man chanted: "*Hah-man-too. Hah-man-too.*"

The Zulus whirled and shook their spears and beat their shields.

"*Hah-man-too, Hah-man-too,*" they answered.



In Africa the natives engaged in physical labor frequently sing at their work.

One day I stopped beside a group of natives who were digging post holes. The leader was singing a solo. For a while he sang slowly, and the digging tools rose and fell. Then suddenly he sang very fast and the tools fairly jabbed up and down.

I asked a friend what it meant. He told me that the leader was making up a song as he worked. "They often make up songs," the man said. "This particular fellow, for instance, is saying that he has been away from home for almost two years but that in another month he is going back.

"He says that before he left home he carefully counted his pickanins. He remembers exactly how many pickanins he had. If there's an extra one when he gets back, he'll find the man. He'll bang his head on a rock just like this—and he bangs his digging tool fast."



To the uneducated African native, time and distance apparently mean nothing. Stop any of the hundreds of natives that one forever meets walking on the road and ask him where he is going. He will toss back his head and point with his lips, sticking them out vaguely in more or less the direction he is walking: "Uh," he will grunt as he points.

If one continues to ask where he is going, the native may become specific enough to thrust his lips in a very general direction and say: "Beyond that tree." The fact that there are thousands of trees in the direction in which he has pointed, and that he has failed to say which tree, or how far beyond it, doesn't trouble him at all.

Ask him when he will arrive at his destination and he will work his lips in and out as he meditates the question; then

finally he will answer with a hardly exact: "Mmmmmmmmm." Stay with him, press him, and you may pin him down to his most definite answer: "Bye-um-bye," he will say.



The height of affluence for this class of native is to own a bicycle. They will do anything short of murder to get a bicycle. The native one employs as a house boy is certain to give no peace until a bicycle is bought for him. And from the minute he has it, he will manufacture a thousand excuses why he must go out and ride it. He must take master's boots to be repaired. He must go get salt for master's table. He must go see why master's butcher has not delivered the meat—which probably has actually been delivered long ago and has been hidden by the boy.

Once he gets out on his bicycle, he is absolute lord of the highway, forcing poor walking natives to leap into hedges to avoid his arrogant progress.

Understand that I am writing now about the poorer, the uneducated class of native. Such natives pray for bicycles. Other natives, King Solomon of the Zulus, for example, would have no use for a bicycle. Solomon had a Rolls-Royce and a white chauffeur.



Called in the name of Christ, an international Sunday school convention was supposed to meet recently in a great South African city.

One of the South African churches, raucously founded on the teachings of Jesus, officially declined to take part in the convention.

How could the white men of God, they asked, sit in the same room with other Christians whose skins happened to be of a different color?

Why, some of the other servants of their common Lord might even be black!



The difference between the English and the American languages is not fully appreciated by an American until he visits England or some country where English is spoken.

In Johannesburg I wanted some rubbing alcohol and went into three drug stores—"chemist shops," of course, in South Africa—trying to find it.

After a long time I finally discovered a man with enough imagination to gather from my lengthy and detailed description that I was seeking "surgical spirits."

Late one evening in Johannesburg I received further evidence of the differences between the English and the American languages.

I had dined at a charming little inn, particularly famous for its draught beer. I found the dinner good and the beer excellent; I repeatedly found the beer excellent.

Finally I decided to walk back to my hotel. The night was lovely and I enjoyed my walk. But the way proved to be longer than I had anticipated and I walked rapidly until I saw a hotel not my own. I went in.

"Where is the men's room?" I asked the clerk.

"The men's room, sir?"

"Yes."

He puzzled the question. "The men's room, sir?"

"Exactly. Where is it?"

"We have rooms for both men and women, sir."

I explained that this room was strictly for men.

"Oh, the cloakroom, sir."

"Young man," I said, "don't haggle. Where is it?"

This little contretemps reminded me of a similar linguistic difficulty one night in Budapest some years ago.

When we were young fellows at the university I used

to travel a lot with Angus Donald MacLean, now president of the Wood-Mosaic Lumber Company of Louisville, Kentucky. One night in Budapest MacLean had a birthday and we treated ourselves to a rather vast champagne dinner. Then we went for a walk.

After we had walked for some little time we came rather urgently to a small building on the street corner. But not knowing the Magyar language, we were hopelessly stymied by the signs until a lady mercifully entered the *Nok* side and thus informed MacLean and me that we were *Ferfiaks*.



On a visit to a home just outside Johannesburg, I heard someone in the next room carrying on a one-sided conversation. I thought he was speaking over the telephone.

When tea was served, the conversation in the next room ended and my host's son came in.

"Just had a chat with Watkins," he said.

I still thought the conversation had been carried on over the telephone.

Then my host turned to me. "Watkins is a friend in San Diego, California. They've been talking on the short wave."

He told me that a few nights before they had enjoyed a three-way conversation between South Africa, California, and Australia.



Thirty minutes by train from Johannesburg is the city of Pretoria, the northern capital of South Africa.

The two cities are as different as New York and some small town in Dutch Pennsylvania.

Johannesburg is a great modern metropolis. Pretoria is a sleepy little town still ruled by the spirit of Paul Kruger, the indomitable old leader of the Boers. His statue is at the

railway station. His home is a national shrine for the Boers.

This is how Sarah Gertrude Millin characterizes Kruger:

He had had three months' schooling in his life. He had read the Bible, and no other book. He was married at seventeen, a widower at twenty-one, remarried twice, and the father of sixteen children.

Early in the morning, on the stoep of his little iron-roofed house in Pretoria, facing his Dopper Church, he sat among his people, drinking coffee, smoking his pipe, spitting at large, talking as if he were Abraham of the Bible.

Kruger's house still stands.

Across the street is the Dopper Church.

The Boers walk between the two and look from one to the other—the stubborn spirit of Kruger and the stern spirit of his church still dominate their minds and hearts.

REEF OF THE WHITE WATERS

Johannesburg is a city of gold, all gold. It was built on gold and lives on gold. With gold at a high price in the world's market, Johannesburg is rich.

When I was in Johannesburg I wrote this paragraph:

Today I was in a room with a million dollars' worth of gold that had been freshly mined. I looked at the gold and saw a new yacht for Mr. Astor or Mr. Vanderbilt. I saw a yard full of dogs, a pasture full of horses, a fish pond, and a library crammed with books for myself. I saw bread on tables, fires burning in warm rooms, children taken into doctors' offices, old men sitting in the sun, smoking quietly, unafraid. Then as I looked, it was only gold again, only yellow bars, heavy and a little rough beneath the fingers, feeling like pig iron. As I thought of its significance, I didn't understand.

I still don't. When I was in college I fumbled, like everyone else, with the monetary system and the part that gold plays in my getting a pair of silken slippers from a Chinaman in Chefoo and the Chinaman's buying something from me in Birmingham; but somehow I never untangled the monetary system enough to understand it. The theory of money with miners digging gold out of the ground, governments minting it, stockbrokers excitedly calling numbers at each other, gold traveling back and forth across the ocean—but still so many men and women not having enough to eat or enough to keep them warm—has always bewildered me.

Long before a page of history was written, gold was sought and mined. Before anyone dreamed of "money," gold was used in barter and because gold was beautiful, everyone wanted it to decorate thrones and altars and the bodies

of men and women. It was so much sought after, so much wished for, that finally it became a symbol: it served as the foundation upon which men rested their faith in their myriad criss-cross dealings and trading.

Most of us think of there being an almost unlimited amount of gold in the world today. There isn't. If all the known gold were poured into one mold, there would be a cube of only forty feet; there is only twenty-five billion dollars worth of mined gold in the world.

Yet the annual bank deposits in the United States alone are more than twice that amount. The American national income in 1929 was more than three times that amount.

Still, in some mysterious way, the bank deposits and the incomes of men and nations are made valid because they are founded on gold. Despite the nations of the world having gone off the gold standard, the world still depends on gold for reserve. Probably no amount of controlled currency, or other forms of financial high jinks, will ever be able to destroy gold as the guarantee in the world's commerce. The facts, with all their multiple and complicated ramifications, are difficult for the layman to understand.

And when a layman, who is already confused, sees the dusty gleam of gold in the ground and, later, holds heavy bars of it in his hands, his bewilderment is complete. Here, he says, is only a pretty metal. Yet the world's economic and social structure is founded upon it!

As one looks at the ingots of gold, he realizes that gold has never been more than a marker, arbitrarily agreed upon by men to use as a control in their traffic with each other. This realization causes man's monetary system, his system of exchange, to seem not only puzzling but to become nebulous and frightening; it becomes only endless numbers set down in numberless books.



In 1886, almost four decades after the American forty-niners raced west to California, a penniless handy man stumbled on the gold-fields of South Africa. Your grandfather could have bought those gold-fields for a dozen oxen. Today there is no way to appraise them. The records show that the mines around Johannesburg have already produced five billion dollars' worth of gold—one fifth of the total gold of the world. The experts declare that the mines can produce at least that much more.

I visited these mines. I went underground and saw the famous seams of gold-bearing quartz. I saw black men loading the ore and carrying it away in electric trains. Then on the surface again, I saw the rocks crushed and washed. I watched them pour chemicals into huge tanks to separate the gold from the ore. Finally I saw the pure metal molded into ingots.

From the mines one drives back to the city of Johannesburg and sees its unmistakable wealth. The office buildings, apartment houses, clubs, theaters, cabarets, schools and parks, the cathedral, the university—all were built and are operated by gold that is dug at the city's edge.

But there are worries. These mines around Johannesburg will eventually become exhausted, though indications are that exhaustion in the near future is not likely. Far more tantalizing is the fact that the mines may have to be abandoned. With billions of dollars worth of gold still in the ground, with gold immediately at their feet, the miners may have to turn back.

The fear of the miners of Johannesburg is a fear of the fierce heat that increases so rapidly as one descends into the earth.

I visited the gold mines of Johannesburg with Hedley A. Chilvers, author of *Out of the Crucible*, the excellent history of Johannesburg and of gold mining in the Johannesburg district. Mr. Chilvers is a most courteous gentleman and



COAL MINE



SUNDAY

MONDAY



graciously decided that the difference in our names was so slight that we should regard ourselves as kinsmen.

He told me that the gold seams of the famous Witwatersrand—the Reef of the White Waters—slant down, and already the miners have followed them for a mile and a half into the earth.

For every three hundred feet the miners have descended, the rock temperature has risen one degree Fahrenheit.

“Such a rise obviously becomes important at seven thousand feet,” Mr. Chilvers said.

Long ago great cooling systems were installed. But as the miners dug their way deeper into the earth, these cooling systems proved inadequate.

Engineers were called upon to protect the miners, to build larger and more effective cooling systems.

Then larger systems. And still larger ones.

So the competition goes on, the struggle between the engineers and the ever-increasing heat. Already some of the engineers say that they can not compete forever against the earth's heat: the miners will have to turn back and leave unimaginable wealth in the ground.

Then Johannesburg and all South Africa will seriously suffer, unless—

And it is a most fascinating unless—

Unless by that time the opposite lip of the golden bowl be broken by the pick of some prospector seeking the fabulous wealth which scientists say lies waiting somewhere in South Africa.

The scientists believe that at one time, ages ago, there was a huge lake in South Africa. A river emptied into this lake, bringing with it a continuous flow of gold dust. Then the river and the lake dried up, leaving a sediment of gold which is now being mined.

If there was a lake, and one side of it has been found, there is an opposite side somewhere.

"And we'll find it some day," mining men declare, as they go on studying charts and diagrams.

By measuring the curve of the gold seams already discovered, these men hope to find the opposite side of the lake and dig down into its golden richness.

They swear that somewhere—somewhere—is another reef, comparable to the Reef of the White Waters. In this second reef they say that billions of dollars in gold are waiting to be dug.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE EMPIRE

As early as the seventeenth century the English and the Dutch were rivals for the domination of the sea and control of the world's trade. They were particularly jealous of each other in the land-grabbing program that both were following in the Far East, but at the time England seemed completely untroubled by the Dutch penetration of Africa from the south. England waited until the era of the Napoleonic Wars, and until the Dutch had settled and civilized a great part of South Africa, before anchoring her ships at Cape Town and beginning a struggle for control of the southern part of the continent.

That struggle has gone on through the years and still continues. In South Africa today the descendants of the early British and Dutch settlers still compete stubbornly against each other. There is little, very little, love lost between them.

At least twice during the past century, these two people went to open and declared war. The Boer War of 1899-1902 was the more recent of the conflicts. The result of this war established England's military supremacy in South Africa, but it did not settle the old disputes or end the old rivalries and jealousies.

In an effort to bind the country politically and spiritually, England in 1910 formed the Union of South Africa and declared the Union a part of the British Empire.

But the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, stubbornly speaking a language derived from Dutch and called Afrikaans, have not forgotten. Forced to live under the British flag, they remember that at one time the Dutch flag flew

over South Africa. They remember, and recite to their children, the struggle for control in South Africa. Forgetting their own trickery and duplicity, they keep the trickery and duplicity of the English hot in their hearts and on their tongues. They have not forgotten the fighting or the Dutch dead. They have not forgotten the Boer War. They will never forget.

Nor have they forgiven. There is in South Africa today a strong nationalist party which is working continuously to take the country away from the British Empire and make it the Republic of South Africa, ruled entirely by South Africans and not at all by the English. The new republic would be absolutely independent and not even vaguely influenced by Downing Street and the crown.

In Bloemfontein, the capital of the old Orange Free State, is a memorial, a shaft of hate, perpetuating the bitterness of the Dutch. At the base of the shaft are two plaques, one depicting Boer women and children driven from their homes by English soldiers, the other showing the death of a child in a concentration camp. The memorial bears the inscription that it was built in memory of twenty-six thousand three hundred and seventy women and children who died in English concentration camps during the Boer War.

A prominent Boer, a leader of his people, told me of the concentration camps: "The English came to the homes of our people, forced out the women and children, then burned the houses. English soldiers on horseback then drove the women and children before them into these cesspools that were called camps. When the women and children didn't die fast enough from the impure water and the maggoty food, they put ground glass into the children's porridge."

(I asked numerous English people in South Africa about the truth of this and similar stories of the concentration camps. "Lies," the English said, "absolutely all lies.")

There is a museum near the memorial. In it are dum-

dum bullets, said to have been used by the English during the Boer War. ("Lies, all lies.") There is bottled water, certified impure, that Boer prisoners are alleged to have been forced to drink. ("More lies.") There are photographs of mounted black troops, armed with rifles. "Yet the English swear they used no black troops during the war," my Boer friend said.

In the museum are a thousand exhibits calculated to inflame any boy of Dutch descent. The museum is in the heart of South Africa. I visited it and saw all that I have reported.

An English army officer once went to Bloemfontein and there said that the criticism of the concentration camps was false, that some of the exhibits were false, and that the museum as a whole was certainly untrue. That night a mob of men of Dutch descent raided the English officer's hotel. "He had to flee for his life."



The great underlying division between the two peoples of South Africa can only be intimated; no one can fully report it even though he, or any other visitor to the country, can not possibly mistake it.

There are, however, some divisions which can be made plain:

In 1910, when South Africa was formed into a nominal union, there was a bitter fight about the placement of the national capital, as there was a fight about everything else. Finally a highly indicative settlement was made.

To appease the Boers, their old capital at Pretoria was made the seat of the administrative branch of the government.

To appease the English, Cape Town was made the capital of the legislative branch of the government.

This jealous division of sites of government continues to-

day: the laws of South Africa are made in a city that is a two-day train journey from the city where they are administered. A similar arrangement in the United States would be for Congress to meet in Washington while the White House and all departments of administrative government were in Houston, Texas.

Perhaps the most serious, the most lasting, of all surface divisions between the English and the Boers of South Africa, is the deplorable difference in language.

The country from the Cape north through the Transvaal suffers the great handicap of bi-lingualism; both English and Afrikaans are spoken. All signs are shown in both languages. All official documents are printed in both languages.

Afrikaans is derived from the language of Holland but a man from Holland cannot understand Afrikaans, nor can an Africander—Africander is the more common name for the modern Boer—speak Holland Dutch; the two languages have grown hopelessly apart.

The Africanders hold to their language with a fervor that is as stubborn as it is unfortunate. Furthermore, they insist on passing it on to their children, both at home and at school. Sentimentally they insist on retaining the old language of their fathers instead of letting Afrikaans die out so that Africander children might give all their attention to mastering English, a language of infinitely greater world value.

The rivalry between the English and the Boer is carried so far in the use of English and Afrikaans that one of the stock stories in South Africa is the story of the man who went into a shop and asked, in Afrikaans, for a loaf of bread. The shopkeeper answered in English, saying that he didn't understand. The buyer explained, in Afrikaans, what he wanted. The shopkeeper answered, in English, that he didn't understand.

Then the buyer said in perfect English: "If you can't

“speak Afrikaans, the language of the country, I won’t trade in your shop.” And the shopkeeper, speaking perfect Afrikaans, said: “If you can’t speak English, the language of the country, you can get the hell out of my shop.”

I don’t know about the truthfulness of that story, but I do know about this one:

I was seated in the Visitors’ Gallery in the South African House of Assembly when a lady in front of me turned and spoke to me in Afrikaans. I told her in English that I didn’t understand.

She addressed her question to three other persons seated near her, speaking to each in Afrikaans.

None of them understood.

Unable to find anyone near her who spoke Afrikaans, she turned once more to me and in perfect English said: “Do you know at what time the debate on this bill began?”

Furthermore, I know about the truthfulness of this even more indicative story:

I went into a hotel in the Free State with a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. I spoke to the clerk about a room, speaking English, of course. The clerk answered in perfect English. Then the minister broke into the conversation, speaking to the clerk in Afrikaans.

Later I asked the clergyman, who speaks English fluently, why he had used Afrikaans when we were speaking English. “Because he understood my language,” the clergyman said. “And I never speak English when I can avoid it.” This predicant is a gentle, kindly man; but he turned to me and said: “That English language sticks in my throat—in all our throats.”



The South African parliament is, of course, bi-lingual, though as an indication of how the political winds blow in South Africa one should point out that seventy-five per cent

of the speeches made in the House of Assembly are in Afrikaans, even though every man in the House speaks English.

While I was in South Africa one hundred students walked out of a lecture room at Pretoria University because the university professor began lecturing in English. They demanded that the professor speak Afrikaans, although each student spoke and understood English.

While I was in South Africa the Student Representative Council of the University of Cape Town voted unanimously that "God Save the King" no longer be played at the end of university dances.

Besides these incidental stories that can be reported, besides the division in the location of government, in language, in group loyalties, there are differences between the Boer and the English that are far more profound.

One of the most disrupting differences between the two people is the difference in religious heritage and practice. The old Dutch were rigid in their religious thoughts and demands. The sons of such parents, forever goaded by their stern predicants, look with apprehension at the Sunday tennis and golf of the English; they wonder about the end of a people who drink cocktails and go on picnics when they should be in church at prayer.

Still another important division between the Boer and the English is the difference in their permanence in South Africa:

Thousands of English are in South Africa to make what money they can, then clear out and go back to England; they are using South Africa as a land in which to make their fortunes.

There are, of course, many English who have made South Africa their home; they intend to remain there and rear their children. But even these South African-English forever look back to England. "Going home," they say, when they leave for England on a visit. Most of all, they want

their children to attend school in England, so that their children will grow up with at least a veneer from England.

In contrast to the Englishman, the Afriander, the man with Boer blood in his veins, is strictly South African. He has no other country. England is not his country—goodness knows it is not. Holland is too far in the past for him to think of Holland as home. South Africa is his home, his only home.

If shrewd planning and determined political maneuvering can win, he means to take South Africa, his native land, to himself and himself alone; he means to take it completely from England and set up the Republic of South Africa.



Those persons who understand conditions in South Africa were not surprised in 1939 when the premier of the country went into the House of Assembly and asked that South Africa ignore the state of war then existing between England and Germany. He asked that South Africa repudiate her place in the Empire and, despite England's declaration of war, continue friendly relations with Germany.

The premier's motion was lost, and the government overthrown, by the scant majority of eighty to sixty-six. Furthermore even this vote carried the restriction that South African troops be used only in defense of South Africa and only in South Africa.

In a Johannesburg theater one night shortly before war was declared, Hitler's picture was shown in the newsreel. There was a quick applause. The applause was not general, but it was more than noticeable.

Next day I spoke about this applause to an Afriander with whom I had been at Oxford. "Were all those people pro-German?" I asked.

"Not so pro-German as anti-English," he said. Then this

man who had spent three years in England as a Rhodes Scholar said: "England is the great enemy."

"But why?" I asked. "I love England next to my own country."

"So do I," he said. "But England stands in the way of my having a country. And until she stands aside, until she gets out of the way, she is my enemy, and the enemy of my people, and of our country."

THREE LETTERS

After I had written the chapter you have just read, the story of the relationship between the English and the Boers in South Africa, I sent it to several of my friends in South Africa for their corrections or suggestions.

Here is part of a letter written to me by an Africander, a professor in a South African university:

I was very much interested in your article and I think that you have sized up the position very well.

It is important, however, to remember that the Afrikaans-speaking section of the country, which is about sixty per cent of the white population of South Africa, is itself divided about the establishment of a Republic and breaking away from the Empire. At a guess I should say that about three-eighths of the Afrikaans-speaking population are satisfied with the status quo.

Some extremists of the Nationalist Party desire a Christian National Afrikaans Republic with one language only—Afrikaans. At present this party does not carry much weight. I am myself, for reasons too numerous to mention, a supporter of a more liberal policy and of South Africa continuing as part of the Empire; but I would not describe the maintenance of Afrikaans as “unfortunate” or insist on the “deplorable difference in language,” as you have done in your article.

Each section has the fullest right to its own traditions, institutions, and languages. The only sane policy is that of cooperation between the two sections on a liberal basis, recognition of the rights of one by the other and respect for one another.

The Africander is perhaps hypersensitive, but you must not forget that he obtained certain privileges and rights only a short time ago. Afrikaans as a medium in the lecture hall and as a subject of study in the classroom was introduced to South African universities only as late as 1918. The *Bible* was translated into Afrikaans only a few years ago. The Africander is therefore still in a militant mood.

Even if the Republic is established, which is not impossible,

the rights of the English section, which comprises about forty per cent of the white population, will always be safeguarded.

An extract from a letter written me by an English lady who has lived for years in South Africa:

What none of us can understand is this: Britain won this country by war and how grand she was!—she has more or less handed it back to the Boers, granting them full and equal rights with the English in every way.

And these camps that were built during the Boer War about which the Boers still make such a fuss! The reason for them was that the Boer women were left on their farms as easy prey for natives while their men were away fighting against the English. Again who could help it if in some camps epidemics broke out—the Boer women themselves should have helped keep the places cleaner.

We have men in South Africa today using government money, men who have been fêted in England, yet who are absolutely traitors; in any other country these men would have been shot, but because this is a British dominion they have been allowed to vindicate themselves.

A letter from a South African written to me while he was on a visit to the United States:

My one regret about my visit to America is that I did not get to visit your Alabama. I am tremendously grateful for what you have done for me in the United States; but I should like to have come down, as we planned, and seen the Southland. Unfortunately I can not. I am sailing the day after tomorrow for England. I shall go over and join up.

When I was showing you around Johannesburg, driving you out to the gold mines and taking you places, I got greatest pleasure from seeing you enjoy yourself so much. I particularly remember how you said, after we left the dancing compound at the gold mine: "Why, man, I reckon nothing could be more exciting than that." I remember that I repeated your American expression and said: "I reckon not."

But I reckon we were wrong. There is something more exciting than the exhausting barbarism of the Basuto dancing and the nerve-racking orchestra of the Bachopi: there is this damned

war. I go into it with an excitement so profound that it leaves me calm, even cold.

As you know, I am a Jew, and I have every reason in God's world to hate the people I shall fight. I loathe the stupid, absurd talk of loving those you fight—how can you love a man as you stick a bayonet into his guts?—but I have no hatred for Germans or for anybody else. I have not, I tell you. I do not hate anyone. And I dread with a deep and fearful dread the whole filthy business of killing.

I make none of the commonplace remarks: I do not say, "A man must join the colors. What else can he do?" There are a number of things I could do. I could stay here in the United States and be perfectly safe. I could go back to South Africa and probably never hear a bullet off a rifle range. I could go to some foreign country and live in comfort and surety; I have money enough.

Only it would not be in comfort. I could not go off somewhere and just live while all this goes on in Europe. It is not blind patriotism which pulls me. Did you ever read the inscription on the soldier's grave in *Spoon River Anthology*? *Pro patria* was the inscription. And the dead soldier under the slab and under the inscription was saying: "*Pro patria!* What does that mean?"

It is not patriotism. Nor is it fear of people calling me slacker or of beastly women handing me a white feather. God knows what it is that makes me go to England and give myself into the army, to walk and move my hands and arms and turn my head at the command of petty little men bursting with petty authority. Even God would be hard put to decide why I am saying, "Yes, I will kill. I will stick this bayonet into a man because he is facing west and I shall be facing east." It is all so ghastly and so damned stupid.

But I am going and there is no good talking on like this. We did have a jolly time in Johannesburg, didn't we? Remember how the Countess said: "I nev-air drink more zan ze bottle holds—unless, gentlemen, zere is anuzzer bottle." Dear old Countess. And that little dancer at the ice carnival! Remember how you begged the waiter to bring you a pair of skates. Ach, man, but it is hell, all this.

Never mind about returning my shorts and bush shirt. Keep them as a kind of memory. Though memory of any kind is dangerous now, I suppose. Men crack up when they remember.

FROM JOHANNESBURG TO BULAWAYO

In Africa there are just as many ways of travel as in the United States, Europe, or anywhere else. I followed the system of letting my interest in a particular part of the country determine how I should travel through that part. If it was jungle country in which I was very much interested, I traveled slowly, using porters and walking or going by river boat. If I was less interested in the country and the points of interest were farther separated, I traveled by automobile, train, or bus. When the distances were really great, when there were hundreds of miles from one place to another, and in between was nothing but veld, the "damn all" of the British Tommy, I traveled by airplane.

Because my friends told me that the country between Johannesburg and Bulawayo, a town in Southern Rhodesia, was "bleak and meaningless," I decided to leave Johannesburg by plane.

Therefore one night after a farewell dinner that stretched on hazily into the morning, I went to bed at five-thirty.

Thirty minutes later the telephone was rampant, then a cheery voice was announcing: "It's six o'clock, sir. Your plane leaves at seven. The automobile for the flying field will be ready in half an hour. It's six o'clock, sir."

In half an hour I was downstairs with a very grim outlook on life. Waiting in the lobby of the hotel were two men. I was introduced to them. They were the other passengers for the flight north.

These two men answer perfectly a question that is so often asked: How did you get to go down in the diamond mine? How did you get to meet the prime minister? Why

were you asked to join the caravan and make the trip into the desert?

The answer is that people the world over are kindly and considerate. Despite the contradictory and ghastly argument of armies, men and women are friendly and eager to extend little courtesies, to help a visitor see what he wants to see and enjoy himself to the fullest.

There is really no need for a traveler to carry letters of introduction. I have found that I almost never use them, even though friends at home may have sent dozens of them to me. I have found that a traveler is always meeting kindly people wherever he goes, and that he has no need for letters. By the time the boat docks, or the dinner party is over, these new friends have discarded the traveler's original plans; they have made new plans for him, including features about which he knew nothing.

Furthermore there is no need for a lot of official documents to American ambassadors, ministers, and consuls. I have called on American officials for aid only twice: once in China to get me into a hospital as quickly as possible, and once in India to be equally swift in getting me out of a very smelly and very lousy jail—and "lousy" in this instance is not slang but is used in the crawling, biting sense.

When one reads of national greed and arrogance and brutality, when one's heart is heavy and there seems no answer, one can still find some peace in memories of individual men and women who have been kind and generous in foreign countries. These memories are too insistent, too powerful, to be ignored and somehow they afford assurance that this kindness, this generosity, this actual tenderness in individual men and women of all nations can not be stamped out completely. Men can not be made entirely and forever into machines, with bayonets and guns as the only means of treating with other men.

Until we drove away from the Carlton Hotel in Johannesburg I had never seen either of my fellow passengers. I was told that their names were Thornhill-Cooper and Stockelbach.

We had driven only a short distance when I decided I did not like Mr. Thornhill-Cooper. He was very bright and very cheery and was keeping up a line of talk about the beauty of the sunrise.

With my jaundiced feeling on that particular morning I could see nothing beautiful about the sunrise or amusing about his talk. I eased as far away from him as possible and sulked into the collar of my overcoat.

At the airport our luggage was weighed and we climbed into the large twin-motor ship. It took off exactly on schedule.

Once we were in the air, even I could see the beauty of the morning and the beauty of the great gold dumps with the early sun glinting from them. Then too there was a certain pleasure—even a chance to gloat a bit—as I looked down at the huge city beneath us. "I wish some of my friends who warned me to be careful in 'primitive Africa' were along right now," I said.

In a few minutes we were away from the city and were flying over flat, uninteresting country. I looked far ahead and saw nothing attractive, so I settled down for a nap.

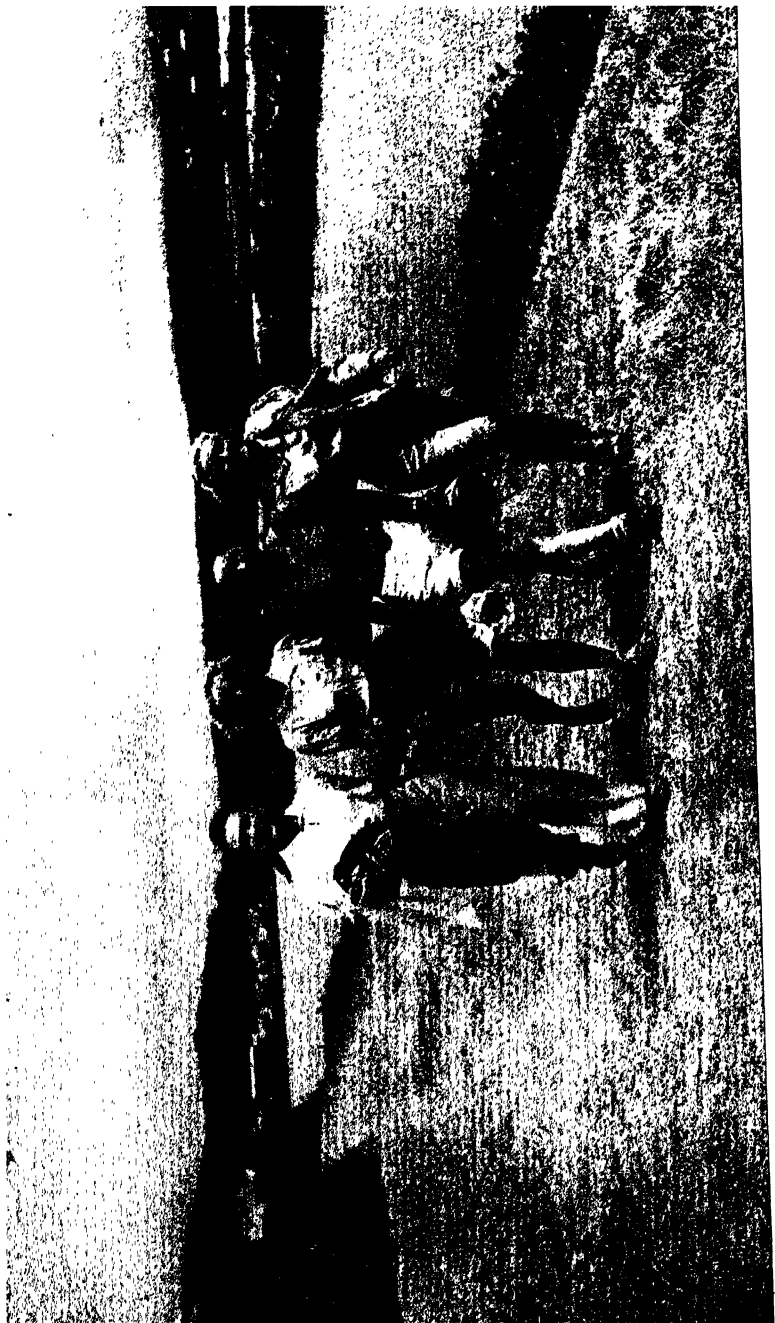
Some time later I was awakened by a gentle bump as the plane landed.

"Are we there already?" I asked.

"No. Just down for breakfast."

We had come down at a small town near the South African and Rhodesian border. There the South African officials examined our passports and asked the usual official questions before permitting us to leave the country.

Once our examination was ended, we went into a small restaurant at the side of the flying field.



AFRICAN SUMMER



"What about a hearty breakfast?" Thornhill-Cooper asked. "Some eggs and bacon and a kidney or two."

I liked him even less.

I was half through my tea and toast when Mr. Stockelbach said: "I made this flight once before. We were in a private plane and the pilot flew off the course and over the Matopo Hills; he showed us Rhodes's grave."

I was fully awake and asked quickly, "How far is the grave off the course?"

"I don't know."

Then, half talking to myself, I said: "Lord, but I'd like to see it from the air."

"You can get a car in Bulawayo and go out," Thornhill-Cooper said.

"I'll do that, all right."

We talked on for a moment, then Stockelbach said, "Why do you want to see Rhodes's grave from the air?"

I was embarrassed and didn't like to answer. I was afraid my answer might sound like swagger, but still I said: "Well, you see I was a Rhodes Scholar and of course anything about Rhodes means a lot to me."

"Of course," Stockelbach said.

We talked on again, then Stockelbach excused himself. He was gone for perhaps five minutes. When he came back anyone could see that he was happy.

"It's all fixed," he said. "The pilot will take you over the grave."

I was even more embarrassed, but I tried to thank Stockelbach for his kindness. Then I went out to thank the pilot.

"I don't quite know where it is," the pilot said, "but we'll try to find it."

I was an American who had sulked for part of the morning into his overcoat collar and slept the rest of the morning. Thornhill-Cooper was an Englishman, a representative of the Ford Motor Company. He was traveling out of Eng-

land on a tour of inspection. Stockelbach was a South African, a district manager of the Ford Company in South Africa. The pilot was, of course, South African.

Except the two men with the Ford Company, none of us had ever seen each other before. After landing at Bulawayo, none of us expected ever to see each other again. But there they were—all busy looking at maps and charts and arranging to fly a transcontinental airship off its course, to search through the Matopo Hills until they found a grave in order that my wish might be gratified.

We took off and followed the regular course until we got into the Matopo country.

From the air these famous hills all look one like the other. They are stone and look like huge domes. There is nothing to distinguish one from all the others.

As we flew out over the hills, Stockelbach and I were stationed at one side of the cabin. Thornhill-Cooper and the assistant pilot were on the other side. The pilot and the radio officer in the cockpit were watching ahead.

For twenty minutes the pilot flew and turned, then flew back, quartering the hills.

Suddenly he banked sharply to the left and at the same moment Stockelbach called out: "There it is. Off to the left. Come up forward. You can see better."

Below us was the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the man who had given me my education.

The pilot circled the grave three times, then looked back and asked if I had seen enough.

When I nodded, he leveled off and flew on toward Bulawayo.

RHODES—AND HIS SCHOLARSHIPS

In 1873 a tall, fair-haired young man wandered about the streets of Oxford. His mind was stuffed with terrific dreams; his pockets were stuffed with diamonds. The young man was Cecil John Rhodes, just returned from the diamond fields of South Africa and already devoutly dedicated to the furtherance of the British Empire.

In Africa today "from Capetown to the Zambesi River it is all Rhodes," said Lord Bryce. "When I asked who built that, who made this industry, who created that, who was responsible for this, I got one reply—Rhodes."

Your hinterland is there, Rhodes forever said, pointing north from the Cape. And still farther north. Have you passed from the Cape into Bechuanaland? But your hinterland is to the north. Into the land of the Matabeles. And through it. Into Mashonaland. And through it. To the north. "My north." What about the telegraph lines into the north? And the railway? We must get from the Cape through to Cairo. And all of it must be England. New territory for the Empire. New power for the Empire. Always the Empire. Even his enemies—and he had his full share—concede him his place among the builders of the Empire.

Rhodes was born in 1853, the son of an English vicar. When he was seventeen he was tubercular and was sent to the more healthful climate of South Africa, there to join his brother who was experimenting with cotton.

For a time it was cotton. Then diamonds were discovered and Rhodes went to Kimberley. When he was eighteen he first sank his pick into the earth; he began to dig his fortune from it.

Two years later he was wealthy and was tired of reading

the classics alone: he couldn't very well study his Greek lexicon in the hubbub of the mining town. Besides, he had always dreamed of Oxford. When he was twenty, he left South Africa and returned to England. He matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford.

There he studied a little, dreamed a lot, and worried considerably about his mines in South Africa and how he, Cecil John Rhodes, could "bring the whole civilized world under British rule."

Then the English doctor examined him again. "You have only six months to live" was tolling in Rhodes's ears when he set out once more for South Africa.

Fifteen years later he controlled the diamond mines of the world.

Not satisfied with diamonds, Rhodes went into the Transvaal and dug fortunes in gold.

Money gave him power and he used it to extend British influence. But money was not enough. He needed more power. He entered politics and became prime minister of the Cape.

Then came the Jameson raid about which many books have been written.

Jameson was Rhodes's friend. Rhodes had sent him into the north to get land and mining concessions from the natives. While Jameson was in the north, he heard stories of how the Boers in the Transvaal were mistreating the English, denying them full economic rights, denying even the right of suffrage. Using the unrest of the English gold miners around Johannesburg, finding an excuse in their complaints, Jameson invaded Boer territory.

Since the raid failed, historians have agreed that there was no justification for it.

The whole thing undoubtedly was a wretched blunder and whether or not Rhodes was responsible for the armed invasion of Boer territory, he was ruined politically.

But no great matter. Politics weren't everything. There were other jobs. Millions of them. "So much to do, so little done." Only half a continent had been added to the Empire. So much to do. The rest of the continent. The rest of the world. And then the stars. Rhodes used to look at the stars, not so much in admiration as in defiant longing. They would look fine in the British Crown set in place among Rhodes's diamonds.

Rhodes died in 1902 when he was forty-nine.



By the fourth section of his will he set up the celebrated trust fund of ten million dollars "to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantage which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples of the world." Rhodes was one of the first men to declare that the ultimate hope of a universal peace lay in a union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Recognizing the strength of college ties, Rhodes determined to bring young men from all Anglo-Saxons countries to a common institution, to Oxford. He believed that at Oxford he could best foster an appreciation of a union of the English-speaking peoples. Therefore he directed his trustees to establish the Oxford scholarships which today are known by his name, the Rhodes Scholarships, the most coveted scholarship an American boy can win.

Rhodes defined in his will the general type of scholar he desired. Insisting that "students elected to the Scholarships shall not be merely bookworms," he still placed "literary and scholastic ability and attainments" as the first requisite. Of equal importance were "qualities of manhood." Then he asked for powers of leadership. Finally he required "physical vigour, as shown by an interest in outdoor sports or in other ways."

Any American boy between the age of nineteen and twenty-five who has completed at least two years of college work, is eligible to stand for a Rhodes Scholarship.

From his grave cut in the rock of a Matopo hill, Rhodes each year—except during years England has been at war—has sent thirty-two boys from the United States to Oxford. His trustees carry out his instructions and give each of these boys two thousand dollars a year for the three-year duration of the scholarship. This money enables them to study at the University for six months of each year, and for the other six months to travel.

Those privileges are the obvious ones that can easily be reported.

But how can I tell what it meant to sit on past midnight in the room of the Dean of Worcester College, my college, and listen to him ramble from John Skelton to John Masefield?

How can I tell what it meant to know Sir Walter Raleigh, a descendant of the Elizabethan Sir Walter? Whenever he lectured, the hall was filled. At the end of the hour when he closed his books and ended his talk, I could never be sure which of the Sir Walters was the greater man.

How can I tell of Nichol-Smith whose generous friendship and whose lectures I shall never forget, particularly his lectures on Pope. Shakespeare was just Shakespeare and Milton only Milton, but for some reason Pope was always Mr. Pope.

And Brett-Smith, another great scholar, freely giving the hospitality of his home and of his learning. Unexpectedly one day he gave me a book of poems he had written. In it is an autograph that the Treasury couldn't buy.

How can I tell of Wyatt, my college servant, my counselor, and my unfailing friend. Whenever I dined in college, Wyatt would wake me next morning with, "Your tea, sir." When-

ever I dined out, the guardian Wyatt would wake me with, "Your Enos fruit salts, sir."

When Wyatt thought there had been enough dining out and enough horses, he would say nothing; but in my absence he would take books from the shelves and place them on my table so that I could not fail to notice them. Usually I accepted the reprimand and returned to my studies.

And there was Drake, the dear old college butler, whose face was as red, and whose spirit as gentle, as the port wine he served us.

Wyatt and Drake together invited me one year to the servants' Christmas party. I'd rather have attended that party than have dined with the king. The celebration was held around a Christmas tree in the great dining-hall of the college. As a special honor I was allowed to dance the Lancers with Mrs. Wyatt and Mrs. Drake.

Rhodes has given me so much. He has given so much to each of his scholars who have walked the streets of the old university town and wandered through its glorious gardens, who have studied in the Bodleian and known from daily association the souls of the great men living in Oxford—and known too those others still living there, though they have been dead for centuries.



Besides the scholarships given American boys, Rhodes gave similar scholarships to boys in the British dominions and colonies.

Sarah Gertrude Millin, in her biography of Rhodes, says that these men have been selected for Oxford, fostered by Oxford, sent out from Oxford. Then she asks a question that so many others have asked: What has been the effect on the world?

Her answer is, at least, interesting.

Well, eighteen hundred young men have been given a time of happiness, and chances in life they might not otherwise have had. Most of them have married and begotten families that will participate in the enhanced opportunities of their fathers. Five thousand beings are probably happier for Rhodes's dream.

Whether the Scholars have done their share in fulfilling Rhodes's plan, whether many of them have gone out from Oxford with a sense of particular responsibility, is another matter. One would suggest that, on the whole, the Rhodes Scholars have taken, but not given. But what was it in them to give?

The Rhodes Scholars have been selected for being—one might say shortly—decent fellows. Decent fellows are the best fellows for composing the world. The Rhodes Scholars are better than average men. They are today creditably following their professions, they are good citizens. But that, as Rhodes expected, they have had any influence on the world at large is not apparent.

Others have said that the influence of the Rhodes Scholars on the world at large is not apparent. As a matter of fact it probably never will be, because the world is never dramatically influenced by groups, only by individuals. And yet you simply can't scatter Mrs. Millin's eighteen hundred decent fellows—and on the whole they are a decent lot—over the world without their decency playing its part, even though that part is not apparent.



In the Cape I saw Rhodes's home, and the memorial in front of it with the sweeping view to the north.

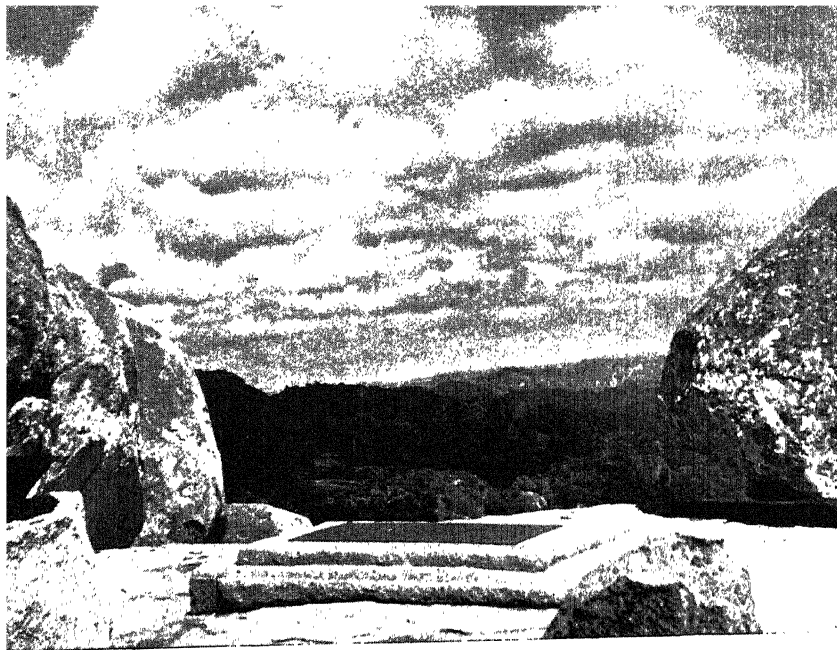
In the botanical garden in Cape Town I saw his statue with his hand raised to the north: "Your hinterland is there."

In Rhodesia I saw the country that is named for him. I drove out from Bulawayo to the Matopo Hills and saw the particular hill where his grave is cut down into the rock. He chose the place himself.

Let his faults be buried with him; a grave is big enough.

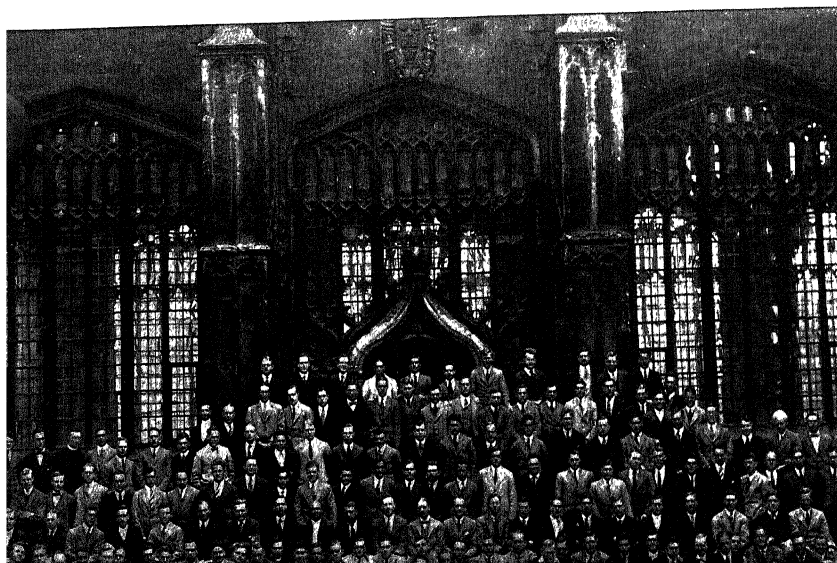


RHODES IN THE CAPE: *"Your hinterland is there—to the north."*



IN RHODESIA: THE GRAVE

IN ENGLAND: HIS SCHOLARS



For me there was not a man who had dealt closely and harshly and at times ruthlessly. Instead, there was a man who had dreamed beyond the horizon and had dared to go. And always there was the man who had sent me to Oxford and given me memories that through the years will soften whatever comes.

Perhaps I have let him down. I have not gone into public life. I have not rearranged continents and built empires. But I hope I haven't let him down completely.

I hope that I have played a part, regardless of how small and inarticulate, in his ultimate dream of "a good understanding among the nations." I like to think that because Rhodes sent me to Oxford the two thousand boys and girls I have taught at Birmingham-Southern College have gone out with a somewhat better knowledge of what an understanding among all people would mean to the world. And I try to believe that because Rhodes sent me to Oxford I have been able occasionally to write something in a newspaper, or a magazine, or a book, that may have been slightly heard and perhaps helped a little.

The flags and the cheering are probably not so common in the daily jobs of eighteen hundred Rhodes Scholars. Their influence on the world at large is not apparent. But somehow I believe they are carrying through with the job that Rhodes dreamed of, even if their methods are not so spectacular as his.

And, too, somehow I believe that Rhodes himself is not so disappointed in his scholars. Possibly in the quiet of the hills he has learned patience.

FROM BULAWAYO —

Bulawayo is a one-street town with the bank, the hotel, the picture show, and most of the shops on that one street. Within a few days I had seen all I wanted of Bulawayo. And, too, Stockelbach and Thornhill-Cooper had finished their business. Stockelbach therefore took a plane to return to South Africa and Thornhill-Cooper and I took an automobile for a tour of Southern Rhodesia.

We left Bulawayo late one afternoon and drove along leisurely toward Gwelo. Some of the land on each side of the paved road was cultivated. Some was fenced off with wire fences; stock of all kinds was at pasture. Occasionally we drove through a small settlement. In each of them was a garage, a filling station, and a shop or two. Frequently we passed comfortable country homes.

"I realize that you know this country," I said, "but I simply can't get used to it. I can't get it through my head that this is Africa."

"I understand what you mean," Thornhill-Cooper said. "A person comes out here expecting Fuzzy-Wuzzies to be leaping out from behind every tree. Instead, he rides through a country not unlike rural Scotland or Ireland."

"That's it," I said. "Here we are in the middle of Africa and we might be in Kansas or Texas or Alabama. Why, I've repeatedly seen this country—or country like it—as I've driven from Birmingham to Mobile or from Birmingham to Atlanta."

To make the trip even more like a trip in the United States, we picked up a young fellow who was hitchhiking. "Really appreciate this ride," he said. We could tell he was sincere. Later we learned why—he was on his way to Gwelo to see

his girl. "Going to be married next month," he said. "That is, if I can find a job."

At a very comfortable pace, and stopping whenever we liked, we made the hundred-mile trip from Bulawayo to Gwelo in three hours and a half.

After dinner in Gwelo we walked around and looked into the lighted shop windows. Then we went to the picture show. It was a blood-and-thunder Western and we cheered along with everybody else when the hero shot the lock off the cabin door and rescued the fainting heroine.

Next morning as we drove away from the hotel, I said: "Big day today, according to the program. First, the asbestos quarries. Then the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe."

"Right," Thornhill-Cooper said, as he took the road toward the asbestos mines.

FIREPROOF WHISKERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

Eleven centuries ago Harun al-Rashid, the emperor of the East, sent word to Charlemagne to resign and clear out or suffer the consequences. Al-Rashid announced that he was taking protective custody over the whole world and that anybody who refused to be protected would be murdered. He declared that he was establishing a precedent and that his soldiers were coming with fire and sword to spread the glorious gospel of The State and the *kultur* of the Chosen People.

So Charlemagne called a peace conference. And Charlemagne had more than an umbrella; he had a tablecloth.

After dinner, and while al-Rashid's ambassadors were watching, Charlemagne casually tossed the tablecloth in the fire. He went on chatting with his guests; but his guests had lost all interest in his talk—they were interested only in the tablecloth which was in the fire but not burning.

"Oh, that!" said Charlemagne. "If you're interested in that—" He drew the cloth from the fire and spread it out before the ambassadors. "It's merely one of my many powers," he explained.

The ambassadors took a good look at the cloth, saw that the fire had not even scorched it, then retired quickly, salaaming as they withdrew. They returned to al-Rashid and reported that, in their judgment, Charlemagne was a fellow to be left alone.

Then there was the lumberjack in Canada who was small and was tired of being kicked around. He went away and returned some time later with a new pair of socks.

The next day the men all worked in the slush. When they got back to the bunk house, their shoes and socks were wet.

The other lumberjacks hung up their socks to dry; but the little chap threw his in the fire, waited a while, then raked them out. As soon as they had cooled, he put them on again. After that, no one troubled him.

The lumberjack played his trick only a short time ago. And in the long history of asbestos, even Charlemagne's use of the seeming magic was comparatively modern because there are records to show that asbestos was known as early as 450 B.C. In that year a Greek fashioned a lamp of gold to burn before a statue of Athena; the wick was of asbestos so that the light might burn forever at the feet of the goddess. The Egyptians, too, knew of asbestos and used it. And the Chinese made asbestos ruffles for their long sleeves so that when they warmed their hands over the brazier, their sleeves would not catch fire. The Romans had a particularly interesting use for asbestos: at the time of the cremation of a ruler or a nobleman, the Romans made shrouds of asbestos and wrapped the body in it before laying it on the fire; in this way the ashes of the body were kept separate and later could be gathered and placed in the burial urn.

While the ancient world used asbestos, few of the ancients understood it and most of them were hopelessly mystified by the cloth that did not burn. Even Marco Polo, who was usually a rather observant man and a fairly reliable reporter, said in the early part of the fourteenth century that asbestos came from the skins of salamanders.

A man on the boat going to Africa was in the asbestos business and one evening in the smoking-room told us the story of Marco Polo and the salamanders. There were some twenty persons listening and several began to whisper to each other. Finally one man said: "Well, tell us what asbestos does come from."

"From the ground, from rock. It's a mineral."

"A minerall"

That was all the man in the asbestos business needed. For

the rest of the evening he told us about his work, which was also his hobby and his enthusiasm. "Most people think that asbestos is some kind of composition used in making theater curtains and the protecting shields around those old pot-bellied stoves in country railroad stations. But asbestos is really a mineral and is used in ways you never dreamed of. Why, today they use asbestos to make anti-singe whiskers for Santa Claus and protecting earmuffs for ladies when they're getting permanent waves."

He went on to explain that if we didn't have asbestos we couldn't have our modern electric wiring or electric appliances. We couldn't have the radio or the telephone. We would have no modern kitchen ranges, heating plants, or fireproof shingles. Locomotives couldn't run without asbestos. Automobiles couldn't get to the corner and back. Airplanes couldn't leave the ground.

"Asbestos is one of the foundations of our modern life," he said. "Yet darn few people know anything at all about it."

During the remainder of the voyage I talked with this man several times. Just before we landed at Cape Town, he gave me a letter to the engineers at one of the great asbestos mines in Rhodesia.



Millions of years ago in the land now known as Rhodesia, hot volcanic slag was thrown to the surface. Gradually it cooled and solidified, but after a few centuries the movement of the earth cracked the rock beneath the surface and opened innumerable veins. In these sub-surface veins minute crystals began to grow, each like a tiny feeler slowly advancing. When the crystals had grown completely across the vein, filling it, a seam of asbestos had thus been formed.

In some of the asbestos mines of the world the seams are deep and the miners work underground, but in Rhodesia

the mineral is so near the surface that the work is done in open quarries. First the engineers drill into the rock and dynamite. Then the natives go down into the quarries and, throwing out the pieces of rock through which there is no seam of asbestos, they load the ore-bearing rock into cars that haul it away to the mills. There the rock is crushed and put on belts that pass under a suction pipe. The light asbestos is sucked up and the heavy rock passes on to the dump.

In growing, the crystals advance so close together that a seam of asbestos appears to be solid. But it is solid only as a piece of cloth is solid—when one plucks at the edge of the cloth, the individual threads fray off. So when one plucks at a piece of asbestos, the individual crystals fray off. In the mills the crystals are separated—"teased up," it is called—until they are a mass of soft fibers, like cotton or silk fibers. The fibrous crystals that grew for millenniums underground are then carded and spun into thread and cloth. Or they are combined with other materials and made into brake linings, clutch facings, gaskets, awnings, mailbags, motion picture booths, table pads, and insulation of all kinds; they are put to a thousand uses.

Nearly every country in the world produces some asbestos, but the principal producing countries at present are Africa, Canada, Cyprus, Russia, and the United States (particularly Arizona and Vermont.)

The true modern development of asbestos did not begin until 1862 when the Canadian deposits were discovered. Even then several decades were to pass before the multiple uses of the mineral could be discovered. As late as 1872 asbestos was still something of a mystery: a shopkeeper in downtown New York attracted people to his place each Saturday by putting on a pair of strange gloves and taking lumps of red hot coals from the fire, then holding them in the palms of the gloves that did not burn.

"Gee, whillikins," the bewildered observers muttered. And came back next Saturday to witness the miracle again.

I felt something of the same amazement as I toured the quarry and mills in Rhodesia.

After all, to the layman there is something a little bewildering in a mineral that grows like an underground vegetable.

And certainly there is something amazing about anything, mineral, vegetable, or animal, that can be used as insulation in a boiler room or woven like silk into a lady's purse.

THE RUINS OF THE GREAT ZIMBABWE

Any man who has traveled a lot is absolutely gun-shy of ruins. Let the conversation on board ship or in some cosmopolitan hotel turn to ruins and pretty soon the experienced travelers drop out of the talk and probably leave the group. They've already had their share of ruins and want no more of them.

Baedeker and all other guidebooks try to make themselves as complete and as impressive as possible, so they list any number of places that never should be mentioned. They star the Bridal Veil and tell what a marvelous waterfall it is. All right, the tourist goes to see the Bridal Veil. It turns out to be a piddling little waterfall with a thin mist which is the veil. They star the Throne of Gold. The tourist goes to see that, too. It proves to be a rock which is shaped somewhat like a chair and which, when the sun is low in the afternoon, glints perhaps a little like gold. And of course all guidebooks dote on ruins. Give them a few piles of old stones and they put on a ballyhoo that few can resist.

The same whoop-la is practised by travel agencies. They send a person all over the surrounding country to look at scenery which I swear isn't half so beautiful as Double Oak Mountain near Birmingham—not nearly so beautiful as Double Oak early on an April morning when the air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle and maybe a wild gobbler is rattling out his high, shrill call, announcing to the ladies of his harem that he is now ready and quite willing to receive them.

Tourist companies rent automobiles and hire guides to travelers, then pack them off to see ruins they wouldn't even slow down for in Pennsylvania or Missouri; but since they're

in Peru or India the tourist mustn't miss them. I've had the best known travel agencies send me miles and miles to see ruins that I glanced at, wanting only to punch the man who insisted that I visit them.

Of course, some ruins in the world are tremendously exciting: the ruins of Greece and Rome, for example. In them one can hear old Socrates at his endless questioning and see the god-like Plato. In Rome one is present when Cicero rises and begins to speak for the ages to hear; one sits and curses as Nero turns down his thumb on some poor devil lying wounded in the arena.

Then there are the ruins in Yucatan and the ruins of Angkor in the jungle of Cambodia. Less articulate, these jungle ruins are still almost as exciting, almost as vivid, as the living ruins of the Acropolis and the Forum. The mystery of the Mayas and those unknown people who built Angkor is a thrilling thing when suddenly one comes upon it deep in a jungle.

But most ruins really are dull and whenever an enthusiast begins raving about them, a few people always ease away and go off to a book or even to a game of bridge. One night at the hotel in Cape Town a woman recently down from Rhodesia was telling about what she had seen: those of us who had just landed on the continent were listening carefully—that is, until she got on to the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe.

First she told about the stone temple. Then she told about the stone city. She was in a kind of rhapsody about the Valley of the Ruins when I saw someone sidling toward the door.

It was Colonel Issac Miller Hamilton who has taken time from his duties as president of the Federal Life Insurance Company to travel over most of the world. I had met Colonel Hamilton on board ship going to Africa. I met him again in the hall outside the room where the lady by now was

positively lecturing on the Great Zimbabwe. The farther the colonel and I got from the room, the faster we walked.

"Ruins! Ruins! Everywhere one goes somebody wants him to see ruins!" Colonel Hamilton is seventy-six but he was making fast for the bar. "Ruins! I say they're spinach and to hell with them."

Some months later Colonel Hamilton and I saw each other again, this time in another part of Africa.

"We were wrong about the Great Zimbabwe," the colonel said. "They're well worth seeing."

"I quite agree," I said. "I found them most interesting."



Perhaps the most interesting fact about the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe is that the archæologists are still having a row about who built this stone city stuck in the middle of the African bush. I've read everything I could find about the Great Zimbabwe and I've greatly enjoyed listening to the quarrel and hearing the scientists call each other names.

When archæologists write of distant ages and differ by two thousand years, the difference is not great; but when they write of comparatively modern times and can't get within two thousand years of each other, the difference is considerable. And two thousand years is the gap in the opposing estimates of when the Great Zimbabwe was built.

Some archæologists declare the city was built in 1200 B.C. Others say it was built A.D. 800.

The authorities who argue that Zimbabwe was built at the earlier date say it was built by Phœnicians or Carthaginians, Persians, Greeks, Indians, Chinese, or Parsees. The advocates for the later date say that none of these ancient peoples had anything to do with the job; the city, they say, was built by the Bantu, the native black man.

For a layman to vote one way or the other would be

stupid, but for him to report the earlier theory can do no harm and certainly he is retelling a fascinating tale.

The story goes back to the days of Solomon:

Now the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred threescore and six talents of gold, . . .

And king Solomon made two hundred targets of beaten gold: six hundred shekels of gold went in to one target.

And he made three hundred shields of beaten gold; three pound of gold went in to one shield: and the king put them in the house of the forest of Lebanon.

Moreover the king made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold. . . .

And all king Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.

For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.—I Kings: chap. x.

Where did Solomon get all this gold? There was no gold ore in his immediate domain. Yet he made three hundred shields of beaten gold and all his drinking vessels were of gold, all the vessels of the house in the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold.

Each three years the navy of Solomon and Hiram sailed away and returned laden with gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. To what land did they sail? In what harbors did they drop anchor? Where did they load their ship with precious metals and strange beasts and brightly-colored birds?

On the East Coast of Africa today is the port of Sofala, now visited only by the dhows of the trading Arabs as year after year they ride the monsoons. But there was a time when the ships of mighty kings sailed toward Sofala. Some men say that when the navy of Tharshish sailed out

of the Red Sea once every three years it steered down the African coast toward Sofala, there to take on board rare and precious cargoes.

But Sofala is by the sea and there is no gold near it. Yet behind Sofala is the land which the ancient Israelites called Havilah. In Havilah the gold of Ophir was found.

Scholars say that the Havilah of ancient times is the Rhodesia of today. They say that here—in the Rhodesia of the present—men found the gold and silver, the ivory, apes, and birds which they carried to the coast, to Sofala, and put upon the ships of Solomon and Hiram.

Furthermore there is a tradition that somewhere in Havilah the ancient gold miners built a great city of stone.

But for centuries no one saw the city. It lived only in the talk of the old men who repeated stories they had heard from their fathers. It was a lost city that might actually have been built on land, though some declared it existed only in the imagination of a poet who began a legend.

Then one day in 1868 a hunter, an American named Adam Renders, was following the elephants through Rhodesia and came upon the ruins of a city built of stone, the ruins that today are known as the Great Zimbabwe.



Adam Renders' discovery began one of the world's most celebrated archæological wrangles.

A piece of Nanking porcelain is dug up in the ruins by searching archæologists.

"It is proof that the city was built by the Chinese," announces the group that believes the Zimbabwe was built in 1200 B.C.

"The porcelain was brought by Chinese who traded with the native African blacks," answers the group that believes the city was built A.D. 800.

A bead is discovered.

Each group claims it as proof.

A weapon is found, an arrowhead half rusted away.

"It is proof," each group announces.

There is a little extra venom in this scientific quarrel because those who hold to the theory of the ancient builders are sternly supported by men and women who know nothing whatever about the scientific evidence but who argue, *a priori*, that since the modern black man of Africa does not build in stone, then none of the Bantu people ever built in stone. These people indignantly declare that it is absurd to say the Bantu built the great stone city. Why, to admit that the black man could at any time have built an impressive city in stone would be granting powers to him which might make him cocky, make him try "to get out of his place," might even endanger white prestige.

The fairness of this thinking, if thinking it can be called, is well indicated by two paragraphs in the story of the Great Zimbabwe as it is written by St. C. A. Wallace, curator of the ruins. Mr. Wallace says:

Many theories concerning the builders have been put forward by writers. Some attribute the work to the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Persians, Sabaeans, Grecians, Indians, Chinese, Parsees, and others to the Bantu. In the opinion of the writer it is almost impossible to imagine the last named having had anything to do with the actual building; whoever were responsible for the building of such an enormous edifice possessed colossal energy, long continuity of effort, great powers of concentration, and extraordinary skill in dry masonry work. It is difficult to associate the Bantu with any of these qualities.

It is true that the Bantu people have a big capacity for imagination, common to all African peoples, and that there are ruins in Southern Rhodesia known to have been built by Bantu people, but they invariably display a decadent form of art of the dry masonry work of the original builders of Zimbabwe; it is also impossible to think that the mentality of the Bantu would be capable of such conception. It is more than likely that the Bantu

people were used as slaves, "beasts of burden," to carry from some distances the thousands of tons of granite blocks necessary to erect such colossal buildings.

One would like to ask Mr. Wallace, and those others who argue from arrogance and not from facts, about a certain stone building in Haiti. Built on the top of a cliff, the fort is infinitely more remarkable than the Great Zimbabwe and no one, not even the most prejudiced historian, can question the fact that Toussaint L'Ouverture, a black man, and his engineers, all black men, planned the fort and built it.

One doesn't have to be a negrophilist to be fair, or a blind advocate of the black man, yellow man, red man, or whatever color, to resent arguments founded entirely on race prejudice and race fear.

But regardless of who built the Great Zimbabwe, whether Solomon's miners or medieval black men, they built exceedingly well, because despite the desolate emptiness of the surroundings and the silence of the ruins themselves, there remains a grandeur which even time has not destroyed.



Covering one hundred thousand square yards, the ruins lie in the middle of a great barren plain; like Gaul, they are divided into three parts.

At one end is the Elliptical Temple. This temple—if temple it was—is made up of many rooms and courts and passageways, all surrounded by a granite wall sixteen feet thick at the base. One hundred thousand tons of granite blocks were used in this wall alone.

Since the wall was built by dry masonry, each block was cut to fit; no mortar was used.

At the other end of the ruins rises the Acropolis, a labyrinthine citadel built upon a stone hill four hundred feet

high. The hill itself is a natural fortress and upon it the unknown engineers erected their fortress of granite blocks.

Between the Elliptical Temple and the Acropolis lies a valley filled with ruins of small dwellings and small temples; it is called the Valley of the Ruins.

Sir Rider Haggard knew the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe and used them in several of his books: *Alan Quarterman*, *Elissa, or the Doom of Zimbabwe*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and *She*. Sir Rider soared high aloft on the wings of rhetoric as he described the Valley of the Ruins:

Bright fell the moonlight on pillar and court and shattered wall, hiding all their rents and imperfections in its silver garment, and clothing their hoar majesty with the peculiar glory of the night. It was a wonderful sight to see the full moon looking down on these ruins. It was a wonderful thing to think for how many thousands of years the dead orb above and the dead city below had gazed thus upon each other, and in the utter solitude of space poured forth each to each the tale of their lost life and long-departed glory.

The white light fell, and minute by minute the slow shadows crept across the grass-grown courts like the spirits of old priests haunting the habitation of their worship—the white light fell, and the long shadows grew, till the beauty and grandeur of the scene and the untamed majesty of its present death seemed to sink into our souls, and to speak more loudly than the shouts of armies concerning the pomp and splendour that the grave had swallowed, and even memory had forgotten."

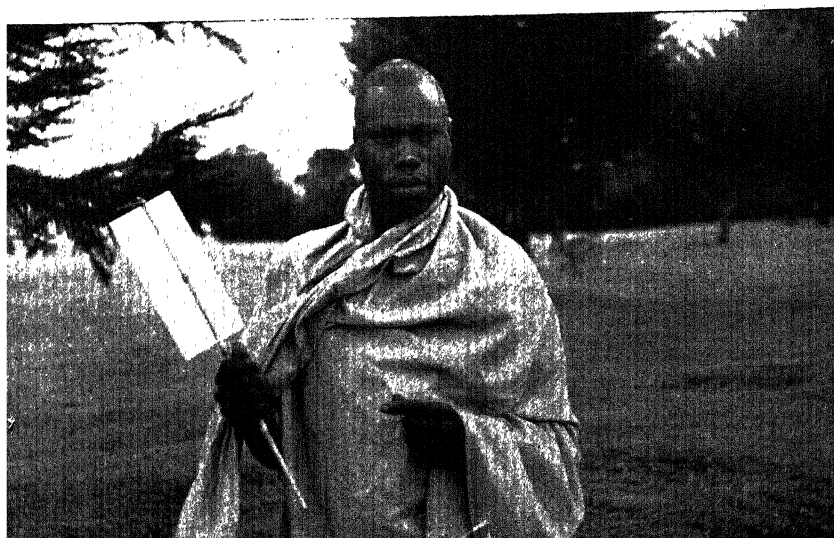


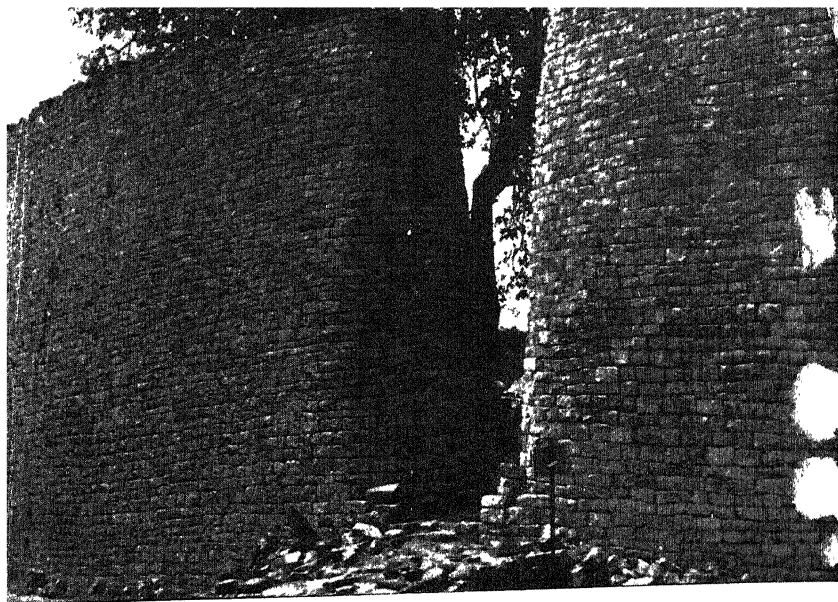
Frankly I didn't see in the Valley of the Ruins, or in the Great Zimbabwe as a whole, all that Sir Rider Haggard saw. To me the ruins are so utterly dead: there are not even ghosts in the Zimbabwe. And, too, the contradictory arguments of the scientists block the imagination from filling the courts and passageways with either Phoenicians in ancient armor or Bantu chiefs in leopard skins and ostrich



TOBACCO AUCTION IN RHODESIA: *The auctioneer is J. W. Hill of Virginia, who goes over each season to confound his listeners with "Brrrrrrrrr—sold to Imperial!"*

MESSENGER BOY: *This native, like most native messenger boys, carries the letter in a split stick so that his hands can not soil it. Unable to read himself, he goes from one white man to another, receiving directions from each, until finally he comes upon the man for whom the letter is intended.*





ZIMBABWE: ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE

ZIMBABWE: THE HOLY OF HOLIES



plumes. The place to me is simply a provocative riddle in stone.

Yet one night when the moon lit up the whole valley I stood on the Acropolis and looked down at the ruins and was tantalized by a score of questions:

Who built this citadel on top of the stone hill where I am standing?

Who built the temple?

And those dwellings in the valley?

Were they actually built by Solomon's miners? Certainly there is gold near the ruins and there is evidence that ancient miners dug near here. Is this where Solomon got the gold for his house in the forest of Lebanon? If so, the place is to be cherished for a reason more precious than all the king's gold because it made possible that glorious sentence, the perfect blending of far-off beauty and imminent adventure: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks."

Almost certainly that sentence spoke to a modern poet, and so insistently that he heard its overtones and wrote them down:

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Perhaps that night as I stood on the Acropolis watching the slow shadows creep across the grass-grown courts I realized the spirits of old priests haunting the habitation of their worship. But even then I wasn't sure. And now that months have passed, there remains only an indefinite memory of stone buildings and nothing more.

Yet I still ask the questions that I asked that night:

Is the citadel a fortress the Phoenicians built against rest-

less hordes of black men with the short, stabbing spear?

Or was the citadel built by the Bantu themselves, these same black men whose migrations and methods of living are still a mystery?

Is the conical tower, the Holy of Holies, a phallic symbol, a shrine of fierce worship? Is it merely an adornment in the courtyard of some paramount chief?

No one can answer the questions with certainty. There is no writing, no hieroglyphics, no carved characters in the stones to tell the story. There are no burial grounds, no graves, to give evidence. There is nothing to unriddle the secret.

But that night as I looked down at the ruins, I didn't care such a lot who had built them. There they were, majestic, aloof, silent.

And sometimes silence is enough.

= TO SALISBURY

We left the Great Zimbabwe in the middle of a drizzling afternoon and started on the two-hundred-mile drive to Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia.

Driving along leisurely, we discussed the ruins and argued about who built them and when they were built. From talking of the ruins of Zimbabwe we went on to talk of the ruins of Egypt and I learned that Thornhill-Cooper had fought throughout the war of 1914-18 in Egypt and Palestine, and was wounded while with a camel patrol in the desert.

At Umvuna, a small town on our route, we stopped at a pub and rolled poker dice for the ale. The landlord joined us and was very full of talk about how the district cricket match was going.

"I suppose they have only a few more weeks to play before they call it the usual draw," I said, thinking I was making a joke.

At first the landlord didn't understand, but when finally he realized that I was joking about cricket, being irreverent about who had been bowled leg-before-wicket and when stumps were to be drawn, he glared his dislike of flippant Americans even when one of them was buying ale for the house.

"I didn't mean to offend him," I said, as we drove away.

"Forget it," Thornhill-Cooper said. "But you see, colonials, people stuck off at the end of the world like this, hold hard to cricket and the old school tie and anything that reminds them of England. They don't want to feel they're completely cut off."

As we drove on toward Salisbury I was hearing an enthusiastic dissertation on how Ford tractors will in time

revolutionize farming in Africa when suddenly a strange little animal popped out in front of us, forcing Thornhill-Cooper to swerve sharply.

A spring hare bobbed across the road. Except for their dwarfed front legs, these weird creatures have bodies like large ordinary hares. Owing to the lack of use, the front legs have shriveled and simply dangle; they are never used when the hare is in a hurry because then he stands and jumps on his back legs, like a kangaroo.

Frequently at night only the hare's eye can be seen as it reflects the light of the car. The pink dot fantastically bounding along in the darkness seems to signal that here surely is the fellow who sat with Alice at her tea party; here surely is the maddest of all mad hares, a chap with four legs and using only two.

We drove into Salisbury at nine o'clock.



Salisbury is one of the most interesting cities in all Africa, and for the contradictory reason that there is nothing African about it. More than any other city in Africa, Salisbury is a spot that is forever England.

In Salisbury, children wear blazers and school caps and hats. Coffee shops are filled in the morning for coffee, in the afternoon for tea. Dinner jackets are donned each evening for dinner. The ritual of the club is rigidly maintained.

Blazers. Dinner jackets. The club. And at Salisbury's largest hotel—barmaids!

Throughout South Africa the barmen at the large hotels are either Indians or white men, but in Salisbury tradition demands nothing less than the barmaids of old England.

When she served me my drink, she said: "Kew"—the English barmaid's unfailing abbreviation of "Thank you."

When I left her sixpence, she proved that we had become

friends by using the more familiar Cockney form of thanks: "Tah," she said.



In Salisbury I visited the tobacco auction room and heard the auctioneer—an American brought over each summer especially for the sales—utter the same unintelligible sounds I have heard in Georgia and the Carolinas.

But the buyers in Salisbury seemed to understand well enough because on the day I visited the warehouse—spotlessly clean, well-lighted, and with a floor space of three acres—they bought three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of Rhodesian tobacco.

Rhodesian planters now grow flue-cured, fire-cured, Turkish, and air-cured tobacco. They are shipping their tobacco by hundreds of hogsheads to all parts of the world. They have made Rhodesia one of the more important tobacco centers of the world.



Social note from a Rhodesian daily newspaper:

Once again the annual dance of the Sons of England, Lion Lodge, held in the Roan Antelope Hall last Friday evening, proved to be the happiest of functions.

A variety of new numbers were played by the obliging Roan Antelope band, and extras were supplied by the trio, Mrs. R. Briscoe, of Luanshya, and Messrs. Noel Carroll and Ivan Hudson, of the Nkana dance orchestra. Shortly after the interval, the Ford 10 saloon car which is being raffled in the aid of local charities was driven into the hall.

Mr. C. Liebenberg and Miss S. Hodgson and Mr. Griffiths and Mrs. Stephany were the winning couples of the spot dance. Mr. Charles Davison won the raffle of a bottle of whiskey.



At one time all Rhodesia belonged to the Bushmen. Indeed, the early Portuguese called it the Land of the Little People.

Some centuries ago, bigger men with better weapons came down from the north and took the land from the Little People. Today the few Bushmen that have not been killed live in the Kalihari Desert of Southwest Africa.

In Rhodesia I visited a cave where Bushmen had decorated the walls with their paintings many hundreds of years ago. Some day I may forget Rubens' canvases and some of Raphael's. But I shall never forget the paintings that the Little Men put on the wall of the cave, using their feather brushes to portray a marvelously lopsided elephant and a giraffe with the mumps.



After we had eaten the roast beef of old England in Salisbury for a week, Thornhill-Cooper and I decided we might as well leave this English city in Africa and go back into Africa itself.

We wanted to travel into Northern Rhodesia, a country politically separated from Southern Rhodesia, and go on into the Congo. But we learned that trains ran into the Congo only once a fortnight.

As one advances north from the Cape or south from the Mediterranean, he finds that the white man's civilization diminishes. In the center of the continent the black man's way of life still predominates.

The story of trains, for example, is indicative: In South Africa, trains run between important cities every day.

In Rhodesia, a country farther inland, trains run three times a week.

And the Congo, a country in the heart of the continent, has only one train from the south each fortnight.

The white man has fully conquered Africa and absolutely rules it, but as yet he has not criss-crossed the continent with his trains, the spearhead of his civilization. Until he does, his economic mastery of Africa will not be complete.

Neither Thornhill-Cooper nor I wanted to wait a fortnight for the Congo train, so we arranged for a private airplane.

One Saturday morning we went out to the airport in Salisbury.

There stood our plane waiting for us.

We took one look at it.

"It's held together by chicken wire," Thornhill-Cooper said.

"And stuck together with chewing gum," I said.

We shook hands and stepped into the tiny cabin.

The pilot started his motor and took off.

"When next I come down to earth," Thornhill-Cooper said, "I expect to be very messily smeared over the countryside."

A FLIGHT OVER FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

We creaked and groaned along in that rickety old crate, coming down now and then during the day at airports for gasoline—there are a most surprising number of airports scattered over Africa—until late in the afternoon we landed at the little copper-mining town of Ndola.

The northern part of Northern Rhodesia and the southern part of the Congo is a great area for copper. We visited some of the mines and saw the natives at work deep underground; on the surface we saw the white engineers and chemists busy in the separating plants where the metal is extracted from the rock.

When finally the molten copper is poured from the huge ladle into the forms, it empties out like a stream of beautiful green gold, then cools a moment later into the dull, flat color of ordinary unpolished copper. It is like a red snapper or a dolphin that is glorious in color when first it comes from the water, only to lose its beauty quickly as it dies.

After we had flown around for a while in Northern Rhodesia, going from place to place and seeing what we liked, we decided to fly on into the Congo.

It was late one afternoon, when we were flying toward a low sun, that I first saw the Congo.

Years ago I read Joseph Conrad's masterful story, *The Heart of Darkness*. Bizarre and subtly powerful, the story caused me to say, as Conrad had said when a boy: "Some day I'm going to the Congo."

And there it lay stretched out before me. The Congo. The heart of darkness.

We landed at a small airport and pushed our plane into the single hangar, then waited for the immigration officers

and the customs officials. We had flown over the town three times as a signal that we intended to land and that we wished the officials to come out, examine our passports and luggage, and admit us to the country.

We waited. The sun was low and the mosquitoes were thick.

"Much malaria around here?" Thornhill-Cooper asked.

"Lots of it," the pilot said.

"Jolly," Thornhill-Cooper said, as he splattered another mosquito that had been debauching on the back of his neck.

A ring of natives had assembled at a respectful distance. Dressed in brightly-colored cloth draped around their bodies, the women were attractive; the men were dowdy and unsightly in cheap cotton shirts and baggy European trousers. They squatted and silently looked at us.

The sun set and the mosquitoes thickened.

"You say there's a lot of malaria around here," I said.

"Lots of it," the pilot said.

"Jolly," said Thornhill-Cooper, increasing the rate of his slapping and trying to get from his ankles to his neck before he had to rush back to his ankles again.

Finally, well after dark, the officials came racing out and with a screech of brakes skidded to a stop just before us.

"*Bon soir, messieurs, bon soir,*" they said, bursting with cordiality.

They told us there was no need for us to open our luggage or to show our passports. Just come right along. Everything was officially all right. *Tout est bien.* We will all ride into town together. So sorry to have been late.

They had seen us fly over, but the tennis game had been exciting. And afterward one had to have his cool drink of lime and gin—yes?

"Naturally," I said, feeling the bumps and welts on my

face and neck and wanting to put a few bumps on the officials.

At the hotel we registered and went upstairs. The manager came with us. He flung open the door of my room, making the grand gesture as if admitting me to the royal suite: "*Voilà, monsieur*," he said. Then he flung open the door of my private bath: "*Voilà, monsieur*." I took one look and pointed: "*C'est vrai, monsieur—voilà!*" He glanced in, smiled disparagingly, and shrugged his shoulders. "But," *monsieur*, it is nothing, nothing at all. He is not large. He is small." With his open palm the manager slammed down and squashed a cockroach as large and juicy as a kumquat.

Later that evening the same hand rested casually on the edge of our table as the manager leaned forward and inquired what would the *messieurs* care for dinner.

"Something very special!" he said, making the delicate gesture with that same hand.

After dinner Thornhill-Cooper, the pilot, and I went for a walk. We were in the town of Elizabethville and we wandered along the main street until we came to a sidewalk café. It was brightly lighted and a five piece orchestra was swinging a Congo version of American jazz. We took a table and spent the evening sipping cognac and dancing with the ladies.

"How do you like the Congo?" one of the ladies asked.

"Well, I landed only this afternoon, so I can't say. But Elizabethville seems like a small town in Belgium or France. There doesn't seem much difference."

"There isn't really," she said. "The Congo doesn't become the Congo until one gets farther north."

For the next few days we wandered around the town and out into the country, driving out over the good chert roads. Then one night I told Thornhill-Cooper what the woman had said about the Congo.

"Frankly, I'm planning to go north later on," I said, "but if you want to fly up there now, I'll go with you."

"No, I've had enough," he said. "I'd like to go back into Rhodesia. I want to see Victoria Falls."

"That's exactly what I want to do," I said.

Next morning we took off and headed south, back into Rhodesia again. And this time we laid our course toward the Victoria Falls.



At Luseka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, we came down for gasoline—though first we flew over the town until the pilot's girl came to the window of one of the buildings and waved at him.

After the plane had been refueled, the pilot called us aside, away from the airport manager.

"Would you be willing to break the law?" the pilot asked.

"It depends on what law," I said.

"And for what purpose," Thornhill-Cooper said.

"Behind that mountain"—the pilot pointed to a low mountain in the southwest—"is a forbidden area. The government will not permit anyone to enter it or to fly over it. But I'll risk taking you over, if you'd like to see more animals than can be seen anywhere else in Africa."

"Let's go," we said, and started back quickly toward the plane.

In the air once more, I asked the pilot why the area was forbidden.

"It's full of tsetse fly and sleeping sickness," he said.

We flew low on our proper course until we were behind the mountain. Then, after we could no longer be seen from Luseka, we changed our course sharply to the right and flew on until we came to what seemed to be an endless swamp.

We were well over the swamp when suddenly the pilot nosed over and dived. I saw no reason to go down until

I detected three natives in a dugout canoe. They were poling through thick grass. We flew low enough to look at the naked fellows. Two of them crouched in terror while the third plopped overboard like a huge black frog.

Three times as we flew over the swamp we came down to look at grass huts built on knolls that rise above the water. Each time we descended, the people scurried out of their huts and raced off to hide in the reeds.

"For six months out of the year these people are completely cut off by rains and high water," the pilot said. "During the dry season they can pole their canoes through the swamp and get out to a trading post; but when they arrive, they have virtually nothing to trade. They are probably as isolated from the rest of the world as any people on earth."

We flew over the swamp, going deeper into it, until suddenly the pilot stood his plane on one wing tip and banked to the left. Then he dived. As he turned, I saw only the swirl of the horizon; but when he leveled off, I saw hundreds of buck racing through the swamp in front of us.

"They're lechwe," the pilot said, "a buck that lives in swampy country."

We were flying forty feet above them and could plainly see the lyre-shaped horns of the bulls as they held their heads above water and plunged through it. We could see the water whiten at the throat of each animal as the herd struggled through the swamp. Then as our plane caught up with the herd and passed over, the lechwe stopped and looked up in a bewildered way at this strange thing that could move faster than they.

Holding the plane low over the swamp, the pilot zigzagged. He sighted a flock of many-colored birds and flew close enough for me to photograph them. He dropped toward a pool so fast that not all the hippos could hide themselves before we were upon them, and not all the croco-

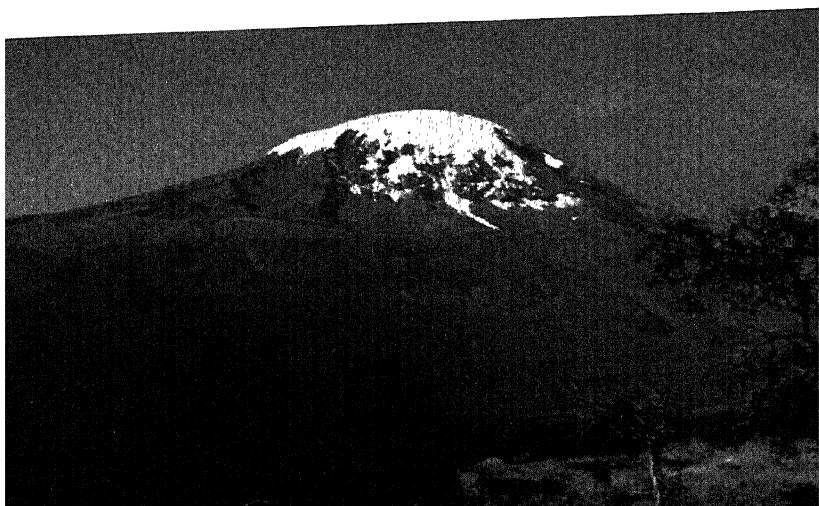


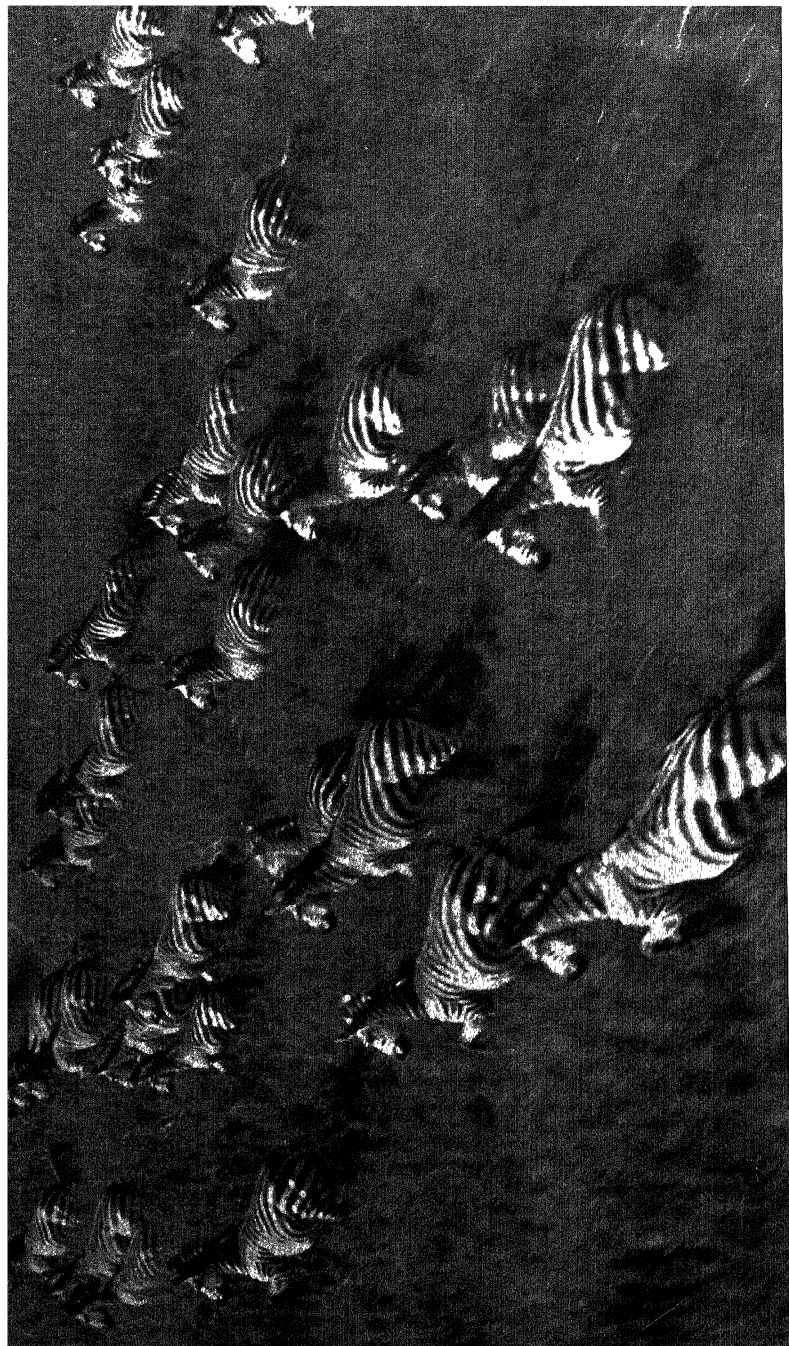
ANT HILL: Millions of white ants, or termites, have built innumerable mounds that dot the countryside in Central Africa.

Some of the mounds are deserted. Others still are used by the ants. If a part of an occupied hill is cut away, the termites simply seal up the opening and carry on their underground activities.

Ant hills are used as tees and bunkers on golf courses. They serve as foundations for rock gardens and summer houses. Sometimes the very large ones are excavated and used as garages.

KILIMANJARO AND ITS ETERNAL SNOW: This extinct volcano is 19,320 feet in height; it is the highest mountain in Africa.





FORTY FEET ABOVE THEM

dile could slither into the water before we had taken pictures of them.

After we had played for a time over the swamp, we straightened our course and flew on until we came to a vast plain. Here and there were scattered trees and clumps of scrub bushes.

The plain was alive with animals.

We saw thousands of buck. Antelope. Wildebeest. We saw herds of zebra with countless numbers of the little striped fellows. Sometimes we flew so low that we could see the flare of the zebra's nostrils as they raced away. We saw the stiff bristle of the zebra's manes, and the swift opening and closing of their legs as they galloped until the dust rose thick about them.

"We're frightening them," the pilot said. "I don't like it. Some mare may slip her foal. Let's chuck it."

We instantly agreed and the pilot pulled back his stick and began to climb. Then, a moment later, he swerved and dived once more. He headed straight for a lone wildebeest feeding off by himself.

It was amazing to see that old bull twist and turn and fling himself about as he galloped. It was more than amazing to see him, when he realized he could not outrun us, stop and kick back as swiftly and as hard as he could, shooting back both feet at us like a mule—even though we were forty feet above him.

"He has been turned out of the herd," the pilot said.

"Why?" I asked.

The pilot explained that each herd of wildebeest—buffalo and impala, too, for that matter—is led by a bull or ram. This leader loves the cows as much as he likes, until some younger bull beats him in a fight and drives him out of the herd. From that time, the old leader is forced to live off by himself; he can never go near the herd again.

We flew on across the plain and across the swamp. The

sun was setting off to the right and I was rather depressed as I thought of the bull and remembered that each of us in his time must feed off alone. I was trying to recall Ralph Hodgson's noble and solemn poem that tells of another bull, another old outcast; I was trying to recall the poem exactly.

See an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head. . .

Bravely by his fall he came:
One he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick,
Left him for the carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth and love at last.

I was trying to remember the poem and half dreaming into the sunset when suddenly the pilot touched my arm and pointed far ahead at a white dome on the earth.

"There it is," he said. "*Mosi-oa-tunya*—The Smoke that Thunders—Victoria Falls."

THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

I looked at my watch and checked the map. "What are you talking about—Victoria Falls? We're at least seventy miles from there."

"Victoria Falls," the pilot said again and pointed.

"Look here," I said, "if you're lost, admit it. Then we can start looking around for a landing field."

"That's right," said Thornhill-Cooper, leaning forward from the rear seat, "if you can't find Victoria Falls, then any good landing field will do. Just so long as it isn't in a tree top—I'd hate to ask a gorilla to move over."

"But I'm telling the truth," the pilot said. "That is Victoria Falls."

"How the hell can you see a waterfall when it's seventy miles away?"

"You don't see the actual falls," the pilot said. "You just see the mist and spray over the falls."

He went on to point out that we were flying two thousand feet above ground, and that in the clear African air a person can see unusually long distances.

"The natives used to see that mist from a long way off and they thought it was smoke," he said. "They heard the roar of the water and thought it was thunder. So they called it *Mosi-oa-tunya*—Roaring Smoke—Smoke that Thunders. And they stayed away because they believed it was the home of devils."

We flew on for an hour.

As we flew nearer to the mist that is forever in restless motion, surging up and falling back and spurting up again, we saw the light of the low sun broken into a myriad colors

and whirled about as if someone had shattered the rainbow and flung its fragments into turbulent air.

We flew on until we were directly over the falls.

At twelve hundred feet we felt the dampness of the mist. At that height we were on the very top of it.

Then we dropped down to a thousand feet above the falls. There for a moment all would be clear and we could see the downward plunge of the water. But an instant later the mist would come boiling up like a thick cumulus cloud and wrap its clammy wetness about us. We would have to climb sharply in order to get out of it.

We arrived too late to see much of the falls that afternoon. By the time we were actually over the water the sun was down and in Central Africa there is virtually no twilight: the sun sets and then it is dark.

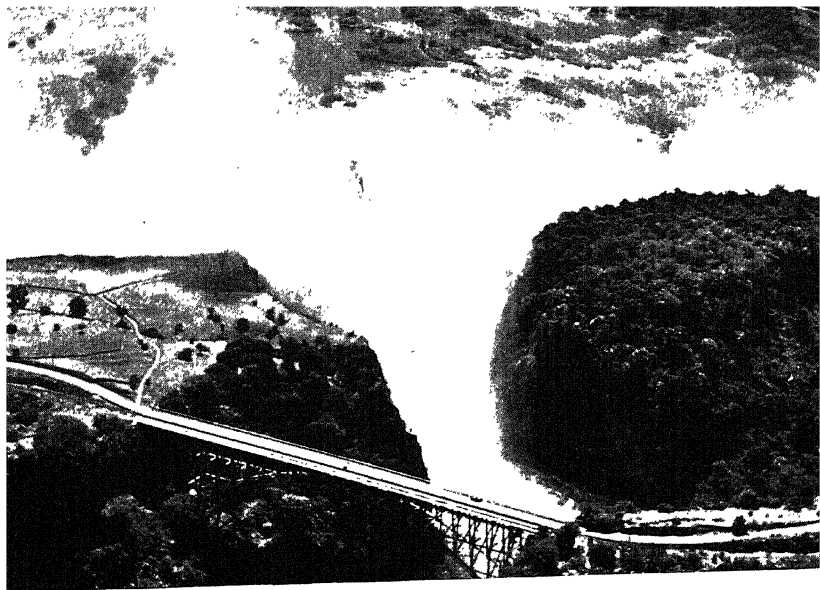
We went on to make our landing.

Now the landing field at Victoria Falls lies so that when the wind is from a certain direction a plane lands directly toward the falls. If the pilot were to overshoot his mark, he would tumble in. And that is a rather serious offense. A hippo tried it once—he was swimming the river and got caught in the current—and they never found anything of that hippo.

The afternoon we landed, the wind forced us to come down toward the falls. The pilot dropped in perfectly, but he had a slight cross wind and the landing field is not very long. He had to catch his handbrake and pull and tug until finally we stopped.

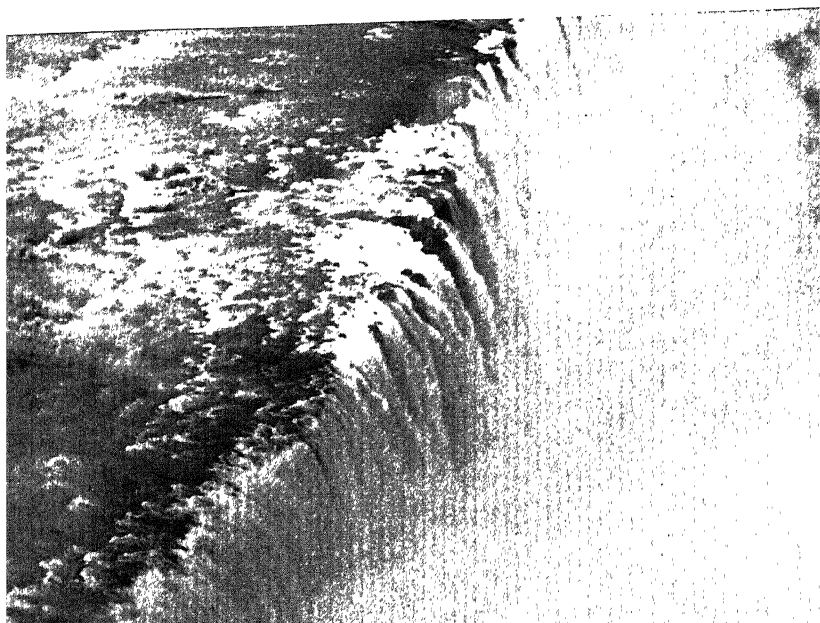
The handbrake held our ramshackle old plane and prevented our going on to the end of the field and dropping over into the falls.

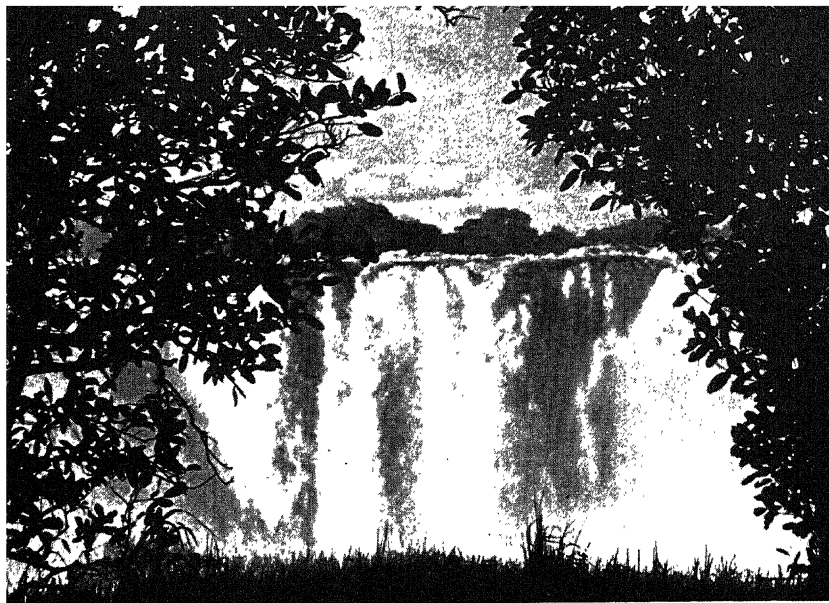
I heard those handbrakes mentioned sometime later when I was flying north in a regular South African Airways transport plane. We came down at Luseka, where Thornhill-



VICTORIA FALLS: THE GORGE

VICTORIA FALLS: DIVING THROUGH THE MIST





VICTORIA FALLS: SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND TONS A MINUTE

VICTORIA FALLS: THE PLACE WHERE THE RAIN IS BORN



Cooper and I had landed a number of times while we were junketing around.

The airport manager at Luseka recognized me and came over to say hello. "By the way," he said, "your old plane and your pilot are both here. He's waiting on some repairs. The other morning when he went to test his motors, he pulled back on the brake and the darn thing just came off in his hand."



The Zambesi River rises in the Congo and travels eastward nineteen hundred miles before it empties into the Indian Ocean. When the journey is about half over, while the river is passing through Rhodesia, it makes its famous drop.

The Department of Publicity of Southern Rhodesia has published a booklet about the Victoria Falls. In it are descriptions by famous travelers and writers from David Livingstone, who discovered the falls in 1855 and named them for his queen, to Lord Curzon who visited the falls in 1909.

In his writings about Victoria Falls, Lord Curzon says: "I am not clear that any word picture of any great waterfall that I have ever read has given me an adequate idea of the reality."

Certainly none of the descriptions, which of course are the best obtainable, included in the Publicity Department's booklet gives a clear idea of Victoria Falls.

I visited Victoria Falls. I lived for two weeks at a hotel only a few hundred yards from them. Each night I went to sleep with the thunder of the water sounding in my ears and each morning I woke to see the sun play through the mist in a whirling pageant of color. I spent days walking near the falls and looking at them from many angles. I flew for hours above them, sometimes so high that the mist was

only a puff of white smoke and again so low that the upsurge of the currents tumbled us about. And upon my word, unless I had seen the falls and knew their strange formation, I would be unable to understand any description in the whole booklet.

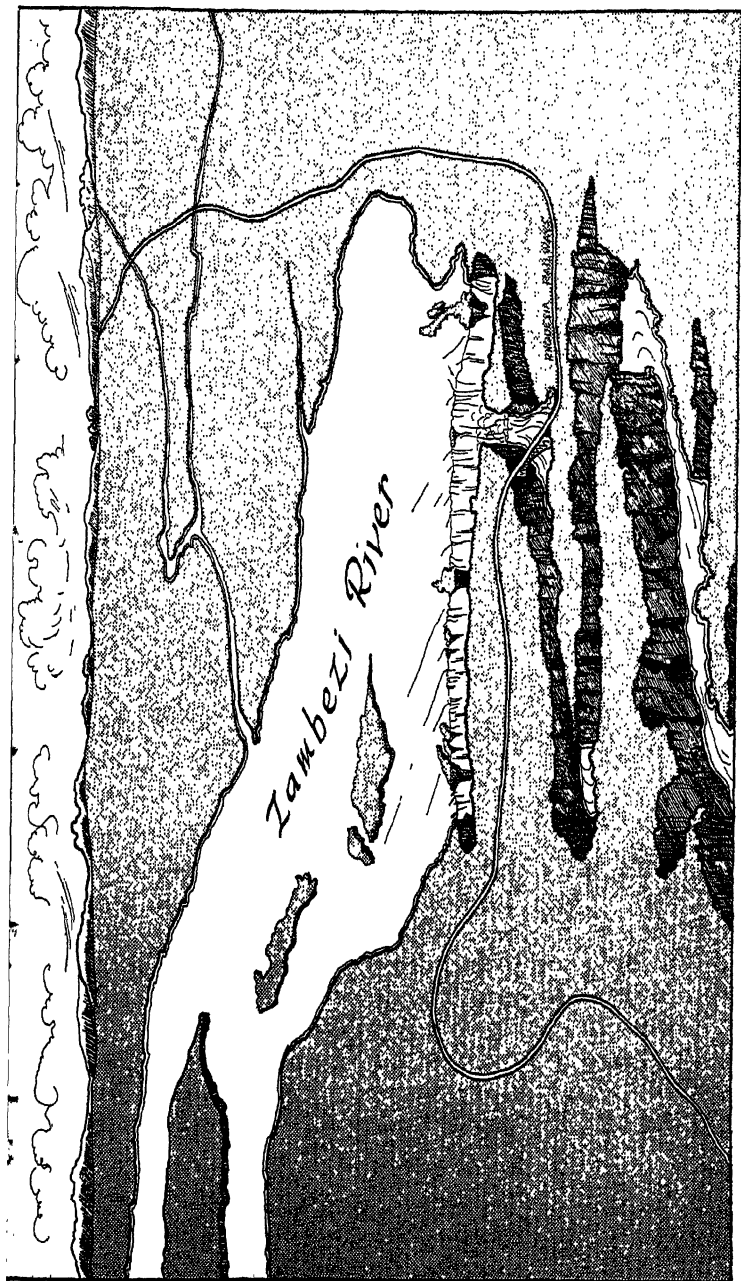
The falls are so complex in their formation, so tremendous in size and overwhelming in their action, and in the speed of their action, that there is nothing to which they can be compared. And when one has nothing on which to base a comparison, the difficulties of description are almost insuperable. How, for instance, would you describe an iceberg to an Amazonian Indian? Or an ocean liner to a desert nomad? Remember how the Zulu woman blasted out her bewilderment and her disbelief when I tried to tell her of trains that run underground? For that matter no one has ever described a sunset, or the moon, or the woman he loves; even though each day or night any of us may look at them. In such literary difficulty, our minds groping for figures and words that don't exist, we so frequently call for the ancient palfrey, Pegasus, and gallop away cloaked in a haze of rhetoric.

Well, I have just returned from such a gallop and it now lies in the waste basket where it belongs. It was fun while it lasted—I thoroughly enjoyed writing of Shelley's dome of many-colored glass and Coleridge's mighty fountain with ceaseless turmoil seething and a good many rather gaudy flights of my own fancy free; but no one would have understood what it was about any more than I did. Therefore I'll stick to facts.

Victoria Falls are three hundred and fifty feet high. They are twice the height of Niagara Falls.

Victoria Falls are one mile and a quarter wide. They are twice the width of Niagara Falls.

The wet season in Rhodesia is from January to July. In the middle of the wet season, when the Zambesi is at its



VICTORIA FALLS: The river drops over a precipice one mile and a quarter wide into a chasm that has an exit of only five hundred feet.

highest, forty million tons of water an hour, seven hundred thousand tons a minute, pour over Victoria Falls.

The water flows with the force of six hundred thousand horse-power.

The channel at the top is a mile and a quarter wide. At the bottom the channel is only five hundred feet.

Forty million tons of water an hour pour into a chasm that has an opening, an exit, of only five hundred feet.

At the bottom of the chasm there is inevitably a tremendous commotion as the water fights to escape through the narrow gorge. In reality there is such a turmoil that the whole of the falls frequently are hidden by the clouds of mist and spray flung up from below.

Even when one goes into the air and flies above the falls, he often cannot fully see them. They are shrouded in the mist which boils up from the long narrow rent in the earth where the brawling waters struggle to escape.

I wanted a picture taken from directly above the falls. We went up and flew over them. Then we dived. As we came down, the mist came up to meet us. We climbed, then dived again. And again. And again. Sometimes I didn't even open the shutter of my camera because of the sudden upsurge of the mist which blotted out everything.



The best view of the falls is from the air, though from the air I found the view too distant, too impersonal. The sound of the motor was close and the roar of the water—so vital a part of the falls—was lost. And, too, at a great height the movement of the mist was lost. The falls seemed almost static, instead of a violently living thing.

The most intimate, and to me the most satisfying, view of the falls is from the precipice opposite them. There one can stand directly facing the drop of the water and see it in

all its foaming beauty. It flows forward, quietly, smoothly, then suddenly it plunges down. In the occasional second that the mists lull, one can see the tumbling water in its actual drop.

On top of the precipice opposite the falls is a forest of evergreens upon which the spray constantly descends. Thrown up from below until it is high above the forest, the spray comes down like continuous rain.

The white man calls the forest The Rain Forest.

The natives give it a more beautiful name, The Place Where the Rain Is Born.

When one visits the forest he puts on a bathing suit, a southwester, raincoat, and rubber shoes. After I was dressed for the Place Where the Rain Is Born, I wrapped my camera in bath towels and stowed it away under my coat. Whenever I wanted to take a picture, I sat down and my guide held the skirt of his coat over me. I then unwrapped my camera and from the panoply provided by the guide I set my lens and shutter and waited. In some instant that the mist and spray died down, I would make the picture.

I stayed at Victoria Falls for two weeks. That is a long time for a man to stay in one place where there is nothing to attract him except a waterfall. That is, unless the waterfall is so mighty and so beautiful that one doesn't want to go away.

FROM RHODESIA TO THE EAST COAST

The last week I spent at Victoria Falls I was alone. Thornhill-Cooper had taken our plane and flown back to Salisbury.

"I think it's pretty wonderful around here, all right," he said one evening, as we were walking along looking at the falls, "but I must get back to South Africa."

Next morning when the plane took off I felt lonely. We'd had a great time together and one doesn't like to see a friend fly out of his life, possibly forever.

When I returned to my room I found a thin, all-wool sweater with a note from Thornhill-Cooper:

"So you won't be so cold next time you fly over the falls," the note said.

Don't imagine for a moment that travel is always fun. There is a continual going away, leaving behind, separating, which sometimes makes one feel lonely. And it isn't the actual aloneness which so often is depressing, but being among other people who themselves are among friends, who are laughing and talking while you, the stranger, can't go over and sit down with that old man or play with those children.

I have felt far more alone in some great cosmopolitan hotel than when alone I've ridden over the Texas plains as the coyotes begin to howl in the late afternoon, or when paddling alone over a Canadian lake at dusk, hearing the most lonely of all sounds, the lingering squall of the loon. Nature—the plains and the lakes, even the coyotes and the loons—never shuts you off, but men and women do.

On the last night I was at Victoria Falls I met a man with whom I might have been friends, if we could have been together for a longer time.

He came to me suddenly at the bar and said: "What do you think of hippopotamus?"

I thought his question rather abrupt, but obviously he'd had more than his quota of brandy and I told him I thought the hippopotamus a fine, stout fellow. I believed that would be the answer he wanted. I was wrong.

"I don't. Damn 'em. Damn 'em all," he said. "They come up out of the river every night and graze on the golf course. They bog their great hoofs down into the putting greens. This afternoon I missed a putt that cost me three quid—all because the ball went into a hippo's hoofprint instead of into the cup. Damn 'em all, I say."

Through three more brandies I had to listen to this gentleman's plaint about hippopotamus and how they play havoc with putting greens.

Next morning at breakfast I looked around for my friend who couldn't tell the difference between a hippo's hoofprint and a putting cup, but he was probably sleeping it off and I had to leave the hotel without wishing him better luck in his game of the afternoon.

That morning I drove out to the Victoria Falls airport and boarded one of the great transport planes of the South African Airways.

Again friends had advised me, just as they had done before, to fly rather than travel by train and automobile. "You're going from Northern Rhodesia to Tanganyika," they said. "It's a long journey, about a thousand miles, and honestly you'd better make it by air. The country over which you'll pass is mostly bush and mountains and rivers and lakes; if you fly, you'll miss very little that's interesting."

On the morning I climbed into the plane at Victoria Falls I was beginning a two-day flight northeast out of Rhodesia and across Tanganyika to the East Coast. I was making specifically for Dar-es-Salaam, a city on the coast, five degrees south of the equator.

Before we left the flying field I went forward in the plane and spoke to the pilot. "Would you mind circling just once before you straighten out?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he said. "I always give my passengers a view from the air. It's a great sight from the air."

We circled once.

I said good-by. And we headed away to the north.



We spent the night at Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia and took off next morning before the sun was up. We came down for breakfast about eight o'clock in the little town of Mpika.

The airport manager was in a terrible humor.

"Lions got three boys last month and a pair of leopards got one last night," he said. "And just because of that, not a single boy showed up for work this morning."

"Something wrong with the country, I tell you—blarsted natives going soft."



At Mpika I learned that the plains in the northern part of Northern Rhodesia and the southern part of Tanganyika, plains over which we would fly that morning, were alive with game of all kinds.

After breakfast, I went to the pilot. "I don't want to impose," I said, "and I haven't forgotten that you took us over the falls yesterday, but I don't fly over Africa every morning and I just heard there is a lot of game north of here. Could you possibly stay down low enough for us to have a good look, and maybe make some pictures?"

"I'll be glad to," he said, "provided no one on board will be air-sick."

He went to each passenger and explained that he usually flew at heights varying from six to twelve thousand feet, depending on where he could find the calmest air. He explained further that the air near the ground is always bumpier than higher up; but if no one had any objections, if no one had a weak stomach, he would fly at two hundred feet so that we could see the animals.

Everyone jumped at the chance except one woman who hesitated and said: "Well, I don't know. I'm not sure. I—" Then she happened to glance around and see all of us glaring at her. She quickly made up her mind. "It'll be all right," she said.

When the pilot reached the plain—which was as bare and as barren as the one over which Thornhill-Cooper and I had flown beyond the great swamp—he came down low and began to look for game. He didn't have to look long.

"Giraffe," the radio man called from up front, pointing toward the left as the pilot turned the plane in that direction.

There were a dozen giraffe galloping across the plain in their strange, awkward way. From above, they hardly seemed to be moving at all; they seemed to drift beneath us like high-rigged ships tilting and swaying in a slow wind.

"Zebra," the radio man called and pointed.

A vast herd of them galloped stiffly away. The zebra may not be the smartest animal in the world and he may carry most of his answers in his heels, but there is something very appealing about him. Among the smaller animals of Africa, the zebra interested me most.

"Elephants"—the radio man pointed.

The pilot slightly tilted the plane and sideslipped toward the herd. We had known there were elephants ahead because we had seen their great hoofprints which even from the air looked like post holes dug in the soft ground (elephant tracks twenty-one inches in diameter have been

recorded); then the pilot sighted the herd and gave us a fine look.

When I first saw them they were running as hard as they could from this terrifying silver bird that roared down upon them. As we passed over, they whirled and lumbered off in the opposite direction. All of them fled except one old bull with long, sweeping tusks. He just stopped in his tracks, lifted his trunk, opened his mouth wide, and, I don't doubt, bellowed his fury.

For an hour we flew low, seeing all kinds of animals.

I especially enjoyed flying over the hippo pools and seeing the big fellows, groggy from sleep, waddle away from the muddy banks and lunge into the deep water, making a solid splash.

When finally we had crossed the plains and the pilot began to climb again, I went forward to thank him.

"It was a grand show," I said. "I shall never forget it."

And I shan't.



Later in the morning while we were flying high in still air, another passenger and I were talking about the animals of Africa.

"I've lived out here for a long time," he said, "and the animals have always interested me. Not so long ago, for instance, I saw two bull giraffe fighting. It was during the breeding season and at that time even the gentle giraffe can be a rather wicked fellow."

He told me that the giraffe used their heads and necks as clubs, slamming each other. A giraffe weighs two thousand pounds and my traveling companion said that each of the tall beasts would bend his neck as far to one side as he could, getting as much leverage as possible, then whirl over

and bang his opponent's body, apparently thinking nothing of the bang to his own head.

The two giraffe moved slowly through the forest as they fought. In one attack a giraffe missed his target and smashed a green limb, as thick as a man's knee, from a tree.



On the two-day flight from Rhodesia through Tanganyika to the East Coast, one of course is interested in the animals that gallop over the plains. One likes to look down and see the native kraals, built on hillsides, and the few bedraggled towns that white men have built. But one's chief interest is the continent itself, the intensely dramatic story told by the African mountains and rivers and lakes.

When the world was young, some billion and a half years ago, Africa was not the fine sturdy continent it is today. The whole of Africa was almost at sea level. Throughout the central part of the continent sluggish rivers wandered in and out of swamps. Slimy creatures lay half asleep under the terrible sun.

Millions and millions of years passed and still there were no Dragon Mountains, no Mountains of the Moon. There was no Sahara in North Africa, no Kalihari Desert in the south. No Nile flowed to the Mediterranean. And that up-start Egypt had never been heard of.

Then Africa tired of its old position and through a few million years moved. Ever so slightly of course, but still enough to alter the history of the world and change the fate of man.

When the continent tilted from its old level, it played all kinds of tricks. Where the slope had been toward the west, it was now toward the east. Westward flowing rivers changed their direction completely; they went back to the east. This

new flow of the rivers eventually formed huge lakes in the center of the continent. And the lakes, through a few millenniums, built up the Nile River system, a system so mighty that it poured through even the thirsty desert and finally reached the sea.

If the continent had not tilted, and brought new tributaries to the Nile, that river could never have forced its way out of the equatorial swamps and crossed the desert. Without the Nile and its life-giving delta, there would have been no Egypt. And without Egypt through the centuries, what would the world be today? Egypt, birthplace of our civilization, was itself born because a few million years ago Old Man Africa felt a little cramped and eased himself.

On the flight from Rhodesia to the East Coast, one flies over a part of Africa where the geologic drama is most plainly written. One flies over new lakes only a few thousand years of age and over rivers newly formed. One flies over dry valleys that are scars of wounds millions of years old. Over young mountains turbaned in snow. And always one sees the patient plains, stretching away from the feet of the arrogant young giants, waiting for the wind and the rain to do their work, waiting for the mountains to come home again.

The long flight over this part of Africa is lacking in sudden, abrupt drama; but it is one of the most dramatic flights a man can make because from the airplane one may read the life story of a continent.



In native villages one sees hundreds of men, women, and children as black as ebony. Among them, pathetically conspicuous, is an occasional black man born white, as white as milk, an albino.

Usually his hair is a yellowish-red and he blinks his weak eyes against the terrible glare of the African sun.



I was talking with a missionary about his work in Africa. He told me of what he had done for the natives, how he and his wife had taken the gospel to them.

"Why, they were only pagans," he said, "until we took them the gospel."

Then he talked on and proved that he was a charitable man. He said he did not believe God would punish poor pagans, not seriously punish them.

"But those who are no longer pagans, those to whom you have taught the gospel—will God punish them?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course," he said, and went on to tell more about the great work he is doing.

G. K. Chesterton once wrote a prayer. This is part of it:

Lord, when we cry Thee far and near
And thunder through all lands unknown
The gospel into every ear,
Lord, let us not forget our own.



In some districts of Africa where the natives wear no clothes, one notices that both men and women have absolutely no hair upon their bodies, except the hair on their heads.

I asked a man where these people got razors.

"They don't shave it off," he said. "They pull it out with tweezers, hair by hair."



The transport plane on which I had come up from Victoria Falls was flying toward the north. Therefore I left the big ship at Dodoma, a town in Tanganyika, and took a smaller plane for the flight almost due east to Dar-es-Salaam.

Air travel in Africa is now so developed that a person in the center of the continent can step from one plane and find another, that has just landed exactly on schedule, ready to continue him on his journey.

In flying toward the east we crossed high mountains, going over in a rainstorm, flying blind for a part of the way. With the rain beating upon the little cabin plane we were quite cold—even though we were crossing the equator.

We landed at five o'clock.

On my ride from the airport to the hotel I could see that Dar-es-Salaam—the name of the town is Arabic; when translated it means "Haven of Peace"—is all color. I saw the deep blue of the harbor, the yellow-white of the sloping beach, the scarlet roofs of houses behind green cocoanut palms, and everywhere a flamboyant confusion of acacias, hibiscus, frangipani, oleander, bougainvillæa, allamanda, poinsettia.

Unfortunately after one has been in Dar-es-Salaam only a short time, the beauty of the place is lost for him and the name becomes a mockery. There can be no peace in such relentless heat, such heavy, pressing humidity.

In 1887 when the first white settlers landed where Dar-es-Salaam now stands, they stepped ashore almost on the edge of a swamp. In time they reclaimed the land from the swamp and they built a lovely little city, really beautiful to look at, with clean streets, fine shops, and attractive homes. But still there is no haven of peace. Nor can there be so long as the steaming humidity forces one to change clothes two or three times a day, and to turn and turn upon his bed at night, seeking a place that is not soggy.



A person writing about far-off countries and little known facts is wise always to remember the warning spoken by that shrewd old man, Trader Horn: "Truth has to be suppressed when the limit of the ordinary man's sense of reality is reached."

Four hundred years ago Andrea Corsali put the idea a little more bluntly: "I will not write more," he said, "lest men think me a liar."

Despite these hints, and despite the difficulty of the ordinary man's understanding the truth about the African sun, I should like to tell about my first morning in Dar-es-Salaam.

For months I had been traveling well to the south of the equator and in countries that, on the whole, were far above sea level. Dar-es-Salaam is virtually on the equator and virtually at sea level. When I landed there late one afternoon, I had no sun helmet; I had only a felt hat.

Next morning at ten o'clock I left the hotel, wearing my hat, to visit the shops of the town. I expected to buy a helmet during the morning, but I was in no particular hurry because my hat had a broad brim and I had turned it down all around.

I walked on the shady side of the street for two squares, then crossed over and walked in the sun for perhaps fifty yards when suddenly I felt as if someone had hit me in the back of my head with a mallet.

I staggered into a shop, and wanted to vomit, and did.

The shopkeeper, a most kindly Indian, helped me into a corner of his place and loosed my clothes while he called for one boy to bring water and another to run for ice.

They fanned me. Put on ice packs. And gave me cool drinks.

An hour later I was able to sit up, though I still felt weak and nauseated.

When finally I could walk again, I went to the front of the shop. I looked across the street and saw a store where sun

helmets were exhibited in the window. The distance to the store was about sixty feet.

"I'm all right now," I said. "I'll just go across the street and get a helmet."

"You would never get across the street," the shopkeeper said. "Give the sun another chance at you, and you'll be through."

He sent one of his boys to buy me a helmet.

Then he lent me an umbrella and sent me back to the hotel in a rickshaw.

The rest of that day and that night I lay in a dark room with cool, wet bandages over my eyes. But my head felt as if hot pokers had bored through my eyes and all the way back to my skull.



Until one has had experience with the African sun, he can not understand or credit its merciless power.

The native can endure the sun; he was born to it and it means nothing to him. But a white man who goes without his helmet under the direct rays of the equatorial sun is inviting nervous collapse, insanity, death itself.

I heard of a man who stood bareheaded talking politely to a lady. They were both just out from England and neither understood. They chatted for only a few minutes. The man died the next day.

E. Alexander Powell writes in his book, *The Map That Is Half Unrolled*, of an Englishman who stood on the end of a wharf waving his helmet in farewell to some friends on a departing steamer. "He was uncovered for perhaps three minutes," Colonel Powell says. "He was buried the same evening."

Van Nes Allen, author of *I Found Africa*, declares of all health precautions in Africa the most important is

having your helmet on from seven or eight in the morning until after four in the afternoon—rain or shine— if you are not sheltered by a heavy roof.

I thought it was foolish to wear one in the rain, and once, in a cold morning storm, I walked a hundred yards bareheaded from a hut to a chief's compound across a small village. Two hours later everything went black and I remember the next two days vaguely, but painfully.

At the equator, the rays of the sun are direct and unless a white man shields his head with a special helmet, these direct rays may destroy his nervous system; they may kill him. In the temperate zone the sun's rays slant to the earth. In their slanting, they are rendered comparatively harmless because they strike us only a glancing blow. But near the equator the force of the sun is direct and it strikes like a sledge. A white man's nervous system cannot withstand the force of this blow; he wasn't born to it. Near the equator not even "mad dogs and Englishmen" go bareheaded in the noonday sun.

Before going to Africa I had traveled in India and in numerous other countries where the sun is dangerous, but for several years I had not been in the tropics and I had grown careless. Even after my experience in Dar-es-Salaam I was still thoughtless: while on a hunt some time later, I took off my helmet one morning as I shaved in front of a mirror hung on the limb of a bush. Though I was standing in full shade, my companion, an old resident of Africa, told me in his usual friendly way that only an idiot would take such a chance with the sun.

"Besides," he said, "I don't want a dead man on my hands."

Another day I was riding in an automobile. The breeze was cool through the car and I took off my helmet so that I might fully enjoy the ride. At the time I was the guest of a lady who had lived in Africa for fifteen years. I had known her son in Germany and when I arrived at her home, she

told me she would treat me as if I were her own boy. She did.

"Put on your helmet this instant," she said, after I had taken it off in the automobile, "and never—*never*—take it off again before four o'clock, unless you are inside a house. Before eight in the morning and after four in the afternoon, the rays of the sun are slanting and can not hurt you; but once the sun gets high enough to strike directly down, it is deadly. You simply must be careful. We should like to keep you in Africa a long time, but not as a corpse."

In *Denatured Africa*, that very jolly book about Africa, Daniel W. Streeter tells of an incident that occurred one morning at six o'clock.

I started to leave the house on some trifling errand when old man Leathers yelled at me, "Here, come back here, you blond Eskimo. Come back here, and put on your sun helmet, and don't ever let me catch you going out again without it."

"But the sun isn't up yet," I expostulated.

"Don't make any difference, wear your sun helmet," he growled. "I've seen these hardy fellows before. The sun never affects them. No! It's all bunk about the actinic rays. Yes! And what happens to them?"

"What?" I asked.

"Looney," he answered cryptically. "If they're not all dead by now, they're chattering like blue monkeys in some quiet retreat. I've seen them get sunstroke at midnight. I've seen them sit under a tin roof and laugh at the sun—then start jibbering. The sun's all over. It's everywhere. I've been touched myself—but I got over it," he added hastily.

"This is equatorial Africa. Don't monkey with it. You've got a head like butter—I mean we all have. It'll melt. Wear your hat. Continue to wear your hat. Wear it from morning till night. Wear it from night till morning. Wear it Sundays, week days, and Yiddish holidays. Wear your hat!"

A boy approached and offered some tea. Just as the cup touched Mr. Leathers' lips he looked over the rim at me and mumbled: "Wear your hat!"



After I had parboiled in Dar-es-Salaam for a time and was beginning to think about moving on, I looked out one morning and saw in the harbor a ship that had come in during the night. The Stars and Stripes were at her stern.

For an American it's good to see that flag when he's a long way from home. He may hardly notice the flag when it flies in the United States and may mechanically salute when it goes by on parade; but he'll take a good look when he sees it in some distant harbor.

Perhaps for the first time he fully sees it, recognizing it as the symbol it is. Times Square and Pennsylvania Avenue. Steel mills in Pittsburgh. The squeal of hogs in Chicago. Harrows turning the soil of the Dakotas. Men planting grapes and oranges in California. All the clanging confusion of America and the grandeur and the shabbiness of America, all the strength and the weakness of a country he knows and earnestly loves. Loves more, possibly, when he is far away and stops to think, than when at home he accepts his innumerable privileges and takes America for granted.

I went on board the American ship and spoke to the captain. "What direction are you sailing?" I asked.

"North," he said.

"What's your first stop?"

"Zanzibar."

"Got room for one more?"

"I'll make room," he said. "We sail at one o'clock."

WHERE THE SPICE TREE GROWS

The story of cloves and of ships in the Middle Ages sailing to the East, searching for the spices of the Indies, is a pretty story. Many a romance has been written about picturesque seafaring men who sought a way by water to the Spice Islands.

Unfortunately there was nothing picturesque or romantic about the desire, the actual need, for spices in medieval Europe.

In the Middle Ages cattle, sheep, and hogs were slaughtered at the beginning of winter. Little was known in those days about inexpensive feeding of livestock through the cold months; therefore the butchers, in order to save the cost of feeding, killed in November all beasts that were to be eaten during the winter. After the animals were slaughtered, the meat was heavily salted and stored. By spring it was hardly tasty and sometimes it smelled.

Obviously spices in the Middle Ages were not luxuries; they were truly needed to counteract the strong taste and smell of roasts, hams, and joints. With smelly meat as incentive, the kings of Europe quite naturally sent their ships to the Indies, begging the sailors please to hurry back.

The true, the original Spice Islands are the Moluccas, that group of small islands between the Celebes and New Guinea.

In the Middle Ages nations schemed, cheated, and actually fought for the Moluccas. The reason was that on these islands grew a tree which grew nowhere else in the world. It was the clove tree. And the demand for cloves was so great that fortunes could be made by the nation owning the only source of supply.

In the scramble for cloves the Dutch finally won out. They gained control of the Moluccas in 1623.

Holding an absolute monopoly on cloves, the Dutch sought to assure the monopoly by destroying the clove trees on all the Molucca Islands except one. On this one island they jealously guarded the trees and took tremendous profits.

For one hundred and fifty years the clove monopoly held. Then in 1770 some French sailors stole plants and seeds of the clove tree. The sailors took their precious cargo to Mauritius, an island east of Madagascar. But on Mauritius the tree grew in only a half-hearted way. The Dutch still held a virtual monopoly.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century a few clove trees were taken from Mauritius to Zanzibar. And on Zanzibar they flourished as never before. Apparently the soil and the climate of the island were perfect for them. The clove industry quickly became so prosperous on Zanzibar that the sultan of the island ordered everyone to grow cloves or lose his land.

Eventually the sultan broke the Dutch monopoly. Indeed, he so completely took over control of the clove market that today the original Spice Islands actually import cloves from Zanzibar.

Cloves are the flower buds that cluster at the end of each branch of the clove tree. Twice each year this tree, cylindrical in shape and growing in Zanzibar to the height of forty feet, tries to bloom. But when the buds have turned from green to pink to red, just before they are about to open into flowers, they are picked by the natives.

The cluster of flower buds is then separated and the individual buds spread out under the sun to dry. In four or five days they are toasted a deep brown—the bud of a flower that would have blossomed on a tree is now a spice, “a clove.”

Today the world annually uses twelve thousand tons of cloves. The little island of Zanzibar grows eighty per cent of the total supply—ten thousand tons of cloves.

Zanzibar sends its cloves to the spice merchants in the bazaars of India. To Java, where cloves are powdered and used to flavor cigarettes that are delightfully aromatic, but that can be smoked only by gentlemen with brass throats. To Europe and America, where merely a sprinkling get into pickles and baked hams—most of the cloves imported into Europe and the United States are used by chemists in making perfumes, candies, and medicines.



Long before Jesus was born, in the days when the emperor of China was master of millions of men, the Lord High Chamberlain of the Imperial Court sent his ships each year to the Spice Islands far to the south.

There the captains of the ships traded for pearls and camphor, tortoise shell, sandalwood, aniseed and pepper, cloves, sapanwood and parrots.

When the captains returned and unloaded their cargoes, the chamberlain was particularly fussy about the cloves. Were they of delicate odor? Were they sweet-smelling? If they weren't, the chamberlain might lose his head.

Whenever the emperor was pleased to summon his courtiers, the chamberlain himself prepared them to go into the Celestial Presence. After inspecting their robes of silk, embroidered with threads of gold, after touching their hair with perfume, he performed the final rite: he laid a clove on the tongue of each courtier that his breath might be fragrant and pleasing to his sovereign.



In writing of cloves and Zanzibar, one should be poetic and tell of sweet-smelling winds carrying the perfume of the spice far out to sea.

But I can't tell that story because as we approached Zanzibar I was below deck enjoying aromas that spice merchants couldn't even imagine. I was reveling in sensuous pleasures more delectable than the perfume of all the spices, of cloves and cardamon, cinnamon and mace, nutmeg and ginger.

I had been wandering about Africa for months, eating whatever food was put before me and dreaming of oysters Rockefeller, of broiled mushrooms, of onion soup with exactly the right amount of cheese; I had even tortured myself with fleeting thoughts of baked Alaska. I had been eating, but I had banqueted only in memory.

Then I boarded the ship with the Stars and Stripes at her stern. It was the *West Cawthon* of the American-South African line.

Zanzibar lies twenty-two miles off the east coast of Africa. We sailed from Dar-es-Salaam at one o'clock and traveled north toward the island. The captain was in no hurry and we made our way leisurely with the current.

Late in the afternoon the waiter came to me and asked what would I like for supper. "Want some American grub?" he asked.

Ah, but I was committing gastronomic suicide when we anchored off Zanzibar! Let the sweet-smelling winds blow where they list. Let the Sultan himself await me. I could not be disturbed. On that American ship I was having American grub. Unmindful of the heat of the tropics, or the pain of the morrow, I was feasting on Jones Dairy Farm sausage, Boston baked beans, and Coca-Colas one after the other.



When finally my feast was ended, and my pipe of American tobacco was glowing gently, I went up on deck, something of a sultan myself.

Already the Indian traders had come aboard and had spread out their goods, after the fashion common in the East. At Oriental seacoast towns and on Oriental islands where there are docks and piers, the traders wait on shore for the passengers to come down the gang-plank; then they surge about them. But wherever there are no piers, a ship must anchor offshore in the roadstead. Then the traders, who have been waiting in bumboats, swarm up the ship's ladder, unpack their bags as quickly as possible, and display their goods on the deck, lying magnificently about both quality and quantity as they importune everyone to buy.

I was examining an ebony elephant with wondrously carved tusks when a small Indian came and stood beside me. He waited until I looked up from the elephant.

"Master would like some suits—yes?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

Saying no to an Oriental salesman is, of course, like refusing the rain or the tides. Once they have decided you are their quarry, they simply attach themselves; refusals and rebuffs are smiled away graciously.

The little tailor selected me as his prey and wherever I went, he went. He would wait patiently until I had finished looking at a display of carvings or of beaten silver and had turned from that particular merchant, then he would approach and salute, superbly detached and quite unaware of ever having seen me before, much less having spoken to me.

"Master would like some most excellent suits—yes? Finest tailoring. Would master like to see samples of cloth?"

"No, thank you."

I was interested in a beautifully carved chest of camphor wood and was negotiating about the price when I saw the

little tailor partly hidden behind the ship's galley and beckoning to me. He was so insistent that finally I drifted away from the chest owner—who immediately began to drop his price—and went to where the tailor was waiting.

"Master can buy chest on shore much cheaper; I will show master where in the morning. And tonight—now—immediately!—I will show master finest Chinese silks. Master would like suits from Chinese silks—yes?"

"But you couldn't make a suit before we sail. We sail at six o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"But yes, master. I can make many suits by six o'clock tomorrow. More suits master orders—more tailors I wake up."

The captain of the ship vouched for the man's work and I knew the silk he was offering, so I ordered a dozen suits, giving him one of my own as a model and promising to come in the morning for a fitting.

Next morning when I went into his shop, the room was full of sleepy tailors busily sewing coats and trousers for me.

After the fitting, the owner of the shop said: "What about white dinner jackets, master? Mess jackets? Extra trousers of duck or gabardine?"

At ten o'clock in the morning I ordered two white dinner jackets, two mess jackets, and eight pairs of white trousers. The price was so reasonable that I was laying in a supply of summer clothes for years ahead.

At five o'clock that afternoon the little tailor climbed on board with my twelve suits, my dinner jackets, mess jackets, extra trousers.

They were beautifully made and fitted perfectly.

THE FLUTE OF ZANZIBAR

At one time a great part of Africa was ruled from the island of Zanzibar. There is an old saying: "When you play on the flute of Zanzibar, all Africa, as far as the lakes, dances."

The time of greatest power for the island was during the latter part of the nineteenth century when Zanzibar was the capital of an unofficial, but nevertheless actual, Arabic empire that stretched out over a large part of Central Africa. Vast in extent and absolute in power, this empire was inspired originally by ivory.

The world has always wanted ivory and when the Arabs of the nineteenth century heard of millions of tusks scattered over the central part of Africa, they went inland to find them. They found chairs and bedsteads made of ivory; they found ivory fences guarding the graves of chiefs. They saw great tusks stacked carelessly on the edge of villages and dumped in piles with other refuse. The natives had never been particularly interested in ivory; they had killed the elephant chiefly for meat.

The Arabs traded beads and trinkets for tusks. And since pack animals could not be used in Central Africa because of the tsetse fly that destroys horses and donkeys and mules, the Arabs hired natives to work as porters. Once these men arrived at the coast, their wily employers saw a new source of income from the black ivory that had walked into a trap. The Arabs therefore seized the porters and sold them as slaves.

Seeking now both ivory and slaves, the Arabs returned inland and bargained with the chiefs, joining with the strong tribes to enslave the weaker ones, until finally even the strong tribes were isolated and could not resist. Once all the

natives were conquered, the Arabs laid a levy on the country and ordered death to any chief who did not meet their demands.

Give us tons and tons of ivory and still more ivory, the Arabs demanded.

When it was delivered, they retained the carriers as slaves and sent messengers back to the chiefs, demanding still more ivory.

Soon the ivory that had accumulated through the years was exhausted. New ivory had to be found. So began a slaughter of elephants such as can not even be imagined.

There was a time, centuries ago, when elephants in innumerable herds wandered over Africa from the Cape to the Mediterranean. But long before the Arabs conquered and terrorized Central Africa, the herds had been driven back from the north and the south into the center of the continent. Hemmed in there, the elephants were slaughtered by natives who were goaded by their terror of the Arabs.

Hundreds of thousands of elephants were shot with poisoned arrows or with guns supplied by the Arabs.

Thousands of elephants were stabbed to death by hand spears, the natives encircling a sleeping beast and at a signal hurling their spears into his body until he resembled a horrible pincushion.

Elephants were killed by heavy spears fixed above the paths the elephants themselves had made through the jungle. As one of the great beasts walked along, his foot touched the trigger-vine and the spear was released to plunge into his neck.

They were killed by enormous knives set across the path like a guillotine. When released, the knife severed the elephant's spine.

They were trapped in deep pits and in shallow pits where sharpened stakes impaled their feet.

An African elephant can not run on three legs: he needs all four. Break one of his legs, or hamstring him, and he can hardly move.

With the Arabs demanding more and more ivory, the natives were forced to invent new ways of getting it.

They devised a way of killing the elephant in the middle of the day when he enjoys drowsing under a tree. A native would slip up behind him and strike his leg with an ax as if he were chopping a tree: the tendons would be severed and the elephant could only stand and await the spears that would kill him.

A variation of this form of killing was forced on men of the poorer tribes who had no axes. A man would grip a knife handle between his teeth, then creep up behind a sleeping elephant and suddenly spring upon a back leg. While clinging on for his own life, the man would jerk his head from side to side, sawing into the leg until the tendons were cut and the elephant was made helpless.

Whenever a native found an elephant lying down, sleeping with his trunk extended, the native would creep forward and chop off the trunk with an ax, then wait for the elephant to bleed to death.

If a herd could be found in the midst of dry grass, a fire was lighted and the whole herd burned, even though each beast would tear up the grass and lay it upon his back and pump water from his stomach, trying to make a blanket of wet grass that would protect him from the flames. Usually they suffocated from the smoke before the flames reached them.



Before the Arabs came, the natives killed the elephant for food. After the coming of the Arab, the natives killed the elephant in order to escape death themselves.

Somehow the whole wretched story of the killing by the natives is not so nauseating as the record made by white hunters who, with high-powered rifles, stood off at a safe distance and slaughtered elephants by countless thousands, selling the ivory and enjoying the sport.

Elephant hunting has always been sport to some men; killing the grotesque and fascinating beasts has given them, in some inexplicable way, pleasure. One of these gentlemen in writing of "the noble pursuit of elephant hunting" told of riding his horse after an elephant until he was within range, then

halting my horse, I fired at the elephant's shoulder, and secured him with a single shot. The ball caught him high on the shoulder blade, rendering him instantly dead lame. The dogs now came up and barked around him.

Limping to a neighboring tree, he remained stationary, eying his pursuers with a resigned and philosophic air.

I resolved to devote a short time to the contemplation of this noble elephant before I should lay him low; accordingly, having offsaddled the horses beneath a shady tree which was to be my quarters for the night and ensuing day, I quickly kindled a fire and put on the kettle, and in a few minutes my coffee was prepared. There I sat in my forest home, coolly sipping my coffee, with one of the finest elephants in Africa awaiting my pleasure beside a neighboring tree.

Having admired the elephant for a considerable time, I resolved to make experiments for vulnerable points, and, approaching very near I fired several bullets at different parts of the enormous skull.

These did not seem to effect him in the slightest; he only acknowledged the shots by a "salaam-like" movement of his trunk, with the point of which he gently touched the wound with a striking and peculiar gesture.

Surprised and shocked to find that I was only tormenting and prolonging the suffering of the noble beast, which bore the trials with dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceedings with all possible despatch.

Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame quivered and convulsively falling on his side, he expired.

A friend of mine was visiting me the other evening and I read him this quotation from the memoirs of the great elephant hunter, the great experimenter in animal suffering.

My friend is very, very profane. He proved it magnificently, making such comments that a wise publisher suggested they be withheld.



When slave trading in Zanzibar was at its height, the island was the headquarters for the most ruthless gang of murderers the world has ever known. One of them, the notorious Tippoo Tib, was credited with himself alone having been responsible for the death of more than one hundred thousand black men as he raided and killed in his search for slaves.

In a booklet issued by the Zanzibar Government and called *Zanzibar: The Spice Island of the Indian Ocean*, the following blunt description of the slave trade is included:

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Zanzibar achieved an unenviable notoriety as one of the chief centers of the African slave trade and it was not until 1897 that slavery ceased to be recognized. Arabs and Portuguese, using Zanzibar or mainland ports as their headquarters, organized slave-raiding expeditions into the interior of Africa, excited the cupidity of native chiefs with a display of muskets, beads, and cotton cloth to be used in bartering for slaves, or encouraged tribal wars in which they took part for the purpose of laying claim to captives.

Hundreds of thousands of Africans passed in this way through Zanzibar in huge caravans, the men yoked together. The slave trails were literally marked by human skeletons for hundreds of miles. Unbelievable cruelties were practised. The sick were left to die by the wayside or had their brains dashed out. The sur-

vivors were landed in Zanzibar from open boats in the last stages of starvation. If they recovered, they were sold in the Zanzibar slave market after gaining flesh and strength in the dealer's house. Then they were shipped in dhows, battened down in the holds, and taken to Muscat and the Persian Gulf.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Arab slavers of Zanzibar brought out of the continent thirty thousand slaves each year. That number annually reached Zanzibar. One hundred thousand others died, or were killed, on the journey from their native villages to the island.

In the long journey from the interior to the coast, each man and woman marched with an iron collar about his neck and with a chain running to the slave in front and the slave behind. Whenever anyone became so weak he could walk no further, the Arabs didn't trouble to unlock the collar; they simply slashed off the man's head and thus released the chain so that the line could continue on its way.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, Henry Drummond wrote that Zanzibar was "a cesspool of wickedness, oriental in appearance, Mohammedan in its religion, Arabic in its morals."

Today all that that has changed. Zanzibar is now a quiet, well-behaved community.

The island has been cleaned up until Zanzibar City, the capital, is like some immaculate little town on the Riviera.

Furthermore, slavery has been at least officially ended in Zanzibar. And a gesture of appeasement has been made by the people of the island. They have built a cathedral on the site of the last open slave market in the world. The altar was erected exactly over the spot where the dread whipping-post once stood. The crucifix above the pulpit is made from the tree beneath which the heart of Livingstone, the great opponent of slavery, was buried.



Zanzibar has always been one of my dream islands, one of those places each of us secretly treasures and vows that some day he will visit. But Zanzibar has always seemed impossibly far away, much farther than any town just across the channel on the African mainland. While I've always wanted to go to Zanzibar I've never quite believed I actually could. Possibly I was influenced by the eighteenth-century doggerel:

Oh, the island of Zanzibar—
It lies beyond the Capricorn,
Beyond the land where the monkeys are born;
If I traveled by night and day
And a hundred people showed me the way,
If I sailed before a blustery wind
I don't believe I ever could find
The island of Zanzibar.

But I did go to Zanzibar. All night we lay in the roadstead off Zanzibar City, the capital, and by far the largest city on the island. In the early part of the evening I suggested that we go ashore, but the captain insisted that I would be disappointed if I first saw the island at night.

"Because at night there's nothing to see," he said. "Everything is closed and everyone has gone to bed."

I walked the deck and looked at the lights of the island and knew that at last I actually had come to Zanzibar, that I had traveled beyond the Capricorn, beyond the land where the monkeys are born.

Next morning early I went ashore in a dinghy. After registering my camera with the customs officials and having my passport examined, I stepped out onto a paved street where taxis waited. I took one of them and rode into the main part of the town.

There is probably as great a blending of bloods on Zanzibar as any place on earth. Known to Assyrians, Phoenicians,

Egyptians, Chinese, Malays, Hindus, Arabs, Persians, Europeans, and black men from the mainland, the island has been a mixing pot for the passions of all of them. The color and the features of the faces on the streets show that each has contributed his part.

While an ethnologist would quickly become dizzy in Zanzibar and give up trying to classify men and women according to races, a layman unhampered by exact scientific interests can thoroughly enjoy wandering about the streets of Zanzibar City.

In the first place there are the streets themselves: some of them are so narrow that not even a cart can pass through. All of them abruptly and endlessly twist and turn.

Then there are the people on the streets. Though Zanzibar is so near Africa, it is hardly African at all; Zanzibar is essentially Arabic. It has an Arabic sultan. It is Arabic in its architecture and in its customs.

On the streets of Zanzibar City one sees hundreds of Arabs, many of them picturesque, particularly the Omami sheiks. These handsome men wear long, dark blue coats embroidered with silver and gold. Their heads are wrapped in turbans of many-colored silk. The handles of their marvelously embossed daggers are prominent, and convenient, at their waists.

Moving in the same traffic as the Arabs, but usually at a slight—a sufficiently respectful—distance are the Swahilis. They are the black men from the continent. In contrast to the Arabs they dress simply in the *kanzu*, which is like a white nightgown tied at the neck and extending in a straight line to the bare ankles. These men usually are barefooted; their only adornment is a round white cap, beautifully embroidered.

The Hindu of Zanzibar wears a simple velvet cap, a long coat, and trousers that fit his skinny legs like jodhpurs. Or

he goes to the other extreme and wears no trousers at all, only a loincloth which he tucks in at the waist.

The bearded Mohammedans wear white robes drawn in at the waist by brightly-colored belts. Their turbans are of gold.

Occasionally I would leave the streets and go into one of the larger shops. Strangely enough I could find almost nothing in them that had been made in Zanzibar.

I had heard that Zanzibar was an island where native craftsmen carve and weave and embroider, where they work with silver and ivory and copper and brass. But in the shops I found only the old familiar ivory and ebony elephants, cigarette holders, ashtrays—all the worthless stuff that Japan pours into curio shops the world over. True, there were also silks and laces from China. Precious stones from India. Brassware from Arabia. But nothing from Zanzibar.

As the "most reliable and reputable firm" in Zanzibar openly advertises: "Silk, ivory, and curio merchants. Everything most fashionable and up-to-date. Indian. Chinese. Japanese. African. Turkish and Arabian curiosities in different varieties."

I asked a European who has lived for a long time in Zanzibar why I found nothing distinctive in the shops, nothing peculiar to Zanzibar.

"Who would make it?" he asked. "The Indian merchants get their goods from the Far East. The few Arab merchants get theirs from the Near East. You must realize that Zanzibar has no distinctive culture of its own, unless one can call its blending of cultures distinctive."



I had been in Zanzibar City only a few hours when I felt the unmistakable influence of the East. I realized that hidden away beneath the surface life of the island is the com-



STREET IN ZANZIBAR

STREET END IN ZANZIBAR





ARABIAN DHOW OFF THE COAST OF ZANZIBAR

AMERICAN LINER—*West Cawthon*—OFF THE COAST OF ZANZIBAR



pletely secret life of the Near and the Far East, of Arabia and India. Everywhere I saw the bland and impassive face of the Orient. I realized that if I were to live in Zanzibar for years I still would never know the ways of these men whose skins and features are different from mine. Their thinking and their worship would forever remain as great riddles to me as my thinking and worship are incomprehensible to them.

With the native people of Zanzibar I felt none of the quick and genuine friendliness I had so often found with the natives on the mainland. In Zanzibar the natives, both the Arabs and the Indians, smiled repeatedly. Never once did one of them grin.



The captain of the *West Cawthon* and I lunched at the Zanzibar Club as guests of an American clove buyer who has lived for years on the island.

After lunch we talked about Zanzibar until the heat and the glare outside had somewhat lessened. Then we drove out, over fine macadam roads, to the clove plantations and the drying pits.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was low and no longer dangerous, we went far down toward the end of the island and undressed behind huge rocks; we dived from the rocks into the sea.

I swam out some distance, then turned and looked back at the palm trees and the beach. And I remembered reading of how slaves in Zanzibar, when sick with smallpox and leprosy, were thrown out on the beach to die. Their bodies were left until the waves lifted them and beat them to pulp against the huge rocks from which I had just dived.



A person who has been traveling for a long time on the mainland enjoys two real luxuries in Zanzibar.

The drinking water of the island is excellent and can be taken without fear of typhoid or dysentery. No one can really describe the delicious taste of fresh water after he has long been without it, after he has been living off bottled soda water and beer. I drank glass after glass of the fine Zanzibar water.

Then, too, the island, unlike the mainland, is particularly blessed with fruits: oranges, papaws, grapefruit, limes, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, mangosteens, durians, and, of course, the cocoanut—it was good to drink the delicious milk from the nut after we had finished our swim.



Driving back from the beach I noticed a rather unusual sight in front of many of the country houses, the homes of small farmers and laborers on the clove plantations.

The Arab's plumbing is different from the plumbing in the ordinary American home. It is either no plumbing at all, or a flat marble slab which has an aperture in the center and two small, slightly raised, platforms for the feet; that is all.

As we drove along in Zanzibar, I noticed any number of these slabs; almost every house had one out in front.

I was told that the government health officers, knowing that most of the islanders have no conveniences of any kind, had tried to combat the very prevalent hookworm by giving the slabs to the Arabs.

There was no charge whatever.

But the shrewd Arab couldn't understand anyone giving anything; he thought it was a trick of some kind.

"We will no sooner use them," the Arabs said, "than the government will lay a tax on them."

The slabs, therefore, were not used. And to prove that no tax should be levied, each family placed its slab in front of its home, like a marble decoration for the lawn.

What was it Dr. Johnson said about Pope's grotto? Something about creating ornaments of beauty where only objects of utility had been intended.



One of the small towns on the island is named Bububu.

How delightful it would be to receive mail addressed to Bububu, Zanzibar.

The name was given because of a fountain in the center of the town, and the bubbling, *bububu* sound that the fountain makes.



On the night that we sailed from Zanzibar, the full moon was up and we lifted anchor late; but my friend, the little tailor, had come to say good-by.

He had brought a gift: "So that master will not forget me," he said.

It was a smoking stand, made from the shell of a terrapin.

FROM ZANZIBAR TO NAIROBI

The sea was like a silver plateau and the moon was lazy in its full fatness, as if it didn't want to climb on into the sky; it seemed content to loaf just over the top of the palm trees. We were returning to the mainland, steering from the island of Zanzibar toward the town of Tanga. The engines were at slow speed: the northerly current was drifting us up the coast.

I was on the bridge smoking a pipe with the captain. In a cabin on the port side a missionary and his wife were at family prayers with their three children; we could hear them singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Sprawled out on the forward hatch were the sailors. One of them had a mandolin. They sang "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" and "Chinatown" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A'winding."

For months I had been living and traveling with Englishmen. It was good to hear these American sailors talk. "Git the hell over, and gimme some room." "It was in Seattle—" "And den dis guy DiMaggio comes up and busts one clean over de rightfield wall, he does." It was good to hear them talk.

From time to time the captain would go into his chart-room and take a bearing by some light or mark on shore. Occasionally he would give an order to the man at the wheel.

"We need to bear out a little here," the captain said, as he showed me the chart. "We must miss this shallow water."

Then he went back to our chairs and our smoking. Occasionally we talked of where we had been, and planned to go; but mostly we talked of home. There was pleasure in saying and hearing the names of places at home: Boston,

New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston.

"Isn't it funny," I said, "how people never think what it means to live in Charleston, or Mobile, or New Orleans, or Galveston."

"Or anywhere else in the United States," the captain said.

"That's right."

Abide with me;
Fast falls the eventide;

In life, in death, O Lord,
With me abide.

"An den dis goil says to me: 'Hiya, babe, where we goin'?'"

The moon in the sky had decided to get on with its job and go up where it belonged. And the moon in the sea had moved a little nearer the ship. The captain came back from the chartroom.

I love you truly, truly, dear,
Life with its sorrows,
Life with—

"Aw, nuts to dat. Dat's too sobby. Sing something else."

"Bless Aunt Mary, and bless Uncle Rob. Bless all of us; and when the time comes, O Lord, take us home to thee. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen."

Th captain looked over toward the dark shadow beyond the silver; he looked over toward the mainland and said:

"My wife's going to have a baby in June."

"You're lucky."

"That's right. I am lucky. Only I'll be out here again on my next trip. I'll be in Durban when it happens."

The first mate came up to say that one of the mess stewards was having fever. The captain went to the medicine chest in his cabin and got the quinine.

Then he came back and sat down. We smoked and talked until almost daybreak. Most of the time we talked of home.



Next morning we anchored off Tanga. A boatman came alongside and I hailed him.

"Why are you going ashore at Tanga?" the missionary asked. "There's nothing to see."

But I knew better. I had read *The Traveler's Guide to Tanga*, written and published by the Central Publicity Committee. This guidebook had assured me that if I visited Tanga and walked through King Street I would see a great variety of different races:

Tall slim Somalis with their gaudy shawls, most of whom are engaged in the cattle trade from the interior; Arabs with silver daggers thrust through their belts, many of them being mariners who had sailed down the Persian Gulf. Europeans of half a dozen nationalities, Indians and Goanese merchants, shopkeepers or clerks and natives of every color and tribe.

A thickly populated native quarter is divided from the remainder of the town by the railway line. Streets of brown huts with their mud walls nestle among graceful palms and massive dark green mango trees. Fat black children run about shouting; women in gay colored cloth and red-fezzed men in long white *kanzus* stroll about gossiping.

A California Chamber of Commerce could have done no better. That poetic description lured me ashore, despite the ghastly heat and despite the fact that I should have known better than to believe anything published as an obvious snare for tourists.

As a matter of fact all I saw moving about King Street in Tanga were a priest, a Chevrolet truck of an ancient vintage, a small boy chasing a squawking chicken, and a very black traffic policeman in splendid uniform, wearing large

white gloves and carrying a baton, having everything, in fact, that a traffic officer needs except traffic.

In the afternoon I drove out in a taxi to see a sisal plantation.

Sisal, like cactus, grows in low clusters of spines, each spine like a sword blade. These spines are cut and beaten until the fibers are separated. Then the fibers are dried and made into rope.

About one-third of the sisal of the world is grown in Tanganyika.



We sailed from Tanga at sunset, and early the next morning tied up at our pier in Mombasa. I was wakened by the clang of giant cranes.

For a mile along the waterfront in Mombasa are great warehouses. Into them are unloaded cargoes from all over the world: electric churns, steam shovels, rifles, sewing machines, cheap tin trays.

In these same warehouses, waiting for ships, are the goods that East Africa sends out in exchange: beeswax, cotton lint, groundnuts and coffee, copra, sesame, hides, rice, millet, and maize.

At the waterfront one takes a taxi or a rickshaw and rides into the heart of the city.

On the main streets of Mombasa are fine modern shops like American department stores. In them one can buy a startling variety of goods—a calico dress made in Manchester or the skin of a zebra shot in Uganda.

Behind the main streets of the town are the native quarters. There at the entrances of tiny shops, hardly more than stalls, Indian traders crouch and wait patiently for the occasional customer who buys fruit or fish, betel nuts, bracelets, sandals, and cotton cloth.

Mombasa is the chief African port of entry for ships from

Arabia, Persia, India, China, Japan. It is the chief shipping point for goods brought out of East Africa and parts of Central Africa.

On the streets of Mombasa are yellow men and brown men from the Orient, black men from the interior, white men from Europe, all hurrying to buy, sell, and ship out to all parts of the world.



I left Mombasa one afternoon for the interior, and I was not sorry to leave the coast. The East Coast of Africa is so orderly. So well behaved. So correctly British. The coastal towns are all British. And all so proper. The playing fields of Eton on the edge of the African bush.

I wanted to get away from the East Coast and go back into the interior again, where anything might happen, where the telegraph lines are not like those of London, but twenty feet high in order that the giraffes can pass under.

Since I first landed in Africa I had been traveling always toward the north, wandering about the continent from one place of interest to another, but always heading north. I had traveled through South Africa, through the Rhodesias to the Congo, and on to the East Coast.

From Dar-es-Salaam and Zanzibar I had continued north up the coast until I came to Mombasa. There I was turning back into the continent again, traveling this time northwest from Mombasa toward Nairobi and the interior.

On the trip from Mombasa I traveled over one of the most famous railroads in the world.



In 1898 the British were building a railroad from Mombasa, on the coast, to Kampala in Uganda. The rails were

laid for one hundred and thirty miles from Mombasa to a town called Tsavo, when suddenly the work ceased.

Two lions had stopped the building of the railroad.

For nine months those lions raided the camps of the workmen. During the nine months the two beasts killed and ate one hundred and thirty-five men.

The Indian and African workmen lived in tents surrounded by *bomas*, walls of closely-woven thorn bush, a protection that is always used in those parts of Africa where lions are common. Ordinarily the lions are turned back by the thick, high walls of thorns; but "the man-eaters of Tsavo" had killed and eaten men, and once a lion has tasted human flesh no other food will satisfy him. Repeatedly the lions of Tsavo leaped the walls or tore through them. Night after night, they raided the camps and took their victims.

Finally all work on the railroad was suspended and the British prime minister of the day, the Marquis of Salisbury, admitted in Parliament that "the whole of the works were put to a stop because a pair of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for our workmen. At last the laborers entirely declined to carry on unless they were guarded by iron intrenchments. Of course it is difficult to work a railway under these conditions."

The man in charge of building the railroad was Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, who eventually realized that so long as the lions were alive, work on the railroad could not continue. Colonel Patterson therefore turned from building a railroad to hunting a pair of lions.

For nine months they avoided him, appearing always where they were never expected, invariably killing a man at some camp far from where the hunter watched for them.

The story of these lions and the story of the hunt for them is told by Colonel Patterson in his book *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, a book which Theodore Roosevelt called "by far

the most remarkable account of lions of which we have any record." Selous, the most famous of all African hunters, declared that "no lion story that I ever heard or read equals in its long sustained dramatic interest the story of the man-eaters of Tsavo."

In his book Colonel Patterson tells of being wakened one morning shortly after he arrived at Tsavo:

I was aroused at dawn by a man who came rushing into my tent to tell me that one of my *jemadars*—a fine, powerful Sikh named Ungan Singh—had been seized during the night and carried off by a huge lion.

I immediately caught up my rifle and ran to the spot to find out if the man's story was correct, but the moment I reached the workers' camp I found ample evidence that the gruesome tale was all too true. The lion's "pug" marks were plainly visible in the sand, while the furrows made by the heels of the unfortunate victim showed the direction in which he had been dragged away. Moreover one of the workmen had actually witnessed the whole occurrence which he quaintly and graphically described.

"Sahib," he said, "I was awake and lying next to the *jemadar*, who was asleep, when a big lion put his head in at the open door. My heart turned to water when I saw him so near me, and I could not move. He first looked at me and then at Ungan Singh, and through the kindness of God he took the *jemadar* by the throat instead of your slave. The unfortunate one cried out '*Choro!*' (Let go!), and threw his arm up around the lion's neck, but the great beast dragged him from his bed and carried him off while I lay paralyzed with fear, listening to the terrible struggle which went on outside the tent door. The *jemadar* fought hard, but what chance had he? Was he not fighting with a lion?"

After hearing this vivid account of the tragedy, I at once set out to track the brute and in a short time came up to the spot where he had devoured the unfortunate *jemadar*. Here a dreadful spectacle presented itself. The ground all about was covered with blood, morsels of flesh, and the larger bones, but the head was left intact, save for a couple of holes made by the lion's tusks. It was the most gruesome sight I have ever seen.

It was evident from the marks all around that two lions had

been there and had probably fought for possession of the body. I collected the remains as well as possible and buried them under a heap of stones—the horrified, staring eyes of the severed head seeming to watch me all the time, for I did not bury it, but took it back to camp for identification before the medical officer.

Before returning, I tracked the lions for a considerable distance further along the river, but finally lost all trace of them on some hard rocky ground. This was my first experience of the man-eaters and I vowed then and there that I would spare no pains to rid the neighborhood of the brutes. I little knew the trouble that was in store for me, or how narrow were to be my own escapes from sharing poor Ungan Singh's fate.

The story of how Colonel Patterson hunted the two man-eaters and eventually killed them is fully told in his book, *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*; it is one of the most exciting stories ever told by a hunter.

I found the book doubly exciting because I read it while traveling over the actual railroad that the lions made so difficult to build. I read it on the train as I traveled inland from Mombasa to Tsavo, through the country where the lions had killed so many men.



Today as one makes the famous journey he is not at all threatened by man-eaters. He whirls along on a modern train over tracks where once the lions terrified the builders, but where today there is only peace and quiet.

One looks out of the window and sees cocoanut palms, mangoes, banana trees. One sees the natives standing at the doors of their huts watching the train go by, just as natives in Texas, Nebraska, and all parts of the world come out for the big event of the day, the passing of the train.

At each stop, natives and Indians walk beside the coaches offering fruit and sandwiches, curried chicken and rice.

On the afternoon and night I traveled from Mombasa to

Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, nothing unusual happened. No man-eaters sprang from the bush. Nothing exciting occurred.

Why, we weren't even charged by a rhinoceros, as happened once. The rhino saw the train and was annoyed. He charged and came out second best, killing himself and only slightly derailing the train.

After a good dinner and a night's sleep, I woke in my compartment next morning and looked out.

Herds of wildebeest, antelope, and gazelle fed peacefully over the plains beside the railway tracks. Here and there an ostrich suddenly thrust up his periscope and had a good look. Then, satisfied, he lowered his long neck and began pecking at the ground once more.

At eight o'clock in the morning we arrived at Nairobi.

LION HUNT

A lion hunt!

And I was to be the hunter. I was to be one of those daring men about whom I had read so often—A Big Game Hunter. I was to risk my life in the death fight with a lion.

Since I was a youngster I have hunted in Alabama. Many times I have seen my dog whirl in his tracks and freeze, his head and tail high, his body a sudden statue. I have often heard the hounds trail a buck deep in the swamp. Repeatedly the wild gobbler has spread his golden tail and boomed his strut, when my cedar box sounded the soft love call of the hen.

But that was only timid hunting back in Alabama. In Africa I was to go on a lion hunt!

A lion hunt!

I was to seek out the King of Beasts!

Before I left Nairobi to go back into the bush after lions, I read numerous books about them. I reread *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, particularly that passage about Colonel Patterson tracking the lion to where the great beast breakfasted off the poor *jemadar*; I reread how Colonel Patterson collected the fragmentary remains "as well as possible."

I thought of the *jemadar* as I packed my kit; I thought of how the lion ate him all up—except the head with "the eyes retaining their horrified, staring expression." I remembered that only two lions had stopped the building of a railroad! What chance had I in a country where there are hundreds of lions? Then, too, I knew that once a lion has tasted man meat, he wants no other. Suppose there were man-eaters in the country where I was going. Suppose that they, having dined mostly off black men, were to get my scent and find it pleasing—like a man smelling lamb chops, after having

lived for weeks off beef. There was not much sleeping on the night before I went on safari.

Safari! What romance clung about the word. What excitement. How many Big Game Hunters had used it.

Safari!

I needed only to say the word and already I could see the king of the jungle creeping toward me. Would I be able to shoot before he sprang in a tawny arch upon me? And even if I shot, could I hold my gun steady?

Well, other men had missed; other men had not shot straight. I had heard about them. Old hunters in Africa had told me about Jim Wallace who missed a charging lion—"and that lion came on and just patted Jim one little pat, and broke his neck clean." I had heard of Fred Pickens who was mauled by a lion, and came out of it with the stump of only one arm. I had heard of Jack Caldwell whose leg was scraped clean by a slap from a lion's paw. The old men of Africa frequently tell of those who have been killed, and those who have been mutilated, by the king of beasts.

And I was to hunt these fierce animals.

Big Game Hunter!

Safari!



I was to hunt with Mr. Donald Ker, a professional hunter of Nairobi. Mr. Ker is licensed by the government of East Africa, and is one of the best known and most successful of the professional hunters. Everyone told me I was fortunate to go with him.

We traveled out of Nairobi in a specially equipped "safari-car," an automobile truck built with compartments to carry all tents, guns, food, and other requisites, and built, too, so that it can be driven through the bush and across the open country.

After a morning's ride over a macadam highway, we

turned off, early in the afternoon, onto the plains. By night we were in the lion country.

We pitched camp beside a river. While Juma cooked dinner and set the table, Saidi, who was nicknamed Thomas, put up the tents and made our beds, carefully arranging the mosquito nets and tucking in the sheets and blankets all around. Then he went away to heat the water, so that we could have delightfully hot baths.

Safari!



As we had driven through the lion country during the afternoon, we had seen hundreds of wildebeest, hartebeest, zebra, impala, and numerous other kinds of animals.

"It's a good sign," Ker said. "Lions follow the game. Wherever you see a lot of game, you'll probably find lions."

That night lions were roaring all about us. The quavering, demoniacal cry of the hyena sounded in the bush. Ker told me that the hyenas always follow the lions.

"Hyenas are such cowards that they seldom kill for themselves," Ker said. "They follow the lions and when a lion kills, they gather round and nag him."

"A few of the hyenas creep up to the body of the buck or zebra, or whatever the lion has killed, and try to snatch a bite. The lion chases them away. While he is chasing them, other hyenas hurry out and eat as much as they can gobble."

"When the lion returns, he charges the newcomers and runs them away. But now the first hyenas hurry back and eat."

"This nagging continues until finally the poor lion gives up in disgust and leaves his kill."

"Incidentally," Ker said, "the hyena has the strongest jaws of all the animals. He needs the strength for the cracking of bones."

The cracking of bones! Off in the bush the lions were thundering and the hyenas were on the prowl. The cracking of bones! I moved nearer the campfire and ran my hand down my leg, then slid my hand back to feel my thigh bones; they were strong and sturdy; they had given me good service.

I heard the hyenas laughing. And I remembered how people often laugh merrily before a big feast.



In the morning we saw to our guns and equipment. Then we had a hot lunch and, after the silver and dishes had been cleared from the table, we sat for a time drinking our chilled beer and chatting. About two o'clock we retired for our afternoon nap.

When we woke, the boys brought us fresh water and towels. After a good wash, we got into the automobile and went out on the first part of our lion hunt.

We cruised along over the plain, stopping occasionally to look at some particularly fine view, or at a herd of animals grazing. From time to time we would peer through our glasses and see buffalo and rhinoceros feeding.

For a while we watched a mother giraffe nuzzle her calf and frolic with it. Once a cheetah sprang up from the grass and loped away, its long tail curved high. Baboons scurried from in front of us, the babies clinging to the backs of their mothers. Waterbuck raced away, then turned and looked. Hartebeest peered stupidly at us, then whirled their cream-colored rumps and galloped deeper into the bush.

Finally Ker stopped the automobile. "Well, Thomas," he said to the gunbearer, "we might as well get started. Give me my rifle."

Thomas selected a rifle from the rack and passed it up to

the front seat. Ker loaded it, then stepped from the automobile.

"Do you mind driving on for a bit?" he said. "The law requires that a man be at least two hundred yards from his automobile before he shoots—and I want one of those zebra over there."

I drove on. "Thomas," I said, "why must he be two hundred yards from the automobile?"

"Not sporting to shoot from automobile," Thomas explained. "Not brave."

I looked back to where Ker, half crouched, was moving through the grass toward the zebra that were feeding some three hundred yards from him. Then I saw him kneel and shoot. I heard the explosion of the cartridge; then seconds later, so it seemed, I heard the thud of the bullet as it struck and killed. I drove over toward Ker and we came upon the body of a zebra he had shot through the heart.

"It's a horse zebra," I said.

"Yes, we never shoot the mares."

"But at three hundred yards, how can you tell?"

"The horse is more strongly marked than the mare," he said. "The stripes are blacker."

He went on to say that in Africa there are at least five different kinds of zebra, different in size and distinctly different in marking.

"So many persons believe that the zebra is a stupid little fool and can't be broken to harness. That's a mistake," Ker said. "Though it is true that the zebra is no good as a work animal; he has no stamina, he can't bear up.

"And that's bad luck because he's immune from *nagana*, the sleeping sickness that kills horses and mules and all domestic animals. In parts of Africa you can't have horses and mules because the tsetse fly bites them and they die, but the fly doesn't harm the zebra and he'd be invaluable if

he were strong enough to plow or pull a wagon; unfortunately, he's a weakling and isn't worth training. Some men tried crossing male zebras with female donkeys and burros, but they found that even the half-breed colt wasn't strong enough to do hard work."

Thomas had taken out his hunting knife and was opening the zebra down the middle so that his entrails would spill out and the body would give off a stronger scent. When this gaseous, bubbly job was over, Thomas tied the end of a rope around the zebra's head, then tied the other end to the rear bumper of the automobile.

Then we all got back into the car and went for a ride, driving over the plains and seeing the beauty of the countryside. It was a lovely, sunshiny afternoon. Sometimes when we turned sharply to the right or left, I would see the body of the zebra with the rope tight about his throat and his head bent back. His coat glistened brightly in the sun as he was dragged along behind us.

Finally we came to an open place with a large tree in the center. They decided it was a suitable spot.

They tied the rope to a limb of the tree, and, by the use of a pulley, they swung the zebra clear of the ground and left him dangling.

"When the lions come out to hunt tonight, they'll pick up the trail and follow it," Ker explained. "So will the hyenas. But neither of them will be able to eat up much higher than the zebra's rump. Before daybreak the hyenas will leave, but the lions will probably stay, hoping to get the remainder of the meat."

As Ker was talking, he and Thomas were building a blind about one hundred yards from the tree.

"We'll use this blind in the morning," Ker said. "You'll shoot from here, from this rest. Try your rifle on it. Is it comfortable?"

We drove away into the face of one of the most glorious

sunsets that ever humbled a man, and taught him his true stature, and left him wondering and asking feeble questions.



After a shave and a hot bath and a topping dinner, we sat and smoked a while. Then we crawled in between clean, crisp sheets and slept.

Next morning before daybreak, Thomas waked us. "Your tea, sir," he said, as he parted the mosquito net and handed me my tea, steaming hot. "Two lumps of sugar, sir?"

We enjoyed a jolly breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee, then got into the automobile and drove over the plain toward where we had hung our bait. At a distance we stopped and looked through our glasses. The legs of the zebra were only gaunt bones as far as his rump; the meat had been eaten away.

We drove on until we were about a quarter of a mile from the blind.

"We might as well get out here," Ker said, as he parked the car behind a clump of bushes. "We can walk the rest of the way; it's just over the ridge."

As we walked toward the blind, Thomas carrying the guns, Ker said: "Be sure and make your first shot good. If you only wound the lion, he'll run for cover. Then we must follow him."

The professional hunters of East Africa are organized and have agreed to certain rules. One of these rules is that no wounded animal is allowed to escape. In order to end the suffering, the hunter must track and kill the animal regardless of the time and effort required, or the danger to which the hunter is exposed.

One afternoon I saw this rule put into effect: I saw Ker and Thomas track a wounded animal which Ker had shot but, contrary to his almost invariable practice, had not hit

in the heart or neck. Before he could shoot a second time, the wounded kongoni whirled and galloped off into the bush. I went with Ker and Thomas as they followed the trail. They actually trotted along beside the spoor which I was able to detect only occasionally, and then only when there was a distinct hoofmark or a splash of blood. Two or three times Thomas pointed at something I couldn't see. Each time Ker nodded, but neither of them spoke as they followed the wounded animal.

When we came upon the kongoni she was down and I thought she was dead. Ker went to her and stuck his finger in her eyes. She blinked, thus showing that she was not dead. So he shot her again, holding the muzzle of his rifle only an inch from the center of her skull.

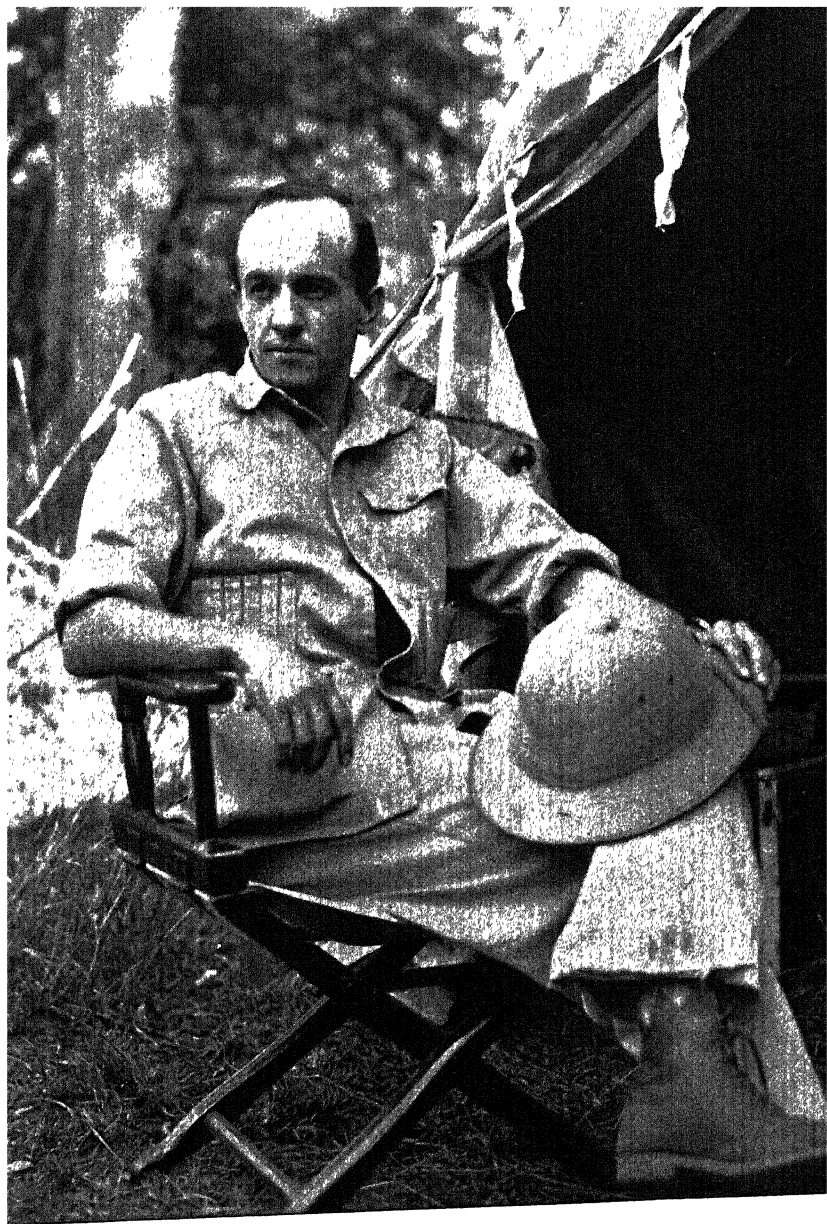
"This is bad luck," Ker said, as he leaned over and took one of the teats of her black udder and squeezed a stream of milk from it. "She has a calf somewhere. I hope he's old enough to care for himself."

The kongoni—also called hartebeest—is a stupid looking animal somewhat larger than the American white-tail deer. Both the doe and the buck kongoni have curved spike horns and at a distance there is no way to distinguish between them; that is why Ker shot the doe, which he intended to use for lion bait.

"No white man eats kongoni meat," Ker told me. "It's not so bad, of course, as the meat of the waterbuck which is black and impossibly tough; but it's tough enough and, too, it's smelly."

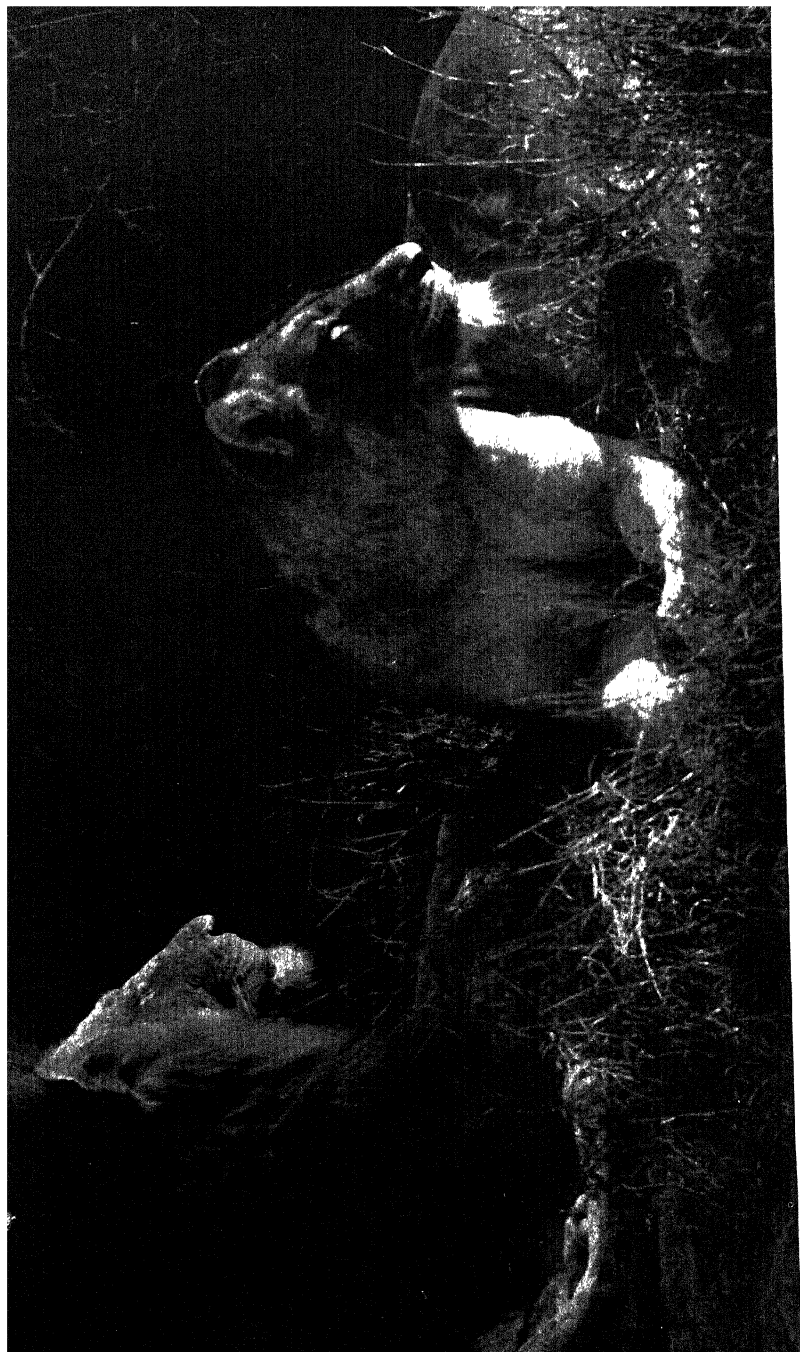
On the morning we were hunting lions and were walking toward our blind, Ker repeated his advice about making the first shot good.

"If you only wound him he'll make for a thicket," Ker said. "He'll lie crouched until we go in after him, then he's almost certain to charge. And a wounded lion in a thicket is a bad fellow to meet, regardless of how quick you are with a gun."



DONALD KER





BIG GAME HUNT: THE QUARRY



PORTRAIT



RHINOCEROS



HYENA

"I probably won't wound him," I said. "I'll probably miss altogether."

That talk about thickets and charging lions wasn't steady-ing my already quaking nerves. The exciting moment was on me and I was tense as I realized that lions, the king of beasts, were just over the ridge.

I was a Big Game Hunter!

Safari!

Ker and I had agreed that under no condition was he to shoot.

"If I can't get him myself, I don't want him," I said.

"That's right. Most of my clients are like that," he said. "Most of them are sportsmen. They absolutely forbid me to use my rifle."

Ker admitted that some of his clients had no such pride. They fire and miss, then Ker, acting on their instructions, shoots and kills the animal. The hunter then has a trophy, a lion's head, to take home. At home the trophy is, of course, hung on the wall. The returned hero casually explains to his friends how he went into the African bush and killed the fierce beast.

As we drew near our blind we stopped talking. We walked cautiously, so as not to make any sound. Fortunately the wind was blowing from the lions toward us, so that they would not easily get our scent. We tiptoed into our blind and took our places. Thomas inspected the rifles again to see that they were properly loaded, then handed each of us his gun. Ker told me to take my place where I had been stationed the evening before, where I would be comfortable.

Then we peered out and looked the situation over.

There were three lions and two lionesses. Two of the lions and one of the lionesses were sitting on their rumps looking up at the meat; the lioness had her head cocked over in a worried sort of way as if she couldn't figure it out. The other lioness was lying on her stomach and washing her face with

her paw, as Fanny Pearl, my cat at home, scrubs her face after she has finished her dinner. The largest of the lions was half asleep, nodding and dozing, then lifting his head suddenly as if he were wide awake—only for his head to be heavy again, and for him to nod once more.

Big Game!

Safari!

"The lion at the right has an excellent mane. He would make a fine trophy. Shall we say that is the one?"

"Look here," I said, "if you don't mind—to hell with all this. I'll just take some photographs."

"I'LL SELL YOU A LION."

Whenever my brother and I go hunting in Alabama we just open the gate of the dog pen and let out Bess and Queen, or Sticks and Nellie, or Black Mac and Lou—at least we used to turn out Mac and Lou; we can't do that any more because they're gone now, and they took part of me with them. But it's all right because I'm sure the Old Master is letting them hunt ghost birds in His eternal woods and fields. I got that idea from Uncle Bob, our Negro man with whom we've hunted since we were boys. "Yas sir," Uncle Bob said, "they's up there huntin' in the Old Master's fields, for sure. And if he ever gits time off and goes out and watches 'em, I'll promise him one thing—they'll show him some points that'll make his halo rise up and tilt."

Ever since we were youngsters, my brother and I have hunted sort of impromptu. We would be sitting around the house and one of us would say: "Let's go hunting." Then we'd change our clothes, turn out the dogs, and go.

When we go like that, without any planning or preparation, we generally have good luck. The dogs hunt with a high head and a merry tail; they handle their game perfectly, making those sudden, whirling points that take your breath away and stop your heart in mid-beat. But whenever we make arrangements days ahead and telephone and telegraph and have people meet us at some game preserve, then one of the dogs is sure to break a leg in a barbed wire fence, or a horse will cast a shoe, or it will rain, or something will go wrong. When a lot of plans are being made and equipment assembled, my brother will say: "We won't see even a grasshopper or a peckerwood, much less a covey of birds. Too darn much of this Teddy Roosevelt stuff."

Since I was a little boy I've always thought of Teddy Roosevelt as a hunter. When I was quite young my father took me to hear the President speak in Capitol Park in Birmingham. Probably everyone else standing around the bandstand was listening to the President of the United States, but I was hearing the man who had hunted lions in Africa. I suppose that my brother, too, thinks of Roosevelt as a great hunter and that's why he always talks about elaborate preparations as "Teddy Roosevelt stuff." But neither of us even partly understood the full significance of the remark; neither of us had any idea how one actually prepares for a big game hunt. When I came back to Alabama and told my brother all we did in getting ready for a safari, he said: "Hell, you weren't going hunting; you were outfitting an army for a war."

A person whose most enjoyable hunting and fishing has always been on the spur of the moment, just an amble out into the fields with a dog or two, or a trip in the afternoon to Lake Purdy—with the fishing only an excuse to sit in a boat and watch the moon rise through the gap in the mountains—such a person doesn't enjoy reporting to a government official and discussing the detailed plans of a hunt, then taking out elaborate licenses, drawing up and signing contracts with a "Safari Equipment House" and assembling half a ton of equipment. All these documents and agreements and fees sound like Wall Street instead of the African bush; they take the fun out of the hunt and they emphasize the fact that big game shooting is now as commercial as any other business. As a matter of fact, a rate sheet for hunting is published by each of the African governments.

One colony gives these quotations:

To kill an elephant, \$125.

A rhinoceros, \$50.

A giraffe, \$75.

Elephants, rhinoceros, and giraffe are listed separately and special fees are charged for the privilege of killing them. Other animals are sold under a license costing \$350. The holder of a \$350 license may enjoy himself to the fullest, killing the following animals:

20 wildebeest	6 topi
20 duiker	6 lesser koodoo
20 dik-dik	5 impala
20 zebra	4 lions
20 Thomson's gazelle	4 fringed-eared oryx
20 boschbok	3 blue monkeys
10 oribi	2 klipspringers
10 Coke's hartebeest	2 bongo
10 rietbok	2 hippopotamus
10 Grant's gazelle	1 chetah
8 gerenuk	1 sitatunga
6 buffalo	1 sable antelope
6 pigmy antelope	1 greater koodoo

If his gun barrel isn't hot from all this shooting, the hunter may continue his sport and kill an unlimited number of leopards, lynx, civet cats, jackals, bat-eared foxes, badgers, wild dogs, spotted hyenas, striped hyenas, giant forest hogs, baboons, crocodiles, warthogs, et cetera.

The government license of \$350 is charged solely for the privilege of killing the wild animals in the quantities named on the rate sheet. Arrangements for the actual trip must be made with one of the several houses whose business is to take hunters into the bush and see that they have a safe and comfortable vacation, then return home to Europe or America loaded with the heads and horns and skins of animals they have shot, or that the professional hunter has shot for them.

One of the most famous houses for equipping a safari is Shaw & Hunter, Ltd., of Nairobi—"The House for Big Game

Hunters." Shaw & Hunter offers an inclusive contract which lists the charges of a hunt:

One person for a month, \$2,000.

Two persons for one month, \$3,500.

The contract continues:

The above quotation includes the following: the salary of the best available white hunter, the wages of a cook, two gunbearers, one truck driver, three camp assistants; a sufficient quantity of the best brand of provisions, fresh fruit and vegetables whenever a truck is sent to town for supplies; well equipped medicine chest, sufficient quantity of trophy preservative, the hire of a truck and our specially-built safaricar.

Then follows a list of other equipment that is furnished, including skinning gear for the animals that are shot, chemical filter for drinking water, tents with veranda and bathroom attached, air mattresses, mosquito nets, washstands, tableware, linens, et cetera.



I had traveled to Africa to go on a lion hunt. But as I read all these folders and advertisements, I felt that I was going on a house-party instead. Still I had come a long way to join the ranks of the Big Game Hunters, so I went to see the game warden.

He was talking with a man who didn't want to shoot a carload of animals: he wanted to shoot only one lion.

"Very well," the warden said, "I'll sell you a lion."

The price for the single lion was \$75. Four lions, along with scores of other animals—\$350.

"What about an ostrich?" the man asked. "For a particular reason I'd like to kill an ostrich."

"Oh, yes, we'll sell you an ostrich," the warden said. "Sell you one for \$5.00."

All this selling animals and birds didn't sound very at-

tractive and the portable bathroom, tents, verandas, silverware, linens, et cetera, were so darn much Teddy Roosevelt stuff that long before I left Nairobi I didn't care whether I went hunting or not.

Then in the bush I saw how the shooting was done and I didn't like it. One morning in Canada I was out hunting wolves—possibly there is some excuse for shooting a wolf because a big timber wolf will kill fifty-two deer a year; and in winter when thin ice is on the snow and the moose break through and are imprisoned, the cowardly wolves then attack and kill a magnificent animal they wouldn't go near if he were free to fight, to cut them down with his great antlers and trample them with his powerful hoofs—on this particular morning in Canada when I was hunting wolves, our canoe eased around a bend in the lake and there stood a black bear who had come down for his morning drink. Johnny Jerome, my Indian guide, turned the canoe so gently that there was no motion of the water, much less any sound; he pointed the bow of the canoe directly at the bear and waited for me to raise my rifle. As we sat there, the bear somehow sensed that we were behind him and he turned his head. When he saw us he merely looked at us, puzzled by our presence. "Shoot! Shoot!" Johnny whispered. But I could no more have shot and killed that bear than I could have killed my neighbor who had come out of his home and gone quietly and peacefully to the lake for his morning drink. "Shoot! Shoot!" Johnny whispered. And the bear still stood there, peering back over his shoulder. "Good morning, bear," I said. He stood a minute longer, then turned and ambled his pigeon-toed walk back into the woods.

Suppose I'd killed that bear. The rest of my days I'd be seeing him sprawled out on the sand, thrashing with his arms and legs while blood came from his nose and his eyes looked at me and asked questions which God knows I couldn't have answered. As it is, he's probably still going

down to the lake each morning, probably taking his wife with him—and I hope they have some cubs to come tumbling along behind, playing and having a big time. This business of killing things—anything, except people with loud radios—doesn't appeal to me, and when I saw how lions were shot in safety from a blind, with the hunter comfortably leaning on a rest, I said to hell with it, and I still say that.

"I'd rather take photographs," I said.

"Fine," said Ker. "So had I. Much rather."

For the rest of the hunt we took pictures by day and sat around the campfire at night. I have never heard such stories as Ker and his gunbearers told. Ker has hunted since he was fourteen years old. He has traveled over all Africa. He knows the big animals from having lived with them since he was a boy. I would trade a year or two at college for the privilege of living with him in the African bush and hearing his stories.



One afternoon Ker and I had finished lunch and were sitting in the shade smoking when I saw a big cat come out of the bush behind our camp and sit down close to a tree.

"Don't move," I said to Ker, "but there's a leopard about three hundred yards behind you."

Ker did not raise his voice as he told Juma to fetch a pair of field glasses. Juma brought them and Ker slowly turned and looked.

"No," he said, "it's a fine chetah."

The chetah is a cat weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds. An unknowing person cannot distinguish the chetah from the leopard, but Ker taught me that the spots on the chetah's body are round and solid while the famous spots of the leopard are actually clusters of small spots arranged in circles and rosettes. Unlike all other cats, the chetah cannot retract his claws; in this respect he is like the dog.

In still other respects he is like the dog because he can be easily tamed and makes an excellent pet. In India he is used by huntsmen who lead him into the field and slip his noose whenever a buck or antelope or gazelle is sighted. The chetah, who has exceptionally long legs and for a short distance is the fastest of all animals, pursues his prey and kills it. Then the huntsmen come up and pet the chetah who nuzzles against his master until the usual reward is given—a drink of the victim's blood for the cat that did the killing.

The chetah that came out of the bush behind us sat perfectly still for a quarter of an hour. Most of the time I watched him through the field glasses and did not see him make the slightest move of any kind. Finally I glanced away for an instant and when I looked back the chetah was gone; he had simply disappeared.

Suddenly a herd of impala burst from the bush and raced away, leaping high in the air and covering great distances with each jump.

"He's after his dinner," Ker said. "And he'll get it all right; he almost never fails. But he's a dirty killer: he overtakes some small buck, catches him by the throat, and holds on, killing finally by strangulation.

"Contrast the chetah's slow strangle with the clean kill of the leopard. The leopard drops from a tree or springs from the grass and with one bite breaks the victim's vertebra, killing instantly."

Ker told me that lions are the most interesting of all the killers. "The lion, particularly an old one, seldom does the actual killing," he said. "Usually the kill is made by the lioness, who is faster and more agile than her mate.

"Almost always lions hunt at night, and they begin by the lioness going down wind below the herd of hartebeest, wildebeest, or zebra—zebra is their favorite meat—and crouching in the bush. Then the lion goes up wind and moves about, letting the wind have his scent until the herd

is thoroughly restless. Finally he roars and charges. The herd stampedes. And as they race away from the lion, they pass his mate. She selects the zebra she wants and springs.

"Her method of killing is always the same. She flings one paw over the zebra's neck. With the other paw she reaches round in front and catches the zebra's nose, pulling his head up and to one side. The zebra can not run with his head bent back. He stumbles and falls on his neck, breaking it. Virtually all animals killed by lions are killed in this way."

When Ker finished his story about how lions kill, he began to laugh. "You may have seen in a certain famous movie, made by a famous collector of wild animals, an elaborate portrayal of a lion attacking a zebra. Lord, but that was funny. Of course the picture was made on a lion farm in California where a half-tame lion was supposed to attack a zebra in the African bush. That poor lion had been spoon-fed all his life and probably never killed even a mouse; he had no idea of how to kill the zebra and kept jumping up on his rump, nibbling at his backside. When that picture was shown in Africa, we all had a good laugh."

Lions travel in groups—called prides—of five, six, seven, or eight, and a pride of lions will kill about three hundred and fifty head of hartebeest, antelope, or zebra every year.

Curiously enough, animals do not ordinarily race away pellmell whenever a lion appears on the scene; they simply feed off in another direction, always taking care to keep a safe distance.

One day I watched a lioness train her two half-grown cubs in hunting.

A wildebeest was feeding beside some tall grass. The lioness plainly showed herself; she made every effort to be seen, then she disappeared into the grass. Only to appear a minute later at another place. Then to disappear again. After she had done this three or four times, the cubs began the appearing and disappearing act. They would stand, one at

a time, and show themselves; then they would drop down into the grass. All this time the wildebeest went on grazing, though frequently he would look up and peer around the horizon.

The father of the family, the lion, was lying off in the shade apparently dozing. I had quite forgotten him, and the lioness, too, because the behavior of the cubs was so unusual and, at the same time, so puzzling that I was interested only in them. They kept bobbing up here, there, all over the place, and I didn't understand. Later I realized that they were simply decoys, showing themselves to attract attention.

Little by little the cubs moved in on the wildebeest; but he moved away from them, obliquely in the direction of the lion. And suddenly the lion sprang. He bounded forward and leaped at the wildebeest, but with a great snort, that animal was gone. The lion missed by yards.

Then the lioness stood up. She was close to where the wildebeest had been. When I saw her I understood that the cubs had merely been putting on a show; they hadn't been trying to get close to the wildebeest, but had been keeping his attention while their mother crept through the grass to make the kill. Then the lion had become impatient and spoiled it all.

If I have ever seen disgust on any face, I saw it on the face of that lioness. She looked at her husband—and what a look!—then turned her back and walked over to her cubs. She nuzzled them and licked them in approval. Occasionally she would look over her shoulder and glare. One could almost hear her say: "Stupid! Isn't that just like a male! You big stupid!"



Ker told me strange tales about hyenas. "You know," he said, "some men argue that hyenas are hermaphrodites. Others say that hyenas change their sex every year, that

they are male one year, female the next. But all that's only talk. I've examined many a hyena, and never found one that was a hermaphrodite. I think all these stories were started because the male as well as the female hyena has prominent teats and both of them suckle their young."

Ker told me that while hyenas are not usually killers, they will kill when the odds are all in their favor. "They'll kill young animals that can't look out for themselves and they'll kill any beast that is half sick and can't get away. They've even been known to attack sleeping men."

These slouching knock-kneed beasts are cruel even for the jungle. For instance, when the wildebeest are dropping their calves, the hyenas follow close behind the herd and tear the half-born calves from the prostrate mothers.

"The hyena is a despised and hated brute that was probably put on earth to balance nature and keep down the surplus," Ker said. "In exchange for all the hyenas' killing, everyone kills as many of them as possible—I killed seventy in one day. We were riding along in an automobile and whenever we saw a hyena, we'd stop and I'd shoot him with a twenty-two rifle."

There are two kinds of hyenas: the spotted that weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and the striped, the rarer of the two, that weighs one hundred pounds. In the day one sees them slinking along—they are really nasty looking beasts—and at night one hears their silly laugh.



The warthog, the wild pig with the up-curved tusks, is seen in many parts of Africa, trotting along pompously, his great mustachio tusks make him look very fierce, and his little tail, hoisted stiff, making him look very funny.

Warthogs live in the ground, in holes they dig with their tusks. There is no sight more amusing than to see one of

these pigs go into his hole. He runs as hard as he can, his tail erect and rigid, to the entrance of his home; then he whirls around, flips down his tail, and waddles in backwards.

"He backs in so that he will be facing any intruder that might follow him," Ker said. "I remember seeing one young pig come out of his hole a lot faster than he had backed in—and sticking to his backside were half a dozen porcupine quills.

"The porcupine had gone down into the hole while Mr. Pig was away. When he returned, he found the porcupine waiting for him. He came scrambling out in a hurry and ran squealing into the bush."



All the big African cats—the lion, the leopard, the chetah—like their meat decayed; they like it best when it is rotten enough to be filled with maggots.

"Immediately the lions have caught their breath after the kill, they tear into the abdomen and shove their mouths into the warmth of the intestines," Ker said. "If they are very hungry, they eat all their kill immediately; but sometimes they save part of it. I told you how hyenas can take a kill from a single lion, but a pride of lions can easily protect their dinner from hyenas and jackals; and since meat decays fast in the African heat, it is soon nice and smelly—then they have a feast."

Ker told me that the leopard has an even better way of protecting his kill. "He is so strong that after killing a buck even of his own weight, which is about one hundred and fifty pounds, he carries the dead beast high into a tree, sometimes as high as twenty feet, and leaves it there to ripen, fixing it in a fork of the limbs where he feasts on it for a whole week and where it is entirely safe from hyena and other vermin."

"But what about vultures?" I asked, because these great birds are forever circling over the African bush.

"They'll touch nothing in a tree," Ker said. "They must have their meat upon the ground."

The greediness of African vultures can not be understood until one sees them devour a carcass.

One day Ker shot a zebra. Thomas skinned it. Then he drew back and Ker took out his watch.

Four and a half minutes after the first vulture lighted on the carcass, the seething, writhing mass of birds had picked the skeleton clean.

And a zebra weighs six hundred pounds.



"Some of my clients are experienced hunters," Ker told me one evening as we sat late by the campfire, "but some of them know nothing about the bush or hunting; some of them don't even know how to handle a gun. I've been out with clients who got so excited they shot straight up. I've had them blow holes in the ground at their feet. They're more dangerous"—he stopped suddenly and held up a finger while he listened to a particularly large lion roaring close to the right of our camp: "That old gentleman is feeling frisky," he said—"such men are more dangerous than all the wild animals. I'd far rather face a charging lion than hunt with a man who gets excited and shoots wild."

For a long time that evening he told me of men he had hunted with, how some of them were good hunters and brave men, and how some couldn't stand their ground and face the charge of a lion or buffalo or elephant. He told me of one man who came from California and laughed about the danger from wild animals. "Why should you be afraid of them?—you've got a gun, haven't you? Just wait until they're close, then knock them over." But the gentleman

changed his tune the instant a wounded buffalo charged in a thicket. Ker said that the brave man was in such a hurry that he mowed a new path through the dense bush. "You know," the man said afterward, "maybe these darn things are a little scary after all."

One of the most amusing stories Ker told was about a client who is a member of a royal house of continental Europe. Ker said that when His Royal Highness banged away, everything in range was in danger except the animal the prince was shooting at.

"Honestly I've seen him almost shoot his hat off. We were walking along one day when a leopard flashed across an opening in the trees. This chap was so excited that he simply blasted the heavens."

Finally one morning the prince, Ker, and Thomas were out after lions. They came upon one sitting perfectly still at fifty yards. The prince instantly fired and fully missed. Ker rolled the lion over with one shot.

Then Thomas ran forward quickly. With a hunting knife he jabbed two holes in the lion's body, one on each side.

When the excited hunter came up, Thomas showed him where *two* bullets had passed through the lion's body.

"Congratulations, b'wana"—congratulations, my lord, said the wise and wily Thomas as he twisted his finger in the stab, trying to make it look round like a bullet hole.



After an elephant is killed, the trunk is first chopped off, then the natives begin digging into the head with axes. The tusks of the elephant are really the incisors of the upper jaw and two boys with axes must cut and hack for eight hours before they can loosen the great teeth and remove them from the head. Always as they chop, they take care not to chip or scar the ivory. To avoid this risk, the dead ele-

phant is sometimes allowed to lie undisturbed for a week, by which time the flesh has decayed enough for the tusks to be dragged out without the use of axes.

"The upper end of the tusk is covered with a bone cap," Ker said. "One knocks off the cap, then reaches inside the tusk and lifts out the nerve, which sometimes is as big as a man's leg."

Ker smiled as he said: "Yes, I know what you're about to ask. Everybody asks it: What would happen if the elephant got a toothache in that particular tooth? Well, sometimes he does. Then he goes crazy. He tears up the countryside. And the government must send out a hunter to shoot him."

Even without the toothache, elephants frequently are destructive to crops. Some governments keep professional hunters busy shooting the *shamba* raiders, the plantation raiders. Usually these rogue elephants are bored old bachelors who are tired of the company of the cows and calves and have left the herd to go off and live alone. Sometimes, though, cows themselves become raiders. Then they, too, must be killed because in a single night a lone raider can destroy a banana plantation or wreck an entire crop, sometimes tearing down everything for sheer devilment.

The single *shamba* raider is not the only elephant threat to crops: occasionally whole herds move into a district and live as guests of the poor natives who see their food for the year wiped out. Then the natives appeal to the government, and professional hunters are sent to decimate the herd. Recently the professional hunters of Uganda, acting under government orders, killed fifteen hundred elephants in one season.

When elephants are shot by professional hunters, the natives get the meat and the government takes the ivory.

At present there is no cause for worry about the extermination of elephants in Africa. At the beginning of the century

when ivory was in great demand and there were few restrictions on the shooting of elephants, the big beasts were in some danger of being killed off. But now that sensible hunting laws have been passed and are strictly enforced, elephants are on the increase. In some districts professional hunters are employed not only to shoot the *shamba* raiders but to keep the herds down to a size that the jungle and forests can support, thus making it unnecessary for the elephants to move out into the open and attack the crops.



Usually the rhinoceros has two horns, placed one in front of the other. Freaks have been known with only one horn, or with three, but two is the customary number. The forward horn is the longer of the two and the record length is five feet. The average is between twenty and twenty-five inches. The rear horn is much smaller.

Both horns, say the doctors of China, have rare and precious qualities.

In China the doctors declare that if the rhinoceros horn is carefully ground into powder and taken in proper doses by an elderly man, he becomes young again and vigorous; he will win great fame as a lover. There is no aphrodisiac so successful as a rhino's horn, they say; provided, of course, it is well ground and properly prepared.

There was a time when the rhino's horn sold in China for ten dollars a pound. Today the demand for the powder is less, and the price is only two dollars a pound.

One hopes sincerely that the reason for the lessening demand is not entirely economic. One hopes that the men of China have grown more self assertive and no longer need to get horns from rhinoceros.



Ker told me about the charge of the big animals. "A charging lion covers one hundred yards in five seconds," he said. "The elephant, too, is very frightening as he comes trumpeting. But the buffalo is the most dangerous of them all. When he charges, he means it. And you can only imagine the force in his drive.

"One day I had a client who shot at a charging buffalo and knocked off a hoof. With one hoof gone, the buffalo kept coming, running on three legs and a stump.

"I yelled and waved my arms and tried to turn him, but he wouldn't turn; so I fired and broke his neck.

"That crippled buffalo was charging with such force that when he fell he broke off a horn—yet he slid forward until the stump of the horn had dug a trench six inches deep and twenty-four feet long."

There is an authentic record of a buffalo charging a mounted hunter and driving a horn through the horse's breast and out through the saddle.



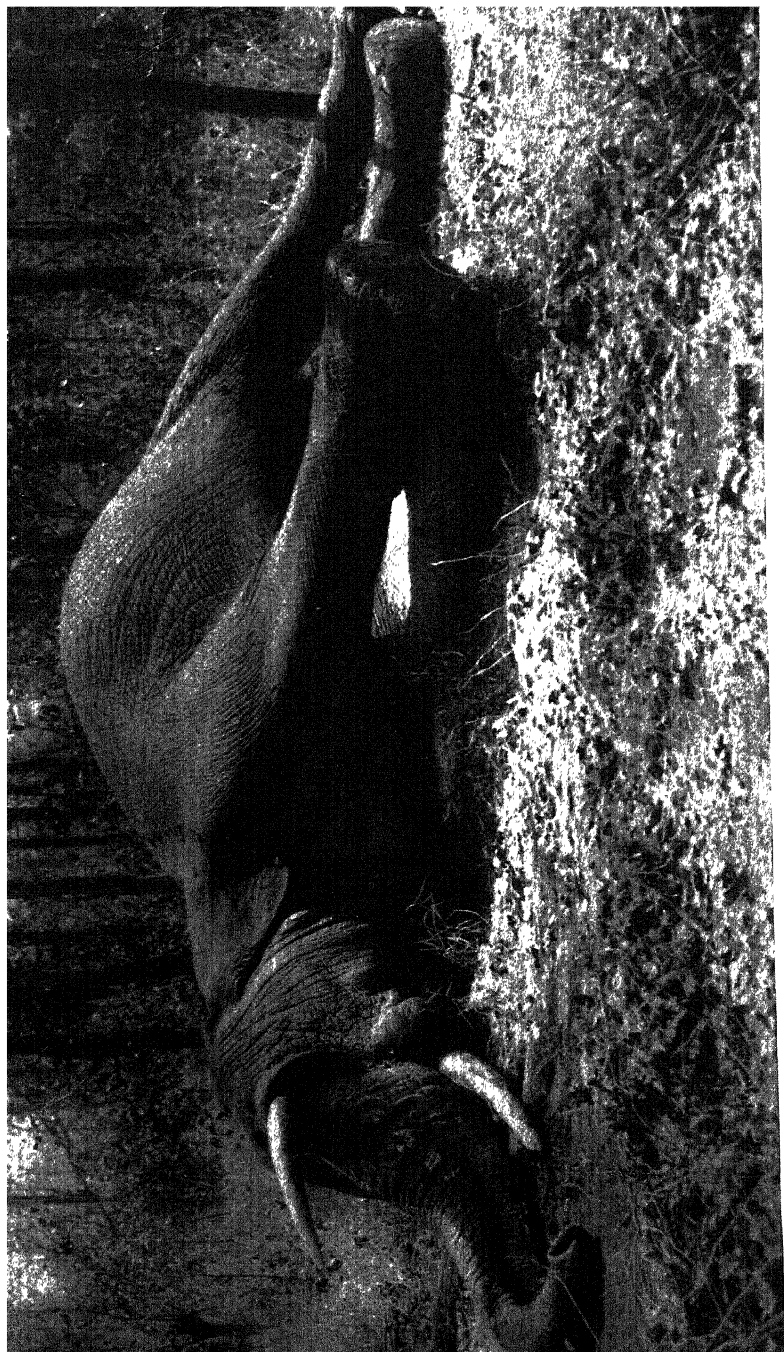
The giraffe has beautiful hair in his tail. To get the hairs the natives sometimes drive a giraffe into a swamp, forcing him deeper and deeper until finally he bogs down.

Then the natives go in, cut off the tail of the helpless creature, and leave him to die.

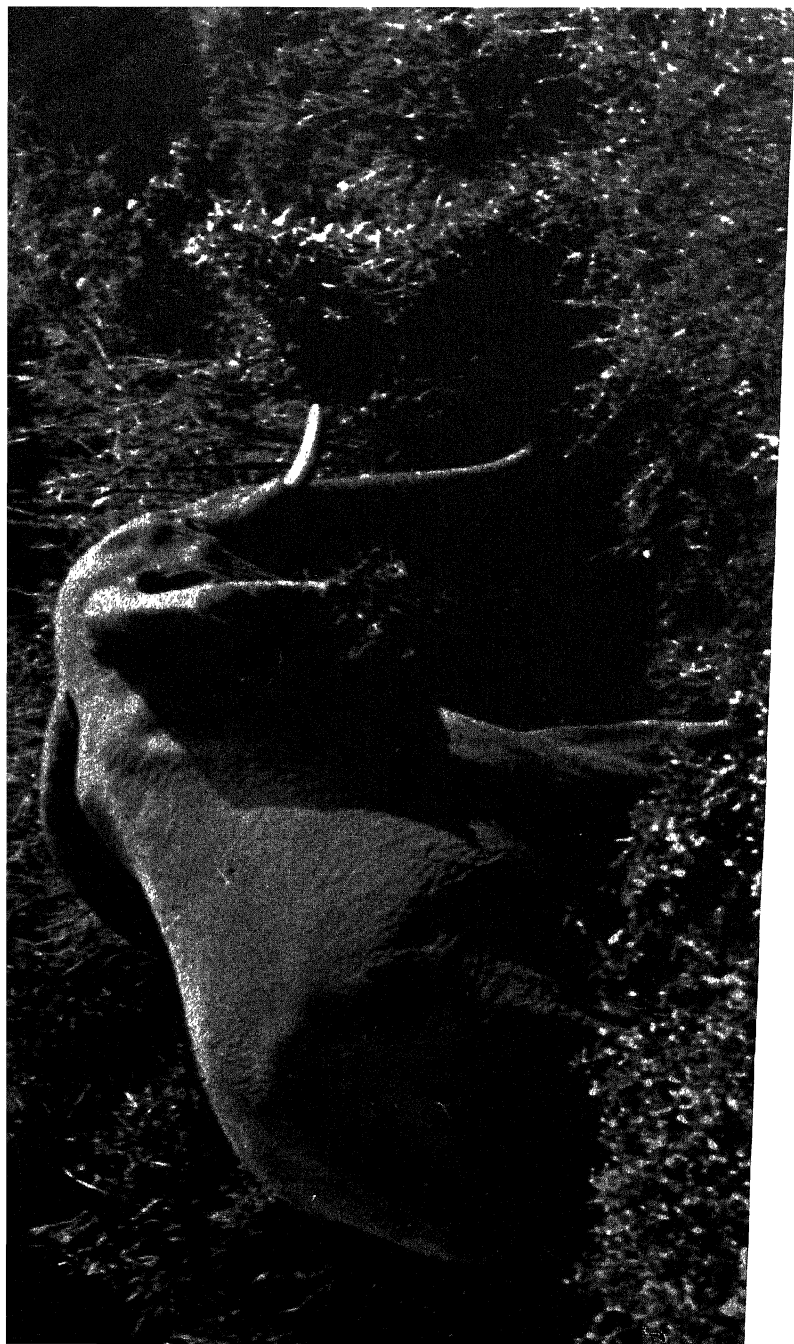
They destroy these harmless and fascinating animals that are nineteen feet tall in order to get a few hairs. With the hairs they make bracelets and neckbands and other ornaments.

Then tourists, who know how the natives get the giraffe hair, buy the bracelets and necklaces and take them home to exhibit.





"SPORT" WITH A RIFLE



SPORT WITH A CAMERA

I shall never forget my trip with Ker. He is a great gentleman and was so patient with my endless questioning. Lord, but I wish I had his knowledge of animals. He knows that the story about a lion never attacking a buffalo is false, because he saw a lion go for a buffalo one morning and kill it. He knows that because hippos and crocodiles live in the same pool they aren't always friends—as the zoölogy books say they are—because he saw a hippo snap a croc one day and they fought until the water was a froth; then they went down and the water boiled until finally it quieted and the hippo rose to the surface, but the croc did not reappear.

He knows how the beautiful bongo, rich brown and marked with white stripes, "the shrewdest animal of them all," hides his trail. He knows how the wounded buffalo comes back and lies in wait beside his bloody tracks. And how the thin-necked gerenuk lives in the desert, almost without water. And how the vulture, so high that it can not be seen with the naked eye, can still see a tiny gazelle's afterbirth—it is no larger than a man's fist—and dive for it.

He taught me so much, and would stop again and again to read the open book of the bush for me. He would look at the enormous footprint of an elephant and tell me the size of the elephant, how big he was and how much he weighed. He taught me to distinguish between the tracks of the hippo and the rhino—the hippo has four toes, the rhino only three. He taught me to use the wind and hide my scent—always moving directly into the wind—when I was trying to creep near some animal and take its picture. He taught me so much, but most of all he taught me that animals are just like people.

As we drove over the plains during the day, or sat by the campfire at night, I asked Ker innumerable questions.

Will a lion attack a man?

Is a hippopotamus dangerous?

Will an elephant flee from the man smell?

Will a rhinoceros charge?

Repeatedly Ker made virtually the same answer:

"It depends entirely," he would say, "upon the lion, the hippo, the elephant, or the rhino.

"For some reason men and women want to generalize about animals and refuse to think of them as individuals, exactly as men and women themselves are individuals.

"We all know that all men aren't the same—why, then, expect all lions to be the same? Go near one man and accidentally push him and he'll knock you down. But you can slap another man and he'll run away. Animals are like that, too. Under certain circumstances one lion will charge; under exactly the same circumstances another lion will run away. The same is true of the rhinoceros: under certain circumstances one rhino will try to kill you, another will want to play.

"All dogs don't have the same disposition. All horses don't have the same disposition. Some are gentle, some are vicious. Furthermore, some are smart and some are stupid. Why expect wild animals to be different from tame animals? Why expect every elephant to be like every other elephant? Or each buffalo to be like all other buffaloes?

"Then, too, remember how a man or a dog or a horse will act differently at different times. Some days a man likes to joke and a dog likes to have his ears pulled. Next day the same man may not feel well; if you joke with him, he may be rude to you. If you pull the dog's ears, he may snap at you. Why expect any different behavior from wild animals? Isn't it natural for an elephant to feel fine one day, and the next day have such a stomach ache that he wants to tear up things and smash people?

"As a matter of fact, one never knows what a wild animal will do; the man who says that an elephant will do thus and so, simply doesn't know elephants. The man who says

that a rhino will always charge, doesn't know rhinos. I've seen them charge, but I've also seen them turn and run like rabbits.

"Everything depends on the temper of a particular animal on a particular morning. The safe plan with wild animals is to treat them with respect and always be on guard. Never say a wild animal won't, because maybe he will."

WILD DOGS AND POISONED ARROWS

We had been camping in Kenya Colony, in the district belonging to the Embu tribe, when suddenly one morning all the game disappeared. The afternoon before we had seen hundreds of animals. From time to time as we drove over the plains we would stop, climb on top of the automobile, and look out over the country with our glasses; then Ker would tell me about the different animals we saw. But the next morning they were all gone; there was not a buck or a zebra or a wildebeest, not even a warthog or a baboon to be seen.

"The wild dogs have come," Ker explained. "Whenever the game clears out of an area, it means that the dogs have come."

The wild dogs of Africa are the most destructive of all animals. They hunt in packs and travel great distances, appearing suddenly in an area and killing everything from the tiny dik-dik to the fifteen-hundred-pound eland, the largest of the antelopes. There may be thousands of animals in a district one day and next day they will all be gone. One then knows that the dogs are on the hunt because every living thing has fled from them.

The wild dog weighs seventy pounds and is twenty-six inches tall at the shoulder. He has a bushy tail with a white tip and his dark-colored body is marked with large brown and white splotches. He is the only dog with rounded ears. Originating in Africa and fortunately known only on that continent, the wild dog can not be tamed and has no close kin among domestic dogs. He is utterly vicious and kills for the joy of it long after he has killed enough for food.

After the dogs came into the Embu district, we struck

camp; we drove ninety miles to a part of Kenya Colony occupied by the WaKamba tribe.

But before we left the Embu country we added a certain gentleman to our staff.

We were driving along the road when we came to a man sitting in front of his straw hut. Ker stopped and spoke to him. "He may know something about the movement of the game," Ker explained to me. They talked for a time, then the man disappeared into the house and returned in about five seconds carrying a blanket.

"He wants to go with us," Ker said, as the fellow climbed into the back of the car with Thomas and Juma.

"Didn't take him long to get ready," I remarked.

"A blanket is elaborate preparation for a native."

This man turned out to be my particular companion. He was lazy, incompetent, and generally good for nothing; but he was always laughing, even when the joke was on him, which it usually was, and he and I quickly became friends.

The first afternoon he showed us what to expect from him as a hunter. Ker had told the gunbearers to look out for a herd of impala, a small buck about the size of a half-grown American deer, because he wanted one for meat. Soon after we turned off the road and started through the bush, the newcomer pointed to one side of the road and cried: "Impala! Impala!" Ker swerved the automobile and we all got a good look. What we saw were some cows leisurely sauntering through the grass. From then on we called him "Impala." Each time I addressed him by his new name, he would grin, duck his head, and repeat "Impala," always cordially agreeing with me. Incidentally, "impala" was the only word we had in common.

Instead of shooting an impala that afternoon, Ker decided we would have a different kind of feast. "We haven't had any partridge or guinea fowl for several days," he said.

"Which would you prefer for dinner? Or perhaps you'd like a bustard." I thought that a bustard—a bird about the size of a turkey hen and wonderful eating—would be fine, so a few minutes later Ker stopped the automobile and shot one with a twenty-two rifle.

Out in the bush all the many birds are quite tame and are easily shot. For example, when partridge flush, they seldom fly more than eight or ten yards; then they dab down again. One never shoots them on the wing with a shotgun, but uses a small bore rifle and shoots them on the ground. Since killing birds involves no "bravery," as Thomas explained, one shoots from the automobile, selecting the birds he wishes for his dinner and bowling them over.

As we went deeper into the WaKamba country we left all signs of even African civilization behind us; we traveled for miles over slightly rolling plains, typical bush country with grass, scattered thickets, low shrubs, and occasional trees. We saw no natives but we saw an abundance of game, mostly kongoni, waterbuck, and herds of zebra. Once a dozen baboons scurried across the road in front of us.

"Impala," Thomas said, pointing at the baboons.

"Impala," repeated Impala, and laughed and laughed.

Finally we came to the top of a small hill and saw in the valley below us a native kraal, the first we had seen in several hours of travel. Surrounding the kraal was the customary *boma*, the thorn-bush wall that is necessary as protection for man and cattle in country where lions hunt each night.

"We'll go down and see what they know about the game," Ker said, as he turned the automobile down the hill toward the kraal.

We had gone only a short distance when suddenly men, women, and children began to run out of the low opening in the wall and race off into the thick bush. All the men carried their bows in their hands. As they ran, they slung quivers over their left shoulders.

Ker immediately stopped the automobile. "You talk Wa-Kamba," he said to Juma. "Get out and go ahead. Tell them we are friendly."

Juma left the automobile and walked toward the bush into which the natives had disappeared. He shouted. There was no answer. He shouted again. There was no answer.

For half an hour he tried to coax these people out of the bush or prevail on them to speak. They would not come out and they would not answer. The thick bush had swallowed them.

As I looked at the motionless and silent bush, I was deeply and truly excited. I knew that in the thicket crouched a dozen African savages, their bows in their hands, their open quivers on their shoulders. I felt that at last I had found the wild Africa I had been seeking so long. I was tense.

Then Ker said: "They probably think we're tax collectors."

"What! What's that?" I felt like a child when he learns about Santa Claus. "What did you say about taxes?"

"I said—but don't look so surprised. Every native must pay his taxes, a head tax and a hut tax. These chaps are probably behind with their payments; they're afraid we're out to arrest them."

"Say, listen, Ker; dammit all, man, isn't there any Africa anywhere?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I came out to Africa because I wanted—" But what I wanted, the Africa I had dreamed about, and seen in the movies, and read about in so many books, was certainly not an Africa where natives hide from tax collectors. "You see, I wanted—" But what was the use trying to explain? And why cry for an Africa that existed once, but that now is gone? "I didn't mean anything really," I said. "I was just surprised about tax collectors in the bush, that's all."

"But they're here, all right. Tax collectors are all over Africa."



When finally Juma returned to the automobile—cursing the natives, as Ker translated, for being "stupid, ignorant fellows"—we drove on down to the kraal.

I examined the *boma*. It was four feet wide and three feet thick, made of thorn bushes woven together so that no animal could possibly get through. There was a single opening with a gate which could be placed over the opening at night. We stooped and went inside.

The inside of the kraal was forty feet in diameter. The circle was divided about half and half: the lower half, slightly downhill, was staked off for the cattle; the upper half was the home of the headman and his family.

The home itself was a low hut with a thatched roof and mud walls. On the hard earthen floor were sleeping mats. In front of the hut stood an iron rack over an open fire. On the rack fresh meat was cooking.

"That's another reason they ran," Ker said, pointing at the meat. "That's kongoni meat."

"And why not?" I asked.

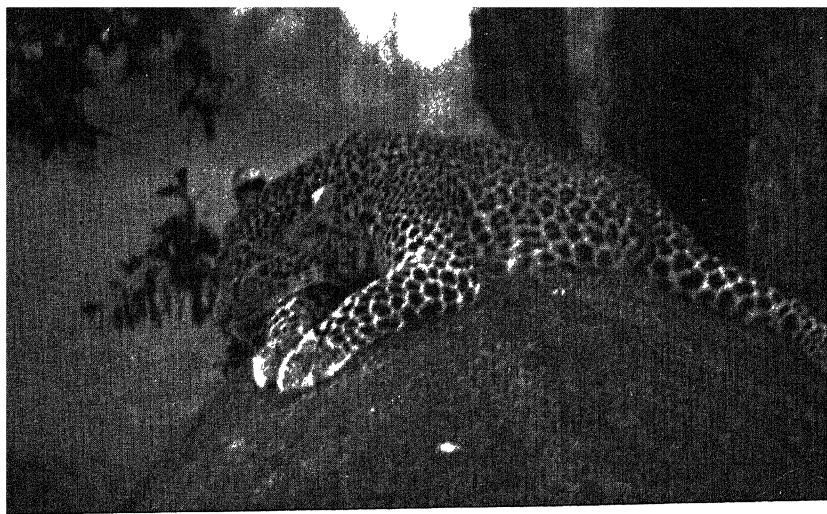
"They've been poaching."

"Poaching! Why, the bush is alive with kongoni. We've seen them all afternoon."

"But the natives aren't allowed to kill them. In this part of Africa any native who kills game is poaching."

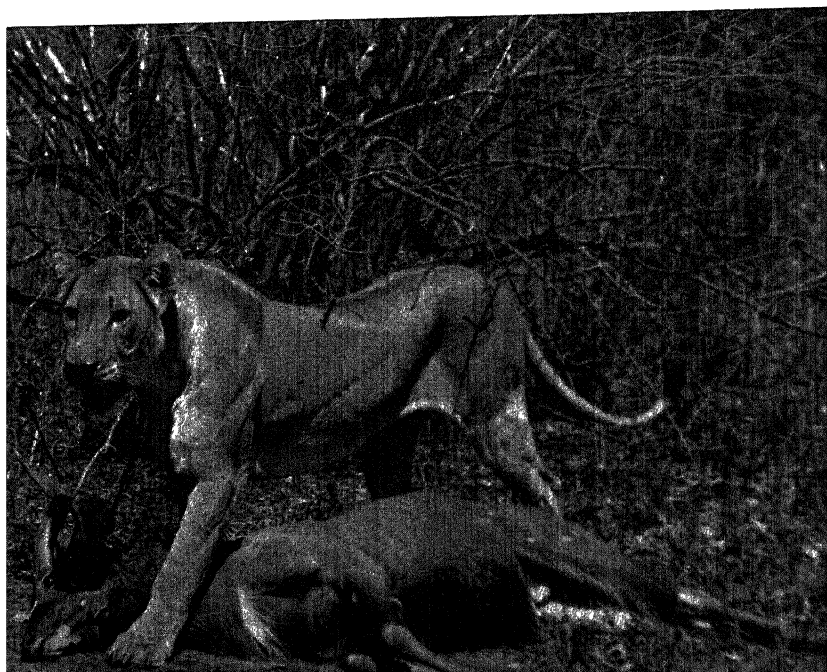
"By heavens, you Europeans do the job thoroughly, don't you?" I said. "You not only take their continent away from them, but you arrest them when they shoot the food their fathers have always shot."

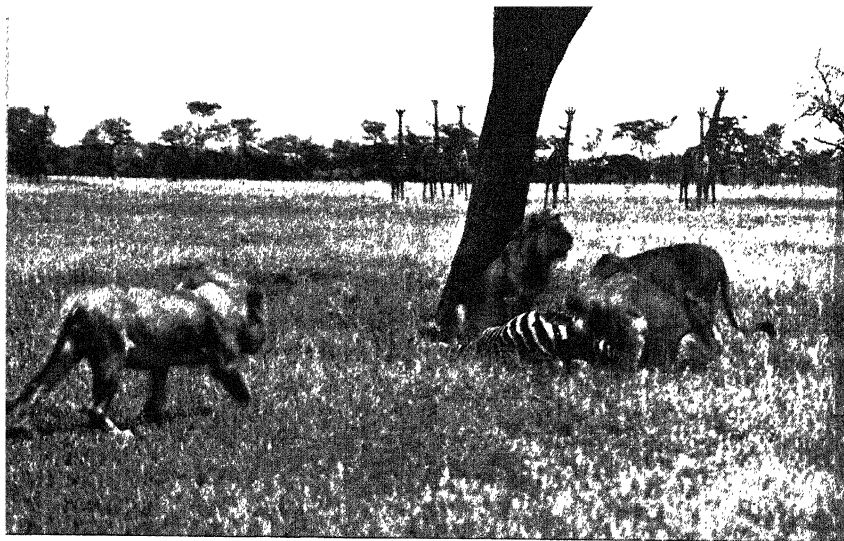
"Well, you see," Ker said, and winked, "it's all part of the white man's burden, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say."



LEOPARD WATCHING THE TRAIL

A YOUNG LION AND A BUCK HE HAS JUST KILLED

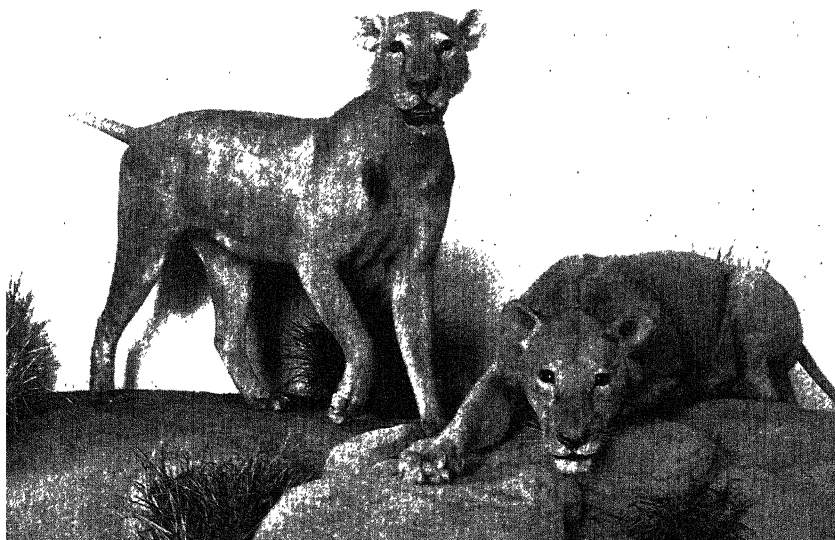




LIONS FEEDING: Giraffe, always full of curiosity, come as close as they dare to see what is going on.

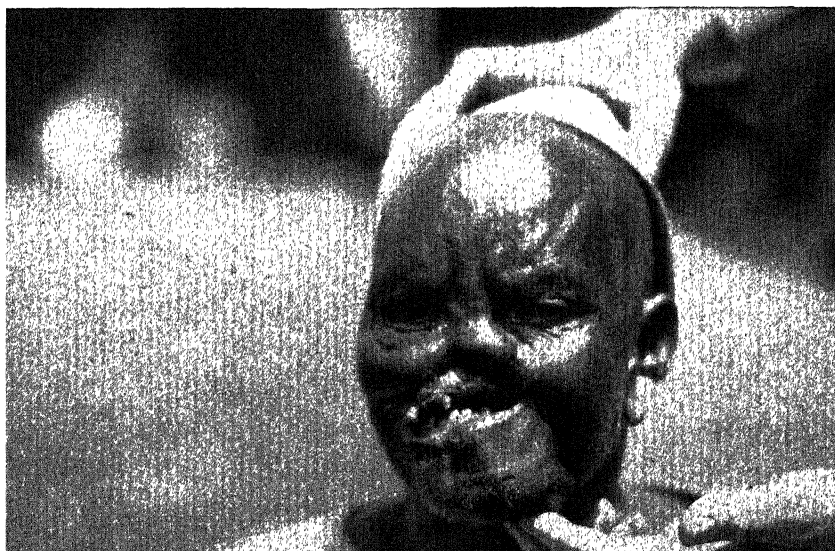
VULTURES FEEDING: Three different kinds of vultures are devouring the body of a wildebeest.

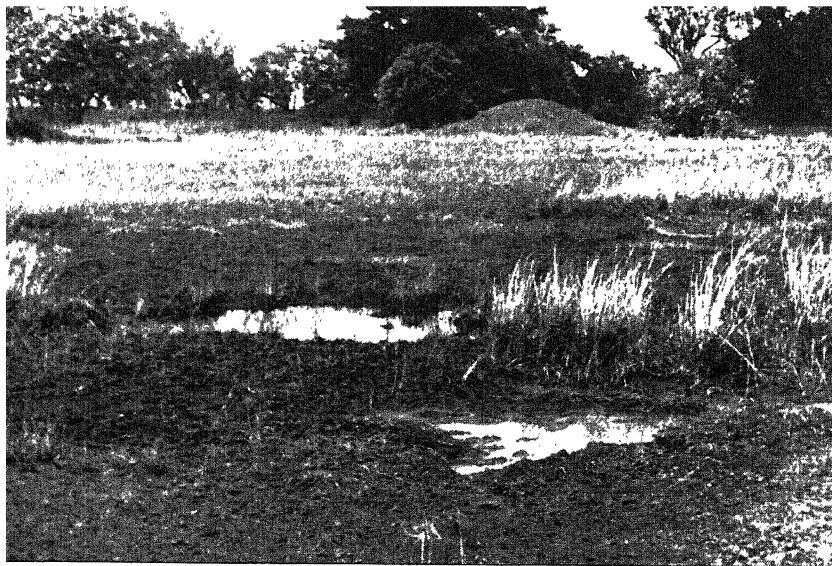




THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO: *The skins of these famous lions were purchased by the Field Museum from Col. J. H. Patterson who had shot the man-eaters in East Africa. They were mounted and are now one of the prize exhibits at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.*

LION'S VICTIM: *This man escaped with his life but bore away horrible evidence of his encounter with a lion.*





WATER HOLE: The animals drink at this hole. Here there is no cover for the killers—the lions, the leopards, the chetahs. In the background are two small ant hills.

WATER HOLE: There are no tracks around this hole. The animals do not use it because the trees and bushes make a perfect hiding place for the killers.



As we drove away, we passed the bush where the "wild African savages" were hiding from tax collectors. In my imagination I could see them crouched in the thicket, bewildered by the white man, by his endless demand for taxes, by his denying them the right to kill the meat which the Good Spirit had provided, which He had sent so near that they need only step outside their kraal and take.



Half an hour later we saw a second kraal. This time we stopped a good way off and Juma went forward alone. But again the natives fled into the bush.

Juma called to them.

No answer.

He called again.

No answer.

He called out that we were not tax collectors; we had not come to get money. We were not game wardens; we didn't care if they had been poaching. We had come only to hunt. We had presents with us and would give them to our friends. Would the men in the bush come out and be friends and receive the presents?

Juma was so eloquent that Thomas, who partly understood the WaKamba language, was laughing as he translated for us. "That Juma is an elephant of a liar," he said. "He is promising them everything from gazelle meat to new wives, strong and able to do hard work."

After a long time, Juma's eloquence won over the fear of the natives and they showed themselves, seeming to rise up almost out of the ground from the places they had been hiding. Slowly, hesitantly, they came out of the bush, one at a time, each man with the top off his quiver and his bow in his hands.

They stood at a distance and the headman answered

Juma's questions. Juma, I noticed, did not try to go near them. Instead, he squatted in the open and talked, pointing and making the vivid gestures that illustrate the conversation of an African native.

"Let them talk," Ker said. "It will quiet them down."

We waited for perhaps half an hour, then Ker said he would go forward. He stepped out of the automobile, leaving his rifle, and walked slowly toward where Juma was squatting. Instantly the natives drew back into the bush.

Ker stopped, took out his tobacco, and began slowly to fill his pipe. He needed at least five minutes to pack his pipe, then he lighted it and started forward again. But apparently his pipe went out, because he stopped again and relighted it. By this method of slow advance he came up to within a few yards of Juma, then he too squatted. He and Juma talked only with each other; they completely ignored the natives hidden in the bush.

For a quarter of an hour they talked, then Ker moved forward and gave Juma some tobacco and Juma filled his pipe. When he began to smoke, he drew deep luxurious draughts and blew out the smoke so that the breeze drifted it into the thicket.

After this smoking had gone on until I thought both pipes must be exhausted, the headman of the WaKambas finally showed himself once more. Ker and Juma ignored him; they went on smoking and talking with each other until the headman came out into the open. Still they did not speak to him, but talked quietly with each other.

Finally Juma stood and moved slowly toward the headman; but when there was about ten yards separating them, Juma squatted once more and began to talk. After a time the headman answered him. So at last the conversation began.

More than an hour passed before all the WaKambas came out of the bush and took their places behind the headman.

By that time Thomas and Impala and I had left the automobile and moved closer to Juma; but when I tried to go all the way, Thomas laid his hand on my arm and stopped me.

"Best we stop here, *b'wana*. WaKambas still have tops off their quivers."

We squatted and I watched the headman as he talked. The pantomime of the African native is fascinating because the expression of his face and his gestures tell the story as fully, and even more vividly, than his words. When he tells of a lion creeping through the bush to make his kill, he becomes that lion and one sees the silent cat stealing forward until suddenly he springs. Or if a child is sick, the native becomes the sick child and one can feel the pain of the child and the sorrow of the parents, even though one can't understand a word that is spoken.

The headman told of a lion in his district attacking a herd of cattle. There was a small boy on guard and the boy ran screaming through the bush as he saw the cattle stampede and the lion leap upon an ox and bring it down. I understood everything that had happened, though I could not understand a single word—except *simba*, the lion—of the flowing language that rose and fell in even rhythm.

That night we camped by a water hole near the WaKambas' kraal. After supper I noticed that Juma was not in camp.

"Where is Juma?" I asked Thomas.

"He make friends," Thomas said.

By morning Juma had completely won the confidence of the WaKambas because at daybreak they brought us calabashes filled with fresh milk and butter. The milk tasted good as we drank it still warm from the cow's udder.

That morning the headman and his oldest son offered to stay with us and act as guides.

"They hope we will kill all the lions," Juma said. "They say

the lions are getting bolder; they say they are afraid the lions will learn to like man meat."

"Did you tell them we were shooting lions?" I asked.

Juma didn't answer.

"Did you tell them we were only taking pictures?"

Juma didn't answer, but Ker said: "Juma is a diplomat which means, as Thomas says, that he's an elephant of a liar. Besides, these people couldn't understand a lion hunt without lions being killed and they never heard of cameras or taking pictures."



The WaKambas are a brave people, famous as hunters and fighters, and even in Africa, where apparently the natives are more insensitive to pain than are the peoples of other countries, the WaKambas are celebrated for their indifference to all kinds of physical suffering. Possibly their indifference is somewhat owing to their training because from boyhood they are exposed to ritualistic tortures which even to hear about causes one to cringe. For example, there is the rite of circumcision which the boy must endure as soon as he reaches puberty.

Late in the afternoon before the evening the boy is to be circumcised, he goes down into a pool of cool water and stands there with the water above his waist until the time for the ceremony to begin.

When he leaves the pool, he goes directly to where the men of the tribe, seated in a circle, are waiting for him. He enters the circle and sits down, looking off into the night, seemingly unaware that anyone is near him.

After a time the medicine man approaches. The boy separates his legs wide and continues to look off into the night as if he were alone. Then the medicine man places a stone beneath the penis and a knife directly above and in exact

position. He strikes the knife a sudden blow with another stone and thus circumcises the boy. If the lad even slightly changes his calm, disinterested look, the medicine man or the chief slaps him and he is immediately turned out of the tribe.

This is merely the beginning of the torture that the boy endures, because as he grows older his vanity prompts him to suffer immeasurable pain "to make him pretty," as Juma explained.

When a WaKamba boy enters his teens and begins to notice the girls, he realizes that the time has come to make himself attractive. Straightway he goes to the medicine man and lies down on his back before that dignitary.

The medicine man then straddles the boy's chest and with a stone knocks out his lower front teeth. After which he gets a file and goes to work on the upper teeth. Still astraddle the lad's chest, he puffs and grunts as he files away, working first on one tooth and then another, shaping each of them until it is pointed like a spike.

This job is never finished the first day because there is so much blood that the medicine man can't see to put those little finishing touches which will prove him a master of his art. Next day the boy returns and lies down once more. Once more the medicine man sits on his chest.

First he inspects the work of the day before. Is each tooth an exact spike, shaped down to an absolute point? The medicine man has pride in his work and will be satisfied with nothing less than perfection. He files a little here, a little there, putting on the final rasp.

Whenever the medicine man finds a tooth that needs particular attention, he gets up on his knees once more and really puts power into his filing. Then he sits back again and surveys the job. At last he pronounces it good. The boy, he says, is now quite handsome.

But of course filed teeth are for boys only. No fully-grown

WaKamba man would be seen with filed teeth. The first visit to the beauty parlor is merely to make a lad presentable; it does not create an absolute beau.

Before a man can be really handsome, he must wait until his teeth—which of course have been ruined by the filing—have all decayed. Then he goes back to the medicine man and that gentleman gets his file once more. This time he starts at the point of each tooth and files away at the decayed spikes, simply rasping back and forth until the stumps are filed down level with the gums.

With an iron needle and a buckskin thong, the medicine man now improvises a crude drill. With this drill he bores into the root of each tooth, twisting and jabbing until finally he has made a hole.

Then comes the accolade, the great beautification.

The young dandy leaves the medicine man and goes back to his hut. There he gets the shin bone of a goat or an ox and fashions himself some teeth. He may shape one like the head of a miniature lion. Another like the head of a buffalo. One may be the head of an elephant with tiny trunk raised. He gives his imagination full play and proves himself an artist by carving animals, fishes, and trees which are to be his teeth and decorate his mouth—until he tires of these designs and fashions still others according to his new whim or fancy.

Each of the artificial teeth has a little stem which is fitted into the gums and up into the hole that the medicine man drilled with his iron needle.

Of course the now handsome WaKamba can never chew with these front teeth, but that doesn't matter. He is, after all, in the mode and is very attractive to the ladies. For such charm he has gladly traded a few teeth.

The teeth of the headman who was hunting with us were all rhinos. I spoke to Juma about them.

"A rhino charged him last year and now he makes friends with rhinos. He says to them that he likes them so much that he carries them in his mouth. The rhinos hear about it, and like him, and do not charge him any more."

When the headman saw that we were talking about his teeth, he promptly reached into his mouth, lifted them out one by one, and dropped them into my palm for inspection.

"He is proud of his teeth," Juma says. "He claims they are the most pretty teeth in all WaKamba country."

When I returned the rhino teeth, the man fitted them back into his gums once more.



One night soon after we went into the WaKamba country, Impala thoroughly distinguished himself.

He had been sent a number of times to the kraal of the WaKambas. Naturally we all thought he knew the way perfectly. Therefore when we left the kraal one night well after dark and Impala said he knew a short cut to camp, Ker believed him and turned off the tracks we had left on a former trip.

We started out through the unmarked bush.

There was no moon, no stars, nothing to guide us except the redoubtable Impala. The lions were talking a lot that night and the quavering maniac laugh of the hyenas sounded all about us. Once three small animals sprang out of the bush and stood directly in our light.

"Jackals," I said.

"No," Ker said, "bat-eared foxes."

Then a few minutes later four jackals did trot into our lights and stopped. Ker shot one of them with a twenty-two rifle. I heard the thump of the bullet and saw the jackal leap, then disappear into the bush. Thomas stepped out of

the automobile and went over and picked him up. Ker had shot him through the throat.

Soon after we drove away, we heard the sudden pounding of many hooves as a herd of zebra raced away from us. We didn't see them, but their dust drifted across in front of our lights. Then a very young zebra, evidently confused by the lights and the gallop of the herd, trotted out and stood in front of us, his eyes blaring as our lights blinded him. But he stood only a moment before his mother swooped down and pressed her head against him and steered him out of the range of our lights.

"That's grand," I said, as I watched the mother guide the little fellow out of what she believed was danger.

For a minute Ker didn't answer; then he said: "Too bad you can't come out here and live with the animals for a while. They'd make you forget some of the things you'd like to forget about people."

Three ostriches crossed in front of us, the two cock birds resplendent in their sleek black coats and their fine plumes, and the hen wearing her usual costume of drab brown feathers. As they trotted along, all of them bounced up and down and switched their behinds like prissy old ladies in bustles.

"Those things can travel forty-five miles an hour," Ker said. "And the Lord help you if one of them kicks you. And the Lord help me if we don't get to camp pretty soon: I'm starving." He broke off and spoke to Impala in the Embu language. Impala answered and pointed ahead. "Impala says camp is just over that rise," Ker said.

But it wasn't.

Nor was it over the next rise.

Or the next.

Yet each time Impala swore that camp was only a little further on, only a short distance.

Finally Ker said: "He has no idea where he is." Then he

and Thomas talked in Swahili, the language they ordinarily used when they talked with each other. "Thomas says he believes camp is off to the left, but he is not certain. He was the same kind of fool I was: he trusted that jackass Impala and paid no attention to where we were going."

Without a moon or stars, we had nothing by which we could get a bearing. We shouted, and got no response. We shot our rifles, but got no reply.

All the time Impala was talking a blue streak and pointing first in one direction and then another. I thought of all the stories I had read about the unfailing ability of the African tracker to find his way through the bush. I thought of the miracles the cinema has shown, portraying these fellows racing straight to their goal through the trackless jungle. Then I looked at Impala, pointing like a windmill in a breeze, and broke out laughing.

The word they used for camp was obviously a slight corruption of the English word itself. Over and over again Impala would point in one direction and nod his head emphatically: "Camp-ee," he would say. A minute later he would point in the opposite direction. Even I could tell that he was boxing the compass as he pointed and said: "Camp-ee. Camp-ee."

After we had been driving for two hours, stopping occasionally to shout and shoot our rifles, Thomas got out of the automobile and lay flat on his belly, peering intently off to the left. Then he climbed back into the automobile and spoke to Ker.

"He thinks he sees the outline of the mountain we climbed this morning—where we saw the lioness and her cubs," Ker said.

We drove on for a while and Thomas got out once more and looked. When he got back in, he spoke to Ker.

"He's sure of it now," Ker said.

We drove on and Impala, who didn't understand Swahili

and had no idea what was going on, was still pointing and saying, "Camp-ee."

Finally we saw some lights almost dead ahead.

"There we are," Ker said. "The boys have hung lanterns in the trees."

At that very moment Impala was pointing off to the right and saying emphatically: "Camp-ee. Camp-ee."

"Camp-ee. Camp-ee," Thomas mimicked, then poured out a flood of Swahili.

"What did he say?" I asked Ker.

"Well, I'd rather not translate exactly; though I'll tell you it has something to do with a gentleman who, Thomas thinks, should have his butt kicked."



On the first day we went into the WaKamba country, even while Juma was coaxing the headman and his people from the bush, I coveted the headman's quiver and hunting knife. I wanted so much to take home some weapons that I knew were authentic. I had seen hundreds of knives and arrows in curio shops, but I suspected they had been made solely for tourists and I was not interested in them. The headman's weapons I knew were genuine and I wanted them. After we had camped with the WaKambas for a time, I asked Ker if he thought they could be bought or traded for.

He told Juma to begin negotiations.

On the third morning the quiver came off and was sold to me for one dollar and a quarter.

Two days later the hunting knife followed. The price was two dollars and a half.

"That is a fortune for him," Ker said.

"But what will he do with money out here in the bush?" I asked.

"First, he'll probably pay his taxes so that he won't be

afraid of collectors. Then he'll walk the seventy miles back to that native market we passed the other day and buy himself and his family some treasures—cloth and beads and knickknacks which catch his eye.”

The quiver was made of cowhide. In it were four arrows. Three of them were poisoned. The fourth was used for killing birds and had no poison on it.

The poison is smeared on the arrow immediately behind the barb; and the killing is done by the poison, not by the barb. The iron arrowhead, sharp and triangular, is used chiefly to open a way into the body so that the poison can follow and get into the blood. The stuff is so deadly that it kills an elephant in twenty minutes and a man almost immediately, just as soon as it reaches the heart where it paralyzes.

“The natives make the poison by a long and intricate process,” Ker said. “The method once was secret, but now they don’t care who knows how they make it. They’ll show you or anybody else, if you’ll spend the time with them.”

Ker told me that the natives begin by cutting down trees whose saps are poisonous. They hack these trees into small pieces which they boil sometimes for as long as a month. Each day they draw off the liquid and throw away the pulp until finally they have a substance that is black and gummy, looking something like soft tar.

Then they go into the mountains and get the white juice of a poisonous vine. They mix the juice with the gum and boil the two together. Finally they put in poisonous spiders and poison from snakes. “Which probably doesn’t make the concoction any more deadly,” Ker said, “but the medicine men are most superstitious about this part of it; they wouldn’t dare make poison without sprinkling in a handful of spiders and adding the poison sacs of a few snakes.

“After all the ingredients have been put in the pot and nicely boiled, the medicine men dip out the poison and smear

it on the arrows, giving the iron shaft behind the barb a thick coating for at least two inches. Once the poison dries, the arrows are ready for use."

"But why don't they put the poison on the tip itself?" I asked.

"If they coated the barb with poison, the head of the arrow would be thick and its flight would be slow; they want the iron barb to be thin so that it will cut the air and hold its direction. As a matter of fact putting the poison even on the shaft is a delicate job; it must be smoothed until it is perfectly round so that the arrow will fly true. Then the iron barb plunges into the body and the poison follows immediately."

When hunting with poison arrows, the native hides in the bush until some animal comes near; then the native shoots and the animal runs away, carrying the arrow in his body. The wounded beast runs for perhaps a hundred yards, until the poison reaches his heart, when he pitches forward and lies still.

The native goes to his kill, pulls out the arrow, and cuts out the small circle of greenish flesh. The rest of the meat is good, the poison having killed only by a sudden and complete paralysis.

"Would the WaKambas have used their arrows against us that afternoon we tried to get them out of the bush?" I asked Ker.

"Not unless we offered them physical harm," he said. "They are a proud people and probably would have answered a blow with an arrow."



The hunting knife I bought from the headman is a truly magnificent thing and was made entirely by the headman himself.



“IMPALA”: He is shooting a poisoned arrow. The black poison is smeared on
the arrowhead, behind the barb.



GOLDEN CRANE OF UGANDA: A ROMANCE: Upper left: He sees the lady fly over. Upper right: He dances the love dance. Lower left: Flirtation. Lower right: "Darling"—and the old African crows in his white collar squawks his disapproval.

The handle is of aluminium, which the WaKamba got from some trader years ago. As a handle it is perfect, but it is also a startling work of art, being superbly fashioned like the body of a man. There is one touch of humor about the handle, as there is about so much that the native does—the navel protrudes in such a way that the man, who is otherwise perfectly modeled, has a grotesque and a most amusing pot belly.

When drawn from its cowhide scabbard, the blade is seen to be long and sharp as a razor.

For centuries the peoples of East Africa have been fine smiths and today they still go down to the old river beds, get iron ore, smelt it on forges of their own making, and shape their knives and arrowheads.

Some authorities say that these people were the first people on earth to smelt and make use of iron.



Besides his bow with its buckskin string, his quiver, arrows, and hunting knife, the native of East Africa frequently carries a kind of vanity case. It is made usually of jackal skin or hyena skin and in it he carries his snuff—a vile mixture of tobacco, soda, and sheep fat—his luck charms, his tweezers used in pulling out his whiskers, and any other little treasures he happens to have along.



When at last time came for us to break camp and leave the WaKambas, the headman presented me with two beautiful ostrich plumes.

I presented him with two five-gallon gasoline tins.

We were friends and we proved our friendship by exchanging gifts.

Each of us gave symbols of his own country and civilization.

I shall never forget how his face lighted when he realized that those exotic, those beautiful gasoline tins actually belonged to him.

INTO THE CONGO

On the morning we told our WaKamba friends good-by, they begged us to stay and shoot. During the night a lion had killed a kongoni near their kraal—we saw the skeleton, only horns and bones after the vultures had finished. The lions, the WaKambas said, were becoming bold. Suppose they learned to like man meat? Would we not stay and shoot? Sometimes the small boys of the kraal had to be sent into the bush alone to bring back the cattle. Some time one of the boys might not return.

But we couldn't stay. We had to say good-by.

At the top of the hill we looked back and the headman was standing near the thorn-bush wall. I took off my hat and waved to him. He lifted his hand.

We drove on through the bush. Kongoni and zebra and impala raced away from us. We saw lion tracks and the tracks of buffalo and rhinoceros.

We drove on until we came to a dirt road. The dirt road led us to a paved highway with a signpost which said: Nairobi 93 miles.

We told our WaKamba friends good-by at ten o'clock in the morning. We were unshaven. Our khaki clothes were muddy and smelled of wood smoke.

At ten o'clock that night I was dancing at the club in Nairobi. The orchestra played a slow waltz. We had drunk good sherry before dinner and delicate claret with our partridge. The orchestra played softly in the golden haze that was the memory of the brandy.

"You dance beautifully," I said, and looked down at her.

"I love to dance," she said.

The muted violin was playing the lead. The lights were not bright and the music was slow. She had used perfume

so faintly that only occasionally did it whisper from her black hair—it was sandalwood, I thought, or mimosa. •

“I love to dance,” she said again. Then she looked up at me. “Don’t you?”

“Tonight”—I bent a little forward: yes, it was sandalwood —“tonight I love it very much.”

We danced on slowly, hardly seeming to move as the music dreamed from the violin.

“Excuse me,” I said, “but what kind of teeth do you have? Elephant teeth with tiny trunks upraised? Rhino teeth? Or a medley of fish and trees?”

“I beg your pardon!” she said abruptly.

“No, I beg yours.” I was getting a little confused. “You see, things happen so fast in Africa.”



One evening in Nairobi I met Major J. J. Drought, a gentleman who has lived for some years in Kenya Colony.

During the 1914-18 war, Major Drought organized the natives of Kenya into a fighting troop. The Drought Scouts, as they were called, made a brilliant record in the East African campaign. Carrying virtually no equipment, they moved rapidly and struck quickly, then disappeared, only to strike again and again.

On the evening that I met Major Drought we went for a drive through Nairobi and out onto the plains that surround the city. There were only a few stars, but from time to time in the darkness our lights picked up animals moving over the plains. Once a herd of wildebeest crossed in the path of our lights; an old bull stopped, snorted, and pawed the ground. Three giraffe stood for a minute and stared down at the lights, then turned and ambled off.

Major Drought told me how the scouts fought their har-

assing campaign and how, at last, they were ordered to attack an overwhelming number of the enemy.

"We were virtually wiped out," he said, "but before that happened, we had a pretty glorious time of it."

He told me of one campaign in particular when his men moved over toward the west and there joined company with white Belgian soldiers. The Belgians had with them some native black men of the Congo.

"We maneuvered together until we came upon one of the two detachments of Germans we were seeking," said Major Drought. "We surrounded them and attacked. Those that were not killed were captured." The Belgian commander turned over the prisoners to his black troops, ordering that the prisoners be most carefully guarded.

"Then we hurried away on a long march, hoping to overtake the other detachment of Germans before they could learn of what had happened.

"But something went wrong and we couldn't find the second detachment. We searched for a week, then ten days, then a fortnight. Finally the commander of the Belgians decided to talk to the prisoners; he wanted to get information from them. He sent for the chief of the black men.

"'Bring me one of the prisoners,' the commander said to the chief.

"'What prisoners?' the chief asked.

"The commander was puzzled. 'The prisoners I turned over to you a fortnight ago.'

"The chief shook his head. 'Sorry,' he said, 'but there aren't any left; we ate the last one two days ago.'"



Nairobi is an English town. True, on the streets one sees black men from the bush and brown men from India, but

Nairobi is predominantly as English as Twickenham or Henley-on-Thames.

Indeed, Nairobi may be a little more English than even the towns of England because that unmistakable quality which the world so easily recognizes and might call "Englishness"—a quality which has so much that is admirable, and so much that is petty and outmoded and stubborn—is taken for granted in England while in the colonies it is rather insistent. At times in the colonies it is absolutely rampant, as some colonials seek to assure themselves and remind their acquaintances.

I could find nothing in Nairobi to interest me especially, certainly nothing to excite me. Yet in the tearoom at the hotel one afternoon I heard some lady tourists declare that the place was positively thrilling. I met these ladies because I wanted to know in what way I was blind. I wanted to discover how and why I had missed that part of Nairobi that was thrilling.

I'd been in Nairobi a week and to me it was just another town; but as I listened to these ladies talk, I became troubled, asking myself if I had been away from home too long. On each trip there eventually comes a time when one does go blind, when he has seen so many strange sights that he can see nothing regardless of its interest; his eyes simply won't see and his emotions won't respond. It is then time for him to go home. I was wondering if that time already had come to me on this particular trip.

"Why do you say that Nairobi is so thrilling?" I asked.

"Why, it's just so—so unique," one lady said.

"How do you mean? In what way?"

"Why, it's just unique, that's all."

"It just thrills me," another lady said.

"What thrills you?" I asked. "What about the place do you find thrilling?"

"Why, Nairobi itself."

Then I understood. Shakespeare once wrote that the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears, not in the tongue of him who tells. When one listens to some travelers talk about this foreign port or that foreign capital, he realizes that frequently the merit of the place lies in the eye of him who sees, not in the town itself.

So often that merit is seen only by the inner eye that never looks out and actually sees. The ladies who found Nairobi unique were seeing what they had come to see, not what really lay before them. Nairobi! The heart of Africa! They had read books about the heart of Africa. It simply must be thrilling; it had to be. They had come ten thousand miles to find it thrilling.

What a let-down if they looked out of the window and honestly saw another town like Macon, Georgia, or Meridian, Mississippi—just another modern town where men and women of different colors live in the same community and carry on the business of living, selling hardware and trying lawsuits and cooking dinners and scrubbing bathrooms.



One day I told some friends in Nairobi that I had dawdled around the fleshpots long enough, that I wanted to be traveling again.

"I'd like to ramble around in Kenya for a while. Then go into Uganda. And down into the Congo. What is the best way to travel?" I asked. "By train?"

"You couldn't make it by train," they said. "The distances are too great and the trains too few and too slow. Furthermore parts of the Congo have no trains. You had better rent an automobile."

I did.

"And you'll need a chauffeur, somebody who knows the country and can speak the native languages."

I employed Frederick, one of Donald Ker's drivers.

Frederick was a small, brown man, a member of the Kikuyu tribe. Besides knowing everything about an automobile and being able to repair it on the road, he was invariably better dressed than I and the crease in his trousers was always sharp. At the beginning of the trip he treated me with a certain kindly indulgence which made me want to knock his head off; but later all that changed and I remember Frederick with respect and genuine affection.

Early one morning he and I drove out of Nairobi in a Ford sedan, off on a trip of thousands of miles through Central Africa. Though exactly where in Central Africa, neither of us knew.



Soon after leaving Nairobi we ran into locusts. We saw them first when they were a long way off. They were flying toward us and they looked like a storm cloud coming up. We drove on and met them. There was no way to avoid meeting them; they were everywhere.

When the first locust hit our windshield, he burst—and left a yellow smear. Then another struck. And another, each turning suddenly into a yellow smash on the windshield.

We drove on into the locusts. The sky was dark like twilight. The locusts thudded against our windshield like hard rain.

I suggested that we turn on our lights. We did, but so many locusts had smashed against the glass of the headlights that no light could get through the yellow stain. Even if the light had gone through, it would have done no good; it could not have penetrated the dark mass of locusts that flew continuously into us.

We stopped the automobile to get out and wipe the windshield: the wipers themselves could no longer clean the glass. As I stepped from the car, I discovered that the flight of locusts was like hail blown by a wind. For a moment I shielded my eyes, then I was forced to turn my back because the locusts struck my face and hurt. A high-pitched, shrill, hissing sound was in the air, made by millions of wings.

As we walked, the locusts cracked under our feet. I could see no place to step without stepping on locusts. They covered the ground as well as filling the air.

The flight continued for an hour. At the beginning, we tried to drive through it; then we gave up trying and sat at the side of the road, unable to see out of the car except through parts of the side windows where the locusts had not struck. And unable, even through the clear glass, to see any distance because the locusts were now so thick that they had blackened out virtually all light.

When at last the flight had passed and only a few thousand stragglers were whizzing through the air, we opened the door of the car once more. I got out and looked at the automobile. It was so splattered with locust juice that it looked as if someone had sprayed it with sulphur.

The flight of locusts which passed over us was small—it was trivial really, compared to some of the flights—yet to feed this one flight alone would require the crops of many large areas. When feeding, the locusts suddenly descend and in only a few hours utterly destroy the crops. Then they rise and fly on to some other place where the flight once more descends, destroys, and flies on again.

The annual world damage done by locusts is estimated at fifty million dollars.

The record flight in North Africa covered two thousand square miles. The locusts in this flight were estimated to weigh forty-two billion eight hundred and fifty million tons.

Scientists are trying to locate the breeding places of the

pests and attack them by destroying their eggs. As yet they have had no great success.



We pulled grass from the side of the road and wiped the windshield as best we could. Then we drove on again.

"Locusts are bad, aren't they?" I said.

"Bad for farmer," Frederick said. "Good for eat."

He told me how during a flight the natives catch all the locusts possible, stuffing them into bags and sacks and buckets. Later the wings and legs are pulled off and the locusts are boiled into a kind of paste which is "good for eat," particularly when liberally mixed with corn meal.

Frederick told me that the most delicate way to prepare the locusts is to string them and hang them up to dry, then serve them before meals.

"An appetizer," I suggested. "Kind of hors d'œuvre."

"Good for eat," he said.

As a boy I used to feel very sorry for John the Baptist—even before he met Salome. I thought it terrible that a man had to live in the desert and eat only locusts and wild honey.

But now that I have eaten that combination I know I was wasting my sympathy because John the Baptist was living on a really delicious diet.

In even the farthest part of the bush one frequently sees a hollow log fastened in the crotch of a tree. The log has been put there by some native who wishes the wild bees to come and build their comb inside.

This wild honey is not so deliciously flavored as some of the honey we get in the United States, but then the bee of Central Africa has no orange blossom or tupelo tree to feed upon; he must feed on far less fragrant flowers, but he does a very fine job with what the Lord affords him.

This wild honey when eaten with dried locusts—they taste a little like nuts, particularly like pecans—makes a very tasty and altogether palatable combination.



Frederick is particularly valuable for one traveling a long distance in Africa, going from one tribal area to another, because he speaks eight different African languages. There are five hundred and ninety languages and dialects in Africa and sometimes men living within fifty miles of each other can not converse except by signs. Even I, who couldn't understand one word of what was said, could tell the difference as Frederick would shift from one language to the other; to my ear there seemed as much difference between Swahili and Luganda as there is between French and German.

The most common language in East Africa is Swahili and as we drove along Frederick taught me Swahili words and expressions. I particularly enjoyed learning the names of animals:

Simba, the lion
Tembo, the elephant
Bogo, the buffalo
Faro, the rhinoceros
Twiga, the giraffe
Punda milia, the zebra

Kiboko, the hippopotamus
Kita, the chetah
Chui, the leopard
Mamba, the crocodile
Ngirri, the warthog



On our first day out from Nairobi we came to Lake Nakuru, close by the town of Nakuru. We first saw the lake from the road and while Frederick had told me what I would see, he had not begun to tell me of its real beauty; nor can I tell you of the beauty of this lake.

There is a lake in the hills outside Peiping in China—it is

in the garden of the palace where the Chinese emperors used to spend their summers—that is covered with lotus. I have always remembered it as the most beautiful small lake I ever saw. But the lotus were only white.

On the far side of Lake Nakuru were thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of what seemed to be lotus. They were colored a deep pink.

Then a "lotus" would rise and fly away. A whole section would lift into the sky and fly to some other part of the lake.

The "lotus" were flamingoes, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of flamingoes.

We went into the town and took the little road down to the lake. Frederick drove out to the edge of the mud flats that surround the lake itself.

"Can go no farther, master," he said.

"But I can't take pictures from here, and I must have pictures of those flamingoes."

"Can go no farther," he said.

I got out and started to walk over the flats. Masses of feathers had been washed up from the lake; the whole shore line was marked by a heavy ridge of feathers. The place smelled like an ancient chicken house that had never, never been cleaned.

The farther I went, the softer the flats became. Finally I was bogging up to my ankles. Still the birds were too far away for me to photograph them.

I returned to the car.

"I simply must have a picture of those birds," I said.

"No can get," Frederick told me.

We drove back to the town and I asked at a garage if there was a way to get nearer the flamingoes. The owner of the garage lent me one of his men who said he knew a path.

We returned to the lake and followed a road that wound about the edge until for no apparent reason it stopped. At

the end of this road, I got out and again tried to go over the flats.

Once more I bogged down.

And, besides, the flamingoes wouldn't pose. At sight of me coming toward them, they either swam away or lunged into the air with their awkward take-off which quickly turns into a swift and graceful flight, the dark red and black under-markings of their wings showing in glorious contrast with the pink of their bodies.

I tried all afternoon to take pictures of the flamingoes, but got none.

My photographic luck was completely out this day because late in the afternoon I left the lake and crept back to where I had spotted some ostriches feeding. When I was almost near enough, they saw me and stumped away, their stiff-legged trot quickly taking them far from me.

As I was returning to the car, a dik-dik, an antelope so small that it looks almost like a hare, scuttled out of the underbrush and stood exactly in my path. I focused my camera as quickly as possible, but just as I snapped the shutter he scuttled back. The picture shows nothing but a background of underbrush and in the center a blur.

I have seen flamingoes in Florida and other parts of the world, but nowhere have I seen the vast number of the birds that live on Lake Nakuru. As we were driving away in the late afternoon, I had Frederick stop so that I might have one more look.

There was the blue of the lake and beyond was the green of the undergrowth; but between, and bordering the lake, was that deep line of rich pink—in the late sun it seemed darker, almost a rose—while overhead a flight of ten thousand, of fifty thousand, flamingoes sailed on their red and black wings under the deep blue of the African sky.



One evening at the hotel in Kusumu, a town on Lake Victoria, I was having a smoke after dinner. A tall, rather stooped man came over to my table.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked.

"I'd appreciate it very much."

He drew back a chair and sat down. "You're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes."

We talked and smoked for a while; then he said: "I'd like to ask you something."

He asked what Americans thought of certain famous moving pictures that, supposedly, were taken in Africa.

"We liked them," I said. "Those pictures were popular."

He started to relight his pipe, then stopped with the match poised over the bowl. "You're not in the cinema business, are you?" he asked.

"No. I'm just traveling around having a look."

"Well, did you know that every one of those pictures—and I mean every one of them—is a fake?"

He told me that he had served as guide with several parties sent out from Hollywood. "And I know what I'm talking about," he said.

He told me how directors repeatedly have used specially-built jungles in Hollywood as settings for their African pictures and have used "natives" who are several generations removed from the bush, who in reality were born and reared in Harlem and never saw even the shore line of Africa.

"These African pictures are what you Americans call a racket," he said. "Even certain celebrated African explorers now make their pictures with trained circus animals or with harmless beasts specially acquired for the occasion."

"But what about the fighting scenes?" I asked.

"They're almost all made in Hollywood stockades where

the animals are turned loose before cameras safely operated from behind barricades.

"Of course," he said, "when the cinema people plan to make an African picture they're smart enough to send out an expedition, get a lot of publicity, and make everyone believe the entire film is being made on this continent. The expedition comes out with suitable fanfare and uses up a lot of film which it takes back to Hollywood. There the directors look at the scenes taken in Africa and get some new ideas.

"Then they make the picture in Hollywood to suit themselves and to fit the story. Naturally they're smart enough to cut in a few real African shots here and there, just to give the flavor of authenticity; but the number of true African scenes actually shown is negligible.

"I was on one expedition that got publicity everywhere. The reporters were particularly impressed with the number of feet of film taken in Africa. That expedition actually took eleven thousand feet of film out here. But when the film was shown, only five hundred feet of the true African stuff was used. Everything else was faked in Hollywood.

"I was with another expedition and saw them make the entire film. But when I saw the film on the screen, I give you my word I didn't recognize one single scene.

"No wonder you people in the States and in the rest of the world have those damn fool ideas about Africa being savage, just as it was back in the days of Stanley and Livingstone."



In Kampala, the chief commercial town in Uganda, Frederick and I turned in at a filling station. Frederick drove up and stopped at a pump, failing to notice a sign saying that the pump was out of order.

An attendant, a Uganda black man, came out. Speaking

English, so that I would get the full benefit, he said: "Come on to this pump. You Kenya boys can't even read."

Frederick glanced at the sign, then turned to me and said loud enough for all to hear: "In Uganda, not even the pumps any good."

I felt completely at home as I heard these colored men good-naturedly check at each other. In the South I've heard such talk so often and I was suddenly homesick. At that moment I didn't want to be at a filling station in Uganda. I wanted to be back in Birmingham with Midnight and Swifty cleaning my windshield as usual, calling each other names as usual.



In the central part of Africa are great lakes grouped together like those that separate the United States and Canada. One of the African lakes is Kivu. It is in the Belgian Congo and it has an extraordinary history.

At one time, long ago, Lake Kivu emptied to the north.

Then lava flowed down from one of the volcanoes near the northern exit and dammed it.

But the lake in time rose above the dam and Kivu emptied to the north as before.

Then more lava came down and a higher dam was built.

Again the lake rose until it poured over the dam.

But the lava continued to flow until finally the dam at the north was higher than an opening at the south.

Suddenly Kivu, blocked off at the north, began to empty to the south.

A new river was born.

Today the swift Ruzizi still races south from Kivu, flowing through a land where once there was no river, until it empties into Lake Tanganyika.



In May, 1939, I was staying in a hotel at Ngoma on the shore of Lake Kivu.

In the lobby were photographs of Leopold III, king of the Belgians, and of Astrid, his queen. The photographs showed Their Majesties in the hotel gardens beside Lake Kivu.

"They visited us and they were wonderful," the hotel owner said to me. "They were so friendly. Everybody loved them. We are so proud of our king."

Eleven years before I went to Africa, I dined one evening in Java at the palace of the Susuhunan of Surakarta, ruler of one of the small native states. The dinner was given to entertain royal guests who were visiting Java while on a tour of the world. This was in 1928.

Later, in a book called *From Siam to Suez*, I wrote of that dinner party:

A fanfare!

The guards swing their muskets upward in the royal salute!

The Javanese crouch on their heels!

His Highness, the Susuhunan, enters the royal reception room.

He is short and fat. His black velvet coat blazes with its covering of diamond-studded decorations. His scarlet hose show between the bottom of his purple sarong and his pumps of black satin. He walks slowly and with great dignity.

With her hand through his arm walks a woman of startling beauty, small, delicate, fragile: Titania in topaz. Her silken sarong is cream-colored, and has a conventional design of minute brown squares; her linen shirtwaist is white. In her ears are cone-shaped Javanese earrings, their bases flashing solid with diamonds; into her ebony hair are twined two temple flowers. She is the number one wife.

Immediately behind the Susuhunan marches a female dwarf, distorted and hideous, bearing the royal spittoon, of gold and wondrously carved. Behind her marches the bearer of the royal sword. Then the bearer of the golden duck. The bearer of the golden spear. The bearer of the golden shield. Then come the princesses, marching in a long line, two by two. They are un-

numbered, for if you ask the Susuhunan the number of his children he replies that he is the father of sixty-eight sons.

The guests at the birthday party advance along the royal carpet of red stretching from the steps to the throne. They are presented to the Susuhunan. He grants his hand, a palm with five pegs of jewelry jutting from it; even in a momentary grip one feels the two-inch nails. The Susuhunan expresses his greeting in Malay.

Her Highness smiles graciously. She, too, grants her hand. She murmurs softly, speaking in Javanese, the most musical of all Oriental languages.

A fanfare!

The guards swing their muskets upward in the royal salute!

The Susuhunan leaves his throne and slowly marches forward.

Their highnesses, the crown prince and princess of the Belgians, and his excellency, the Dutch governor, enter. . . .

In 1928 Leopold was prince of the Belgians; his father Albert was on the throne. Leopold was then a young man with curly blond hair. Astrid, his wife, was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

Then: ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS, KILLED.

Then: ASTRID, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, KILLED.

Then: LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, SURRENDERS.

Then: BELGIAN PEOPLE REPUDIATE THEIR KING.

In 1940, as I read of the catastrophe in Belgium, I remembered the young man who lives beside Lake Kivu deep in the Congo. I remembered the look on his face as he said: "We are so proud of our king."

I remembered, too, what Leopold had said that night years ago in Java: "My work will of course be hard, but I shall be very happy."

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

There is no name in all geography so completely a poem as the name of the mountains in the Congo which centuries ago the black men called the Mountains of the Moon.

How the name was given is also beautiful:

The natives who had never seen snow, and knew nothing about it, looked up at the top of the mountains and saw them covered with a gleaming silver which they could conceive of only as moonlight.

"They are mountains of the moon," the natives said.

Today the story is slightly marred because no one knows which are the true Mountains of the Moon. Some authorities declare that the volcanoes near Lake Kivu deserve the name. Others say that the name was given to Mount Ruwenzori, a mountain farther north.

I saw the volcanoes and later saw Ruwenzori. Most of the time they all keep their heads in the clouds. Occasionally though the clouds drift away and the mountains stand out full against the sky. Then one easily understands how the natives thought these mountains had come down from a world of silver.

Near the Mountains of the Moon, Frederick and I were driving along slowly one afternoon. I was looking at the three volcanoes, Visoke, Karisimbi and Mideno, all of them with thick clouds about their heads and shoulders. I was thinking of Claudius Ptolemy, the geographer of Alexandria who in the second century wrote of the Mountains of the Moon. I was thinking of Vachel Lindsay's *Congo* with its "roaring, epic, rag-time tune, from the mouth of the Congo to the Mountains of the Moon." I was just looking and half dreaming and unconsciously enjoying it all very much.

Suddenly Frederick stopped the car and said: "I am tired."

I came out of my reverie in a hurry. Several times on our trip I had offered to drive, though goodness knows I didn't want to. Our Ford had been built for English traffic which meant that the steering wheel was on the right-hand side. Certainly I had no desire to trust myself with apparatus that was all wrong for me; I had, however, offered to relieve Frederick, only to have him sniff at the idea. And here at last he had voluntarily stopped the car and announced that he was tired. I took one look at him and he looked worse than tired: his face was drawn and his eyes were blood-shot.

"Aren't you feeling well?" I asked.

"I am tired," he said.

We had been staying at the little town of Nyarusambo and were driving out onto the Ruindi plains, going toward the rest camp in the middle of the great Congo game reserve.

"Perhaps I better drive," I suggested.

"I am tired," Frederick said and immediately relinquished his place.

I drove on for an hour until we came to the camp with its double row of circular huts.

"May I stay with you for a while?" I asked the manager of the camp.

"Certainly."

"And my chauffeur has fever—can you care for him?"

"Yes."

I was given one of the huts.

After I had unpacked and bathed, I went back to the servants' quarters to see about Frederick.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Fever," he said.

"Yes, I thought so."

Next morning when I went to see him he was lying on a cot and was completely out of his head. His eyes were glazed and he mumbled in languages I didn't understand; only occasionally did an English word get into the confusion of his talk.

"He's having a bad time of it," I said to the manager.

"Not really. I've seen them much worse than that. All these natives are loaded with fever and it comes out from time to time. We'll give him some tea and some quinine as soon as he can take it. He'll be all right."

The manager suggested I go out and spend the morning driving through the reserve. "You'll find it interesting," he said. "You'll see all kinds of animals."

Even as we walked away from Frederick's hut we looked across the plain and saw a herd of waterbuck grazing.

"I'll give you our best guide," the manager said.

He called out in some language I didn't know. Instantly, as if he'd been waiting like a jack-in-the-box, there appeared a tall black man. He was barefooted and was dressed in khaki shorts and tunic. On his head was a tall green fez. He stood at attention and saluted.

"This is Louis Philippe," the manager said.

"Louis Philippe!" I said.

"Well, his name was unpronounceable, so we compromised on Louis Philippe. Call him Louis—we all do."

So I met Louis. He was a thoroughly stout fellow and I'm sure we'll always remember each other. And remember, too, a certain elephant. I'll guarantee we'll remember that elephant.

When next we meet we'll take time to talk it over. Why, we'll ask, did that big devil trumpet? Why did he charge out of the tall grass like an infuriated mountain? And if we're far out of the bush, if we're certain we're safe, we'll probably laugh about it, instead of screaming as Louis did and no sound at all coming from my locked throat.

Louis and I had no common language except the few Swahili words Frederick had taught me and the half dozen French words that Louis knew. The rest of our talk was carried on by signs. After all, when two fairly intelligent persons use signs and facial expressions and a little imagination, a surprising lot can be said.

One afternoon a particularly difficult thought transference was consummated after an elephant marched out of the bush in front of us and walked away down the path.

As the elephant moved with his slow swaying motion, his leathery legs rasping against his leathery body, Louis kept pointing to the elephant's rear end and making signs I couldn't interpret. For several minutes he was very insistent, pointing at the elephant and making signs; but I couldn't read them.

When at last Louis saw that I didn't understand, he got out of the car, unbuttoned his breeches, half lowered them, and gave a marvelous imitation of an elephant walking. Then everything was perfectly clear to me: Louis was simply telling me that an elephant's skin around his rump is very loose; from the rear, he looks as if he is wearing old and baggy breeches. Next time you go to the circus or the zoo look at an elephant's hind end and you'll see him in his old, comfortable corduroys.

The sign language usually is successful, though occasionally one encounters a person with no imagination and then there may be difficulties. But Louis, fortunately, was a poet; he had the brain and the imagination of a poet, and we had a surprisingly easy time in our sign talk with each other.

One afternoon we were going toward a hippo pool when we saw one of the big fellows asleep in a thick clump of bushes. For some reason he had not gone down to the river for his usual midday sleep, but had settled down in the thicket.

Louis saw him first and hissed at me to stop. Louis pointed

and for a minute I thought there was only a large gray stone in the thicket; then I looked a second time and made out the shape of the body and realized it was a hippopotamus.

But he lay so still I thought he was dead. I looked at him for several minutes, then I was sure he was dead. I pointed at the hippo, crossed my hands on my breast and closed my eyes. Louis quickly shook his head, pointed at the hippo, then moved his hand slowly up and down, thus telling me that the hippo was breathing.

After having learned that the hippo was alive, I got off fifty feet and focused my camera; then I nodded to Louis that I was ready. Louis clapped his hands. The hippo slept on. Louis shouted. The hippo slept on. Louis threw a stick. The hippo slept. Louis found some small stones and threw them. They bounced off the hippo and still he slept.

Maybe he was dead after all; maybe Louis was mistaken. I decided to find out for myself, so I crept forward to where I could see the hippo's side slowly rising and falling. In this closer position I could fully see the terrain.

And as I looked, my brain bore an idea whose ancestry I even yet can not imagine.

Looking at the thick bushes and the young trees amidst which the hippo slept, I figured that he could come out of the thicket in only one direction. If I were to give him a good whack on the rump, he would come out at the proper angle for me to get an excellent picture.

Frankly, the desire for the picture was not my only incentive to whack a live hippo on the backside. I didn't believe that many of my friends had spanked a living hippopotamus in the African bush and I liked the idea. I could think of several dinner tables where I'd like to recount the experience some night as the tales grew taller and taller.

After taking another reconnaissance, I felt certain that the hippo could come out through only one particular opening.

Emboldened by my belief that he was hemmed in by the heavy bushes about him, I began to tiptoe forward. Louis hissed at me and raised a warning finger. I was not to be deterred by Louis' timidity. I continued my advance.

When finally I was in exact position, I leaned over and smacked the hippo as hard as I could. Then I ran to the place where I could photograph him as he came out of the opening I had selected for him.

But he didn't play fair. Instead of coming out as I had planned for him to do, he simply brushed through the bushes and the young trees. When I looked over my shoulder he was not only out of the thicket, but was coming as hard as he could for me.

Finding myself only slightly in front of a charging hippopotamus, I turned and fairly flew along the bank of that African river.

And yet, even as I ran from the infuriated two tons of hippopotamus, I still found time to speak to the Lord. I promised Him most solemnly that if He would only slow down my pursuer, I would never—positively never—spank another of His poor creatures, especially a sleeping hippo.

The Lord must have heard me because when I was half way up a steep incline I glanced back. There at the bottom stood the hippo. He was looking up at me in a drowsy, grumpy sort of way, as if to say: "Now why the hell did you want to do that?"



At the Ruindi reserve I had great fun with the hippos. These interesting animals are plentiful at this reserve and I particularly enjoyed trying to photograph them.

As a rule hippos are night feeders, eating grass by pulling it up with their lips. But sometimes they don't get enough to eat at night. Since they have stomachs ten feet long and

can hold six bushels of grass, they sometimes come out in the day to nibble a few bushels of fodder—just a snack to tide them over.

Usually hippos sleep in the day, lying in shallow water along the edges of rivers and pools. Whenever anyone approaches a hippo pool, regardless of how carefully he slips up to get his picture, some wakeful old cow is almost certain to sound the warning. Then there's a frightful commotion. All up and down the river the hippos begin to honk and grunt like very basso pigs. A moment before there was no sound of any kind beside the jungle river, only total silence. Now in an instant there is bedlam.

Hippos are very amusing animals, particularly when they're sleepy. They so hate to wake up that they'll lie perfectly still even after the danger signal has been sounded. Indeed, I've seen them pass on the signal, honking and grumbling, without moving out of the mud where they lay, without even opening their eyes.

When at last the noise absolutely forces them to wake, they get up and stand for a moment looking about in a grumpy, hang-head sort of way. Then they waddle out on their short legs to deep water, still sleepily honking and grumbling their annoyance.

In deep water they submerge except for their nostrils and eyes. Occasionally they go under completely and remain under water for a minute or two, only to come up again, blast the water from their nostrils, and still remain hidden except for their nostrils and eyes.

One simply must be patient and wait. But if he will wait long enough, if he will stand at the water's edge and remain still, the hippos will put on a most entertaining show. After all, they have just been waked from their noonday sleep and in the heat and the quiet they will eventually get drowsy once more; then they begin to yawn.

And when a hippo yawns, he means it. In a slow, jerky

sort of way he half opens his mouth as a kind of preliminary; then he seems to get a second hitch and his great jaws separate until they look positively cavernous. The yawn is so delightful that the hippo half rises out of the water and flings himself about in full enjoyment of the vast stretch.

After the yawn has ended, the hippo loudly smacks his lips, mumbles a drowsy grunt or two, then settles back into the water—once more only his eyes and nostrils showing.



I believe that my greatest pleasure in Africa was not in the people, but in the animals. It is simply wonderful to be driving along a road and see a lion slinking through the bush. Or be playing golf and have a hippo lift his great head out of the water hazard and snort. I'm sure that my chief enjoyment in Africa was in watching the big animals and trying to photograph them.

When I went to Africa I knew nothing about taking pictures of wild animals; but I was lucky about some of the photographs I made and I treasure them very much. Curiously enough the animal picture I prize most is not a good photograph. It is too dark and is slightly out of focus. But it hangs on my library wall. It is a picture I took of an elephant.

Driving with Louis one afternoon, I saw the spoor of a herd of elephants. The spoor led across the main road and down a narrow trail into a forest. The sun already was setting, but I had made no good pictures of elephants and I wanted to follow the herd.

Louis didn't like the idea and plainly showed that he didn't. He shook his head and said repeatedly: "No, no."

I overruled him and we started in.

Since Frederick was still in bed with fever and since Louis couldn't drive, I was my own chauffeur. And I didn't like it.

I still didn't feel at home with the steering wheel on the wrong side. With the handbrake on the wrong side. And with a dashboard starting button when I was accustomed to a foot starter.

As I turned into the narrow trail leading into the forest, Louis opened the door of the car and, as was customary whenever we were going through bush or grassy country, he took his place on the running board. As I drove along he stood outside, looking over the tall grass for elephants. I could hear him muttering to himself and from time to time he would stoop over, peer into the window, and signal for me to go back. But now there was no going back. The trail was too narrow and we couldn't turn. We had to go ahead whether we wanted to or not.

Then suddenly I saw why we could go ahead no further. Coming around a bend in the trail, slowly walking toward us, was an elephant. Elephants are very nearsighted and this one had not seen us: he came on with that slow, soft-padding walk until he was a hundred yards away.

I cut off the engine and quickly climbed on top of the automobile. I wanted a picture of the elephant as he passed through a patch of sunlight sixty yards down the trail.

As I was focusing my camera on the spot of light ahead, three other elephants came out of the grass at our left and wandered into an opening fifty yards off the road. Louis hissed at me and pointed. He made signs for me to get into the car and back out of the trail that had led us into the center of the herd. I ignored him and waited for the slow-moving elephant coming toward us to reach the patch of light in the road.

When an elephant is worried, is puzzled, he lifts his trunk and seems almost to feel the air, touching it here and there to locate by his sense of smell the source of worry that his weak eyes cannot discover for him. When he learns the direction in which the trouble lies, he either turns and runs or

he flings up his trunk and charges. One can never know which he will do.

If he runs away in fear, an elephant drops his trunk and his ears and his tail; he seems almost to slump forward as he ambles away. And he squeals.

But if he charges, everything is reversed. He throws up his trunk, spreads and lifts his ears, swishes his tail and trumpets. And if the trumpets of doom are any more terrifying than the trumpet of a charging elephant, I hope I never hear them.

Louis kept signaling to me to get into the car and back out of the trail. But I wanted the picture and was determined to wait until the elephant ahead came into the patch of light.

I was determined, that is, until suddenly the bull elephant at the side of us got our wind, flung up his trunk, and trumpeted. As he did, I turned and snapped the picture I now treasure so much, then slid off the top of the car.

By that time the bull at the side of us had trumpeted again and was tossing his great head. He was feeling the air with the tip of his trunk. The last I saw of him, just as I ducked into the car, was when he began his charge.

Louis was on the side of the automobile nearest the elephant and knew that if he jumped from the car and ran, the elephant would catch him. To run from any of the big beasts is suicide; they can all—elephant, rhino, hippo, buffalo—out-run a man.

Louis knew that he couldn't run, but he figured he would be safer in the automobile than stuck out on the running board; so he turned and tried to open the door, but his hand shook in such terror that he couldn't grasp the handle. After fumbling at it for a second, he turned once more and standing on the running board he faced the elephant and screamed.

In the midst of that bedlam—poor Louis screaming and

the bull trumpeting and crashing toward us—I had to get into the automobile, sit down at a steering apparatus that was all wrong for me, search for the dashboard starting button, release a handbrake to which I was unaccustomed, and slip in gears that were on the left side.

While all this was going on, Louis was crying out his only French word that had any significance whatever: “*Tention! Tention!*” Attention, attention, he kept screaming—as if I needed anyone to call attention to an elephant weighing six tons that was charging, trumpeting as he came.

I could see the elephant’s raised trunk and the great head rising and falling over the grass as he charged; then I slipped in the clutch.

As the car lunged forward, the elephant was near enough to swing out with his trunk at Louis. And his trunk came so near that Louis bent backward as far as he could over the top of the car, still hysterically screaming: “*Tention! Tention!*”

As we shot away from the elephant that came pounding down the road after us, I had momentarily forgotten the bull in front.

But there he stood, in the center of the narrow trail, completely filling it, his trunk raised and his ears spread.

Either one of those beasts could have demolished our automobile as if we had been hit by an avalanche. One day in Africa I saw an automobile that had run into an elephant the night before. The car looked as if it had smashed into a brick building.

Behind was an infuriated bull charging. In front was a bull with his trunk and ears raised. There was nothing we could do but chance the elephant in front and try to bluff him out. I hoped that noise would help and I blew the horn as loud as I could. The Lord knows Louis needed no suggestion about noise. He was still screaming: “*Tention! Tention!*”

For half a moment the elephant in front stood in the road, his legs square, his head swaying, his trunk up. Frankly I thought we were done for because if the two elephants had sandwiched us, they would have killed us.

Then suddenly the elephant in front dropped his trunk, folded in his ears, wheeled and crashed off into the tall grass, squealing as he ran.

I drove on until we came to a stream that crossed the trail. There I stopped and Louis and I stepped out into the water and bathed our hands and faces. I do not know which of us trembled the more.

When we started off again I was more than ready to get out of the forests with its elephants everywhere, but the trail was still too narrow; we couldn't turn.

I had to drive on for three miles before the trail widened enough for me to make the turn. By that time the road through the grass and thick trees was so dark that I had to turn on the lights of the automobile.

And driving back through that dark forest, knowing that there was a herd of elephants in it, at least one of them infuriated, is another reason I don't laugh at the alleged joke when playful friends ask the name of the zoo where I took my animal pictures.



In six days Frederick was able to travel again. Still weak, his eyes still red and his face drawn and thin, he was nevertheless decidedly eager to get on.

"No like damn Congo black man," he said, as I suggested that we might remain longer, until he was fully strong again. "No like to live here with him."

"Why?" I asked.

"He no gentleman."

"How do you mean?"

"He no gentleman."

That's the only answer I could get. I couldn't learn why Frederick thought the Congo native "no gentleman." I'm afraid that Frederick was a bit of a snob. You see, he had a shirt and a necktie. But the Congo men at the rest camp went around half naked whenever they were off duty and out of uniform.

Since Frederick didn't like his associates in the servants' quarters, and since I had played quite enough hide-and-seek with elephants, we left the Ruindi rest camp one morning and started north over the mountains.

I didn't exactly know where we were going immediately, though I knew that eventually we would go into the Ituri Forest where the pygmies live.

PYGMIES

The pygmies of equatorial Africa are the nastiest, scabbiest, stinkingest people on earth.

That sentence sounds as if I, a newspaperman, were trying to carry out the newspaper tradition and slam you with a catchy lead—"the nastiest, scabbiest, stinkingest people on earth." But I'll be quite honest and say that unless my olfactory memories deceive me, the declaration about the pygmies is a considerable example of understatement.

Let's get straight on all this business of conflicting smells among peoples. To you, the Indian of the Andes has a most offensive odor. So has the Bedouin of the Arabian desert. So has the cornfield Negro of Alabama when he comes in after a hot day behind a plow. But remember that to the Indian, the Bedouin, and the Negro, your smell is also offensive. I remember an old Negro woman who used to work for my father—she once told me that she didn't mind white folks one or two at a time; but when the whole room was full of them and "their musk began to rise," she couldn't stand it.

These odors that distinguish peoples of different races, and that are so offensive to peoples of other races, are not the smells I'm talking about when I write of the pygmies. The little men have an odor all their own. It is an old, decayed stink which would offend even a Hindu holy man I once saw sitting beside the Ganges: each morning he gave himself a new coating of cow dung and returned to his place atop a dunghill where he had sat for fifteen years. After all, the odor from his body and his surroundings was only the odor of dung, but the pygmies pollute the air with a blending of stenches that are, thank God, unique.

Some authors have called the pygmies "adorable gnomes

of the forest." Others have said that "these cunning little men are just too precious and their wives and children are like dolls."

All that may be true for some filmy-eyed poet sitting in his ivory tower writing about pygmies. But I've been in their villages. I've seen pygmies. And smelled them.

No one knows the origin of these dwarfs or why the men are only four feet, four inches in height, the women only four feet. No one knows the history of the famous little people, though there are three theories about them and their abnormal height.

One theory is that through the centuries the pygmies have deteriorated from ordinary height.

Another theory is that the pygmies are examples of arrested development, that they never at any time reached normal height.

The third theory is that the pygmies have always been only pygmies, that they have never been part of our anthropographic group and therefore have neither deteriorated nor been retarded. They have always been just pygmies.

In Africa alone there are five different groups of pygmies. Then there are pygmies in the Philippines, in China, Malay, South America. At one time pygmies lived in North America—small skulls have been found on the western coast of the United States—but the little men disappeared from North America ages ago.

Some scientists think that at one time all pygmies lived together. Then larger men advanced and the pygmies retreated, breaking up into groups as they fell back before the approach of more powerful men. Through millenniums these groups became so widely separated that today pygmies live on opposite sides of the world.

This theory isn't altogether satisfying, but there seems to be no other to account for the scattered groups of dwarves living under widely varied climatic conditions, and eating

diets as opposite as the meat diet of the African pygmies and the rice diet of pygmies in the Philippines and China.



Homer wrote of pygmies. Herodotus told of them. Sir John Mandeville included them in his amazing collection of travel stories. Swift envisioned them in Lilliput.

Having read so much about pygmies, I was naturally excited as I drove through the Ituri Forest in the Congo. I kept telling myself that at last I was actually to see the romantic dwarves of fact and fable.

But I was worried, because I believed that the pygmies were shy. I had read that sometimes they fled from strangers and hid in the forest. I hoped sincerely that they would not hide from me; but if they did, I planned to lure them out with gifts of salt and tobacco, two luxuries they crave.

In the forest we drove over a wide chert road. Natives of normal height walked the paths on each side of the road, the women bearing great burdens on their heads and the men carrying spears. Today these spears are little more than sad reminders of the past, of a time when a man was a warrior and not to be trifled with. But now that all natives are subservient to the white man, the spear is used more as a walking stick than as a weapon. Occasionally a lucky man kills a dik-dik or some other small animal and takes it home for the pot; occasionally the native of Central Africa uses his spear in hunting, but he has no other use for it.

After we had driven deep into the forest we came at last to a narrow opening between the trees. There we turned off into a village inhabited by native men and women of ordinary height. All of them came pouring from their huts, shouting and pointing at us. Above the bedlam my guide shouted something to a boy who legged it off into the bush.

"He's gone to tell the pygmies," my guide said. "They live near here."

"But won't they run away?" I asked, remembering the books I had read.

"No, they'll come. They used to run away, but now they always come."

"I thought they were afraid of travelers," I said.

"They used to be; but now that there are good roads in the forest, many tourists come to see them. They live off the tips they get."

And bang! went another illusion. This man was a special guide for the Ituri Forest, as well as an interpreter for the pygmies. Certainly he knew what he was talking about—"They live off the tips they get." I wanted to think of them getting their living out of the forest, hunting with bows and arrows, with spears and snares. The thought of tips tarnished my feelings and lessened my excitement, but still I was eager to see the little men and "their wives and children like dolls."

While we waited for the pygmies, I wandered around the village looking at the huts and the half-naked men and women and the wholly naked children, most of whom were under foot, grinning and holding out their hands and nodding their heads as a gesture that they would accept any present I would give. I was trying to find out why a little boy and girl had painted their faces with a white paint when the guide came to me.

"The headman of the village," he said, pointing to an old man with a thin white beard, "demands five francs for allowing you to park your automobile in his village."

I gave the headman five francs.

After that, the onslaught. The whole village jammed around me. Some hands came at me directly. Others were thrust over the shoulders of the shorter beggars. Still others appeared from between the legs of those in the front row.

The wife of the headman demanded three francs.

"For what?" I asked the guide.

"She is the headman's wife," the guide said.

I didn't see what difference that made, but I paid the three francs just the same.

Then the elders of the village demanded one franc each. I paid. Though as fast as I paid one, two others took his place. None of the many-handed Hindu gods have so many hands as were shoved at me by those Congo natives. They shook their hands in my face. They tugged at my clothes. They pushed and shoved to get near my pocketbook.

Then a drum sounded.



I turned and looked over my shoulder. From the bush off to the right, a line of pygmies appeared.

Marching in single file, they came into the clearing. The men stalked along solemnly, the women, their babies on their hips, seemed damned well bored with the whole thing, like tired vaudeville actresses coming out for the final show on Saturday night.

They marched on until the whole line was out of the bush; then, at a signal, the line stopped and faced inward, like a company of soldiers on drill. They stood at attention and awaited my inspection. Hollywood could not have staged it any more like Hollywood.

After the pygmies had given me a chance to look them over, their chief stepped out of line and came to me. Speaking through the interpreter, he said that I had seen his people and that they would accept presents from me. He himself would accept ten francs, for which present he would order his people to dance for me. He said further that I could take pictures if I would pay one franc for each photograph. He sounded like a clerk in a cash-and-carry store calling off the price list.

Experiences like that make a man unhappy. I had gone half round the world to see the sights of romantic Africa. One of the sights I had dreamed about turned out to be a group of petty racketeers charging admission to see them perform. However, any man who has read descriptions in most steamship folders and travel bulletins, then has gone and actually seen for himself—that man often has experienced this same disappointment.

As I paid off, I looked at the pygmies and realized that they are not like the midgets of the American vaudeville stage and circus. Their features are not tiny and pinched; their bodies are not poorly formed, as the bodies of some midgets are. Instead, they are well proportioned in both their features and their bodies. They are just little people, that's all. Indeed, if one saw them walking in an American city, and wearing American clothes, one might think them to be merely boys with oldish faces.

After I had given the chief his money, I started toward his people. The wind was blowing very gently from the pygmies toward me, but suddenly even that gentle wind brought me an almost gagging odor. I actually glanced around, thinking that I had passed a garbage pile or some long-dead animal. When the odor continued, I realized that I was merely approaching the cunning little men of the forest.



I am told that pygmies never bathe. I can, and do, believe it. I am told that they never wash their children, not even at birth. I believe it.

The hands that were held out to me to receive presents of salt and cigarettes were the filthiest hands I have ever seen. They weren't just dirty, they were crusted with grime and filth.

I am quite dispassionate about all this, because in different

parts of the world I have seen a lot of dirt; but there was more concentrated filth of long standing on the bodies of these adorable little gnomes of the forest than I ever saw in a whole Hindu village.

Their bodies were not only filthy, but were covered with open, running sores. Most of the pygmies have active cases of yaws, a disease closely akin to syphilis.

I wanted to get a photograph of a pygmy family. I looked around until I found a man who had no open sores on his body. I told him to get his wife and child and I would photograph them. He brought his wife and baby. Both of them were covered with sores, their bodies, their arms, their faces, their heads.

I told him to get somebody else's wife. He did. But the woman brought a baby that had the worst case of yaws I ever saw. I had to get another baby.

When finally I took my picture of "a pygmy family," I was photographing parts of three families. Three families were needed to supply me with a man, woman, and child whose picture could be printed outside a medical journal.



After I had taken all the photographs I wanted, I gave the chief the money his people had earned by posing. He then called out an order and some of the men and women began to dance. The little drums were thumped and the men and women hopped and toddled about in a stiff, unhappy sort of way, obviously doing the job for the francs and not for the fun. They looked so completely bored that I told the chief to call it off.

The end of the dance was the signal for the pygmies, the dancers and the onlookers alike, to crowd around me and hold up their hands for more salt and cigarettes. It was a hot afternoon and they, pushing and sweating, jammed close

about me. How I longed for the perfume of a good old Alabama polecat. Furthermore, I was wearing a bush suit, which meant that my arms and legs were naked. They rubbed their open, syphilitic sores against me.

Another pleasantry of the afternoon was to see the pygmies dispose of the cigarettes I gave them. In the Congo, salt is expensive. The pygmies so much crave salt and the salty flavor that I saw them put the cigarettes in their arm-pits, steaming them until the tobacco acquired a salty taste.



As we drove away from the village, I felt that I wanted to burn my clothes and take three or four baths, one quickly following the other. For a time I didn't talk, I just sat there thinking how nasty I felt; then finally I asked my guide why the pygmies had changed from daring little hunters into shameless little panhandlers.

"They don't need to hunt any more," he said. "They now live off tips from tourists. Yesterday an American came through with his party and gave a big tip. It was Mr. Bedaux, the American efficiency expert. They were disappointed that you did not give so big a tip as Mr. Bedaux."

When we came out of the Ituri Forest I was quite unhappy. I had found that the pygmies of equatorial Africa—my "romantic dwarfs"—are today merely a well-exploited tourist attraction.

Their village is their stage.

They themselves are puppets wearily going through their routine, daily mooching their living, running a little side show at the great African fair.

PRIMARYLY FOR CAMERA FANS

As we drove out of the forest, I asked Frederick what he thought of the pygmies.

"No good for smell," he said.

I thought I would tease Frederick, so I said: "But what about all those pretty little women?"

"No good for sleep," said the utilitarian Frederick.

Feeling that Frederick had said quite enough on the subject of pygmies, I asked our forest guide about cannibals.

"Are there any cannibals in the Congo?" I asked.

"Far back in the Congo, there are still cannibals," he said. "The white police cannot entirely control them."

He told me that before the white man came and lessened the practice of cannibalism, there were meat markets where the bodies of men were hung in the sun and left until "they get nice taste." Then the bodies were taken down and eaten. Sometimes eaten raw. Sometimes roasted. Sometimes boiled with rice.

"Old men say that man meat is good," the guide told me. "Once they taste man meat, they like it; they like it better than pig meat or ox."

He said that the most preferred parts of the body were the hands, the toes, and the ribs.

"Very delicacy," Frederick remarked, and I didn't quite know whether he was being sarcastic or sincere.



In the village of the pygmies I asked the pygmy chief to pose with me. There was no one who knew how to take the picture, but I focused the camera and marked the spot

where Frederick was to stand; then I went back to my place before the chief and trusted to Frederick and to luck.

That I got any picture at all is owing more to luck than to Frederick.

As we were driving out of the forest, I said: "Do you think you got a good picture?"

"Yes, master."

"You ever take picture before?"

"No, master, but I watch you and see how you take picture. I get twice so good picture as you, master."

"How the blazes do you figure you got twice as good a picture as I get, when you admit you never took a picture before in your life?"

"I watch master. When master take picture he shut one eye. I get twice so good picture as you—I shut two eyes."



While I wasn't quite so bad as Frederick, while I never shut two eyes, I still am no camera enthusiast and certainly no expert on photography; but even an amateur who has taken pictures in a foreign country may be able to tell a few facts that might be interesting:

I took to Africa a Leica camera, a sunshade, a yellow filter, a red filter, and a light-meter. Whenever I went out to photograph animals, I rented a telephoto lens.

If I were returning to Africa, I should make photography my chief interest and should take more equipment.

I should certainly take a Leica again and possibly also a Graflex. I should take a tripod. A telephoto lens. A wide-angle lens. A universal view finder. A sunshade. A yellow, a red, and a green filter.

With that outfit I could get more pictures than I know how to take. To carry more photographic equipment would be loading myself with a lot of unneeded gadgets.

I should take a good supply of black and white film and all the color film I could afford. These films would, of course, be packed for the tropics.

Before I left the United States I should practice with the telephoto lens and the wide-angle lens until I was thoroughly acquainted with them. It is stupid to go half round the world to take pictures and not know how to use the equipment—as I can testify because some of my first telephoto pictures were terrible; I lost some wonderful hippo scenes because I didn't know how to use the lens.

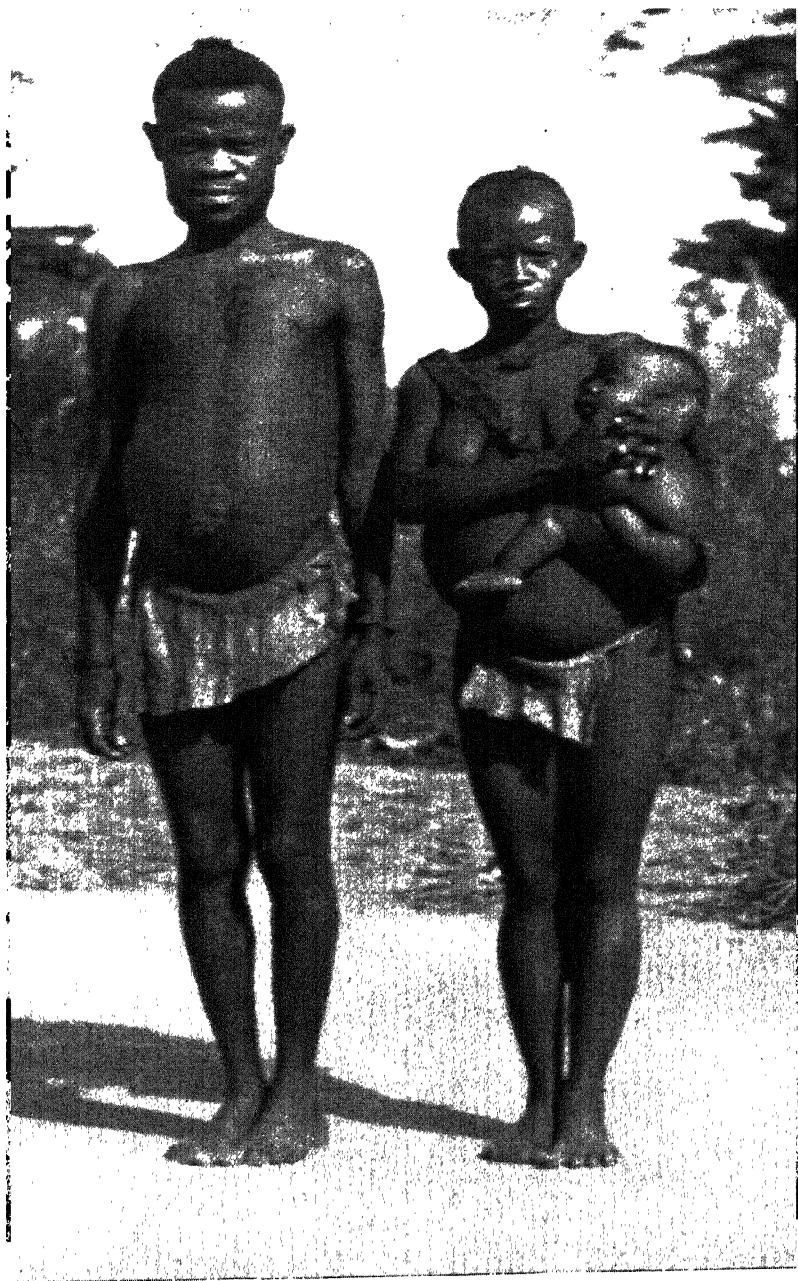
In Africa I should spend my first week taking pictures of anything and everything until I became accustomed to the light. The light in Africa will trick a traveler into thinking he is burning up his film, when actually he is getting a negative so thin it will hardly make a print. The African sun is fiercely strong, but it lacks actinic value and will repeatedly give underexposures until one learns to time the light properly.

Before I left the United States I was using a film with a light-meter speed of sixty-four. In Africa the pictures were hopelessly underexposed. I changed to a speed of forty-eight. Then twenty-four. Finally I gave my light-meter to a lady I didn't like, opened my camera diaphragm wide, shot the pictures slow, and got them.

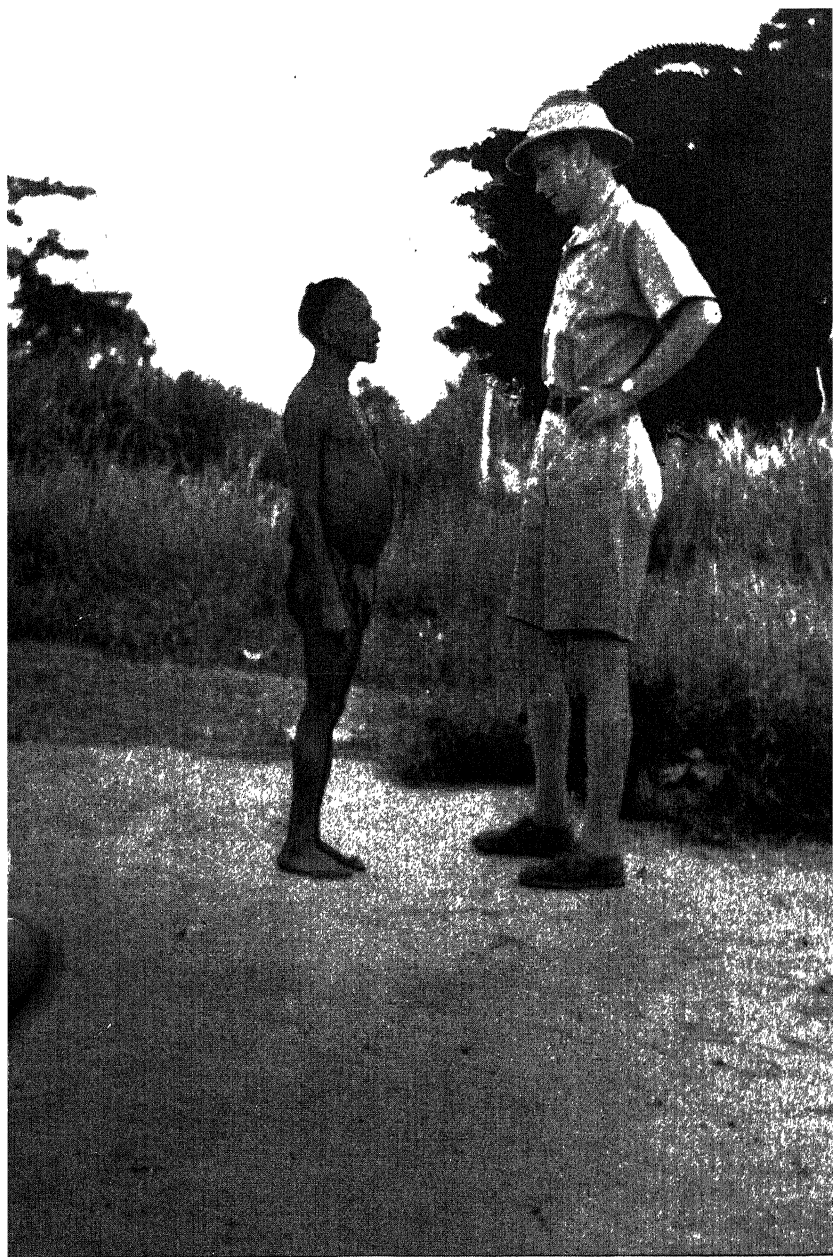
O. H. Schroder of Johannesburg was one of the two professional photographers I met in Africa who could give any useful advice to an amateur. Mr. Schroder was kind to me in many ways and wrote me a letter which I quote in part:

In Africa the best films to use are Agfa Isopan F and Kodak Panatomic X. Although it is impossible to give exposure times for all conditions, I would suggest that you use for these films in full sunlight—6.3 at 1/100.

Perhaps equally good as the two films I have named are Agfa Superpan Supreme and Kodak Plus X. For these films I would suggest for full sunlight—6.3 at 1/200.



PYGMY "FAMILY"



"FREDERICK SHUT TWO EYES"

These times may seem slow, but consider that the light in Africa is photographically weak when compared with the light of Europe and America, and therefore the shadows are deeper. These exposures give sufficient shadow detail whilst shorter times produce stronger contrasts.

Always the use of a sunshade is advisable, because the strong reflections in this country can spoil negatives by fogging them.

Take care to have a quiet hand at altitudes such as Johannesburg which is six thousand feet above the sea. Altitudes in Africa seem to affect one's heart and nerves and hands more than in Europe or America.

After one has taken his pictures in Africa, his photographic troubles have only begun. Where will he have his pictures developed?

There are few men in Africa to whom I would again trust films for development. Mr. Schroder and another thoroughly competent and equally friendly and generous man, Mr. Sydney Coulson of A. H. Wardle Co., at Nairobi, did excellent work for me; but negatives that I had developed in other African photographic shops deteriorated so rapidly that within three months no prints could be made from them.

Undoubtedly there are other capable dark-room men in Africa, but if I were traveling on that continent again and could not get my films to Mr. Schroder or Mr. Coulson, I should send them air mail to Europe and as quickly as possible.

Certainly I would not carry exposed films about Africa because despite all the theories about using rice and other mediums to absorb the moisture, once films in Africa—at least Central Africa—are taken from their tropical packing they deteriorate rapidly. And yet I would carry them for weeks or months, risking the possibility of deterioration, before I would risk them in most developing and printing shops of even the large African cities.

TO DIE IN AFRICA IS EASY

In most parts of the world death is rather humdrum; one just dies.

In Africa, too, death may come in the orthodox way, a person nicely tucked in bed and a lot of relatives and doctors standing about; but on the other hand, death in Africa may be a fantastic adventure.

One may get trampled to death by an elephant. Or mauled to death by a lion. Or gored by a rhino.

But these are obvious deaths; they are not the elusive, shadowy, fascinating ways of dying which Africa offers through its little agents that fly, and creep, and crawl.

One may be bitten by a mosquito and die of yellow fever.

Or bitten by a mosquito and die of malaria.

Or bitten by a flea and die of bubonic plague.

Or bitten by a fly and die of sleeping sickness.

One may contract leprosy from any of the one million lepers now living in Africa.

Or go swimming and have little bugs crawl into the penis, then eat into the veins until one bleeds to death.

Or drink a glass of unboiled, unfiltered water and die of typhoid.

Or eat a lettuce salad and die of dysentery.

Dying in Africa can be of infinite variety.



Ask any person who really knows Africa what is the most dangerous animal on the continent—the elephant? The lion? Rhino? Buffalo?

The person who knows won't even hesitate for his answer: "The mosquito," he will say.

The mosquito carries yellow fever.

And malaria.

Always malaria.

From the Cape to the Sahara—malaria.

A South African doctor told me that because malaria is not dramatic, because it does not kill suddenly, its ravages are not recognized. "As a rule," he said, "malaria does not kill; it simply destroys."

There are parts of Africa where one is reasonably safe from the malarial mosquito. Because of careful drainage in and around the large African cities there are comparatively few mosquitoes in the cities themselves. For obvious reasons there are few mosquitoes in the deserts. The mountains too are comparatively safe because the malarial mosquito seldom lives at altitudes above three thousand feet.

Elsewhere in Africa the *Anopheles* mosquito, the carrier of malaria, is common, and every precaution must be taken against her bite. But that the little devil will slip up to you silently—unlike the ordinary mosquito she makes no sound as she flies—and get you sooner or later, and that you will have malaria, is virtually taken for granted by residents and travelers alike.

Some of the old residents are careless and laugh at precautions: "To hell with all that bother," they say. "You'll have fever whatever you do, so why worry?" Other persons go to extremes in trying to protect themselves—I was in one home where the man and wife never went out on a summer evening without getting the Flit gun and squirting the stuff over each other. Most persons split the difference: they take sensible precautions, then take their chances.

One of the more common precautions is to wear mosquito boots in the evening. Mosquitoes particularly like to bite

ankles and many residents of Africa, both men and women, each evening put on a specially-made boot, like a Russian boot, that comes well up on the calf.

The most common of all precautions in the malarial districts is to sleep under a mosquito net. These infernal things on hot nights are stuffy and one lies under them and sweats and turns and sweats and wonders why he ever left home and whoever said there was fun in travel. Furthermore, the nets usually have holes in them and the mosquitoes get in and bite just the same. In small hotels the nets are bedraggled and dirty and smell musty, but still one is silly not to use them because they afford at least a little protection.

The final precaution, and one that is very much debated, is the taking of quinine or atabrine regularly.

Some old residents of Africa and some doctors, too, say that neither of these drugs is a preventative against malaria. Other old timers and doctors insist that a person is a fool not to take one or the other. Then comes the argument about which drug is the more effective and the least harmful. The division between the authorities is about fifty-fifty.

Quinine makes some persons slightly deaf. After I've taken quinine, bells seem to ring in my head each time I lie down or stoop over. And quinine seriously affects the teeth, loosening them. But it is said that atabrine seriously affects the mind.

"I take quinine," one old South African told me, "because I'd rather lose my teeth than my mind. Besides, neither of the darn drugs do much good anyhow."

He said that he observed all the precautions and was quite lucky about malaria. "I don't have it very often," he said. "Just every now and then."

He told me that whenever the fever was coming on him, he felt a sudden coolness on his back. "But my wife's different," he said. "She feels a tingling in her scalp. She's hav-

ing a little go with fever right now; nothing serious, just a few degrees."

Almost all persons who live outside the few "safe" districts of Africa become permanently infected with malaria. (I was at one hospital in Tanganyika where the admitting doctor regularly asked each incoming native: "What time each day do you have your fever?") These old residents eventually build up enough resistance to hold the fever back until a hard journey or a period of strain weakens them; then the germ, which they have carried all the time, gains the mastery and the person has to go to bed with fever again. Usually, though, these old timers throw off the sickness in a day or two and come out once more, weak, haggard, and red-eyed, but still able to carry on with their jobs.

On a wearing river journey, I went in for breakfast one morning and my bridge partner of the evening before was missing.

"Where's Jenkins?" I asked.

"Oh, he's having a little go with fever," the captain said.

I visited Jenkins' cabin. His "little go" with fever was a temperature of one hundred and five.

Next afternoon he was out on deck again. Shaky. His eyes bloodshot. But still able to take his "sundowner," his whiskey and soda.

"Cheerio," he said, as he lifted his glass.

Two days later it was Lathrop who was having his little go with fever. Then Kinsey and Hawk were out at the same time.

Of course, men who are loaded with a fever which pops out from time to time can not be at their best. The medical authorities know this and are doing their best to improve general health conditions; they are particularly seeking to stamp out the malarial mosquito and dry up her breeding places. Oil sprays are used—in Zululand I saw men with pack sprays on their backs, riding bicycles from pool to pool—

and swamps are drained; but Africa is a large continent and has more than its share of low, marshy country. Then, too, millions of its people are ignorant and will not be taught the relation between a mosquito bite and fever; they simply can't understand. Finally, malaria already is widespread and is constantly being carried into new areas.

Before I left the United States I talked with two of the world's greatest authorities on malaria, men who for years have been associated with the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation.

"How can I avoid having malaria in Africa?" I asked.

"About the only way I know," one of the doctors said, "is to stay out of Africa."

"Where you're going," the other doctor said, "you'll get malaria, all right. You're almost certain to get it in the jungle countries. Just be careful after the fever puts you down, or it might develop into blackwater."

Blackwater is a fever that sometimes follows malaria. A person bleeds internally, and the mixing of blood and urine results in the passing of black water. If this disease does not kill, it almost always permanently weakens.

I heard of one elderly gentleman who developed blackwater. "He was quite out of his head with the fever," I was told, "and when he saw his black stream, he exclaimed: 'My God, I'm a nigger!'"



Another disease carried by mosquitoes is yellow fever.

When yellow fever was wiped out in the United States, Cuba, and the Canal Zone, many persons believed it was wiped from the earth entirely. Unfortunately this is not true. Yellow fever has always been on the West Coast of Africa and is still there. It is also in certain parts of the jungles of South America.

Even in the United States there is danger, because in the United States there are still mosquitoes capable of transmitting yellow fever. At present they are harmless because they are not infected; but if they were to bite an infected person, which of course would infect them, they could pass on the germs to other persons and might spread the fever once more.

Government medical authorities know of this danger and any person flying up from South America has his temperature taken before entering Porto Rico, the first stop at a United States port on the flight from the southern to the northern continent. By testing each traveler, the authorities hope to discover any person infected with yellow fever and place him in quarantine before the disease has fully developed.

But the danger from South America is not the only one. Usually about six days pass after infection before symptoms of yellow fever appear. With air transportation as rapid as it is, one could easily fly in six days from the West Coast of Africa to any country on earth; in six days an infected person could carry yellow fever from Africa to Erie, Pennsylvania, or Topeka, Kansas, or Seattle, Washington.

How much longer will men and women in the United States talk about the United States living safely and comfortably to itself, isolated and snug within its own borders? We have two oceans to protect us. We've nothing to worry about. Then some evening in Africa a mosquito bites a man—and starts a yellow fever epidemic from New York to San Francisco.

Preventive inoculation against yellow fever has been discovered and is being used. I was given the one shot needed before I left the United States. Ten days later I was beastly sick; but there was nothing serious, only aches and nausea. I was fortunate, because taking the inoculation is not entirely without risk. Occasionally after inoculation "inex-

plicable symptoms of an alarming character have been produced."



Bubonic plague is not uncommon in Africa. In parts of the continent it is one of the more ordinary diseases.

The plague—the dread "Black Death" of the Middle Ages—is still carried by fleas who bite infected house rats or field mice, then bite men.

Here again the native doesn't understand the cycle of infection—the same old cycle that is necessary for the transmission of malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, and other diseases—but the poor fellow does understand the torment of flea bites. For that reason he can not be persuaded to destroy the rats in his home: "Kill the rats, and the fleas will be very hungry," he says. "They will all bite me." So he harbors the rats as a partial protection against flea bites, and, unknown to himself, as an essential in the cycle of bubonic plague.



In some parts of Africa, authorities estimate that ninety per cent of the native population have been infected with venereal disease; the lowest estimate from almost any part of the continent is fifty per cent.

Yaws, a disease that is a twin sister to syphilis, is so common in certain parts of Africa that eventually one ceases to notice the open sores on the bodies of the natives.



The Committee of the African Research Survey lists the following as the principal diseases of Africa: malaria, black-water fever, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, bubonic plague, relapsing fever, typhus fever, tuberculosis, leprosy, yaws

and venereal diseases, hookworm, Bilharzia, tapeworm and other parasitic worms, typhoid fever, silicosis, dysentery, and "other diseases."

One must again warn the reader against the danger of thinking of "Africa." On the vast continent of Africa there are jungles, deserts, and mountains covered with snow; there are great modern cities and almost limitless plains where only the wild animals live.

A person can travel by train and airplane from one large African city to the next and run only a trivial risk from African disease. But if he is traveling like that he might as well travel in the United States because African trains, African airplanes, African cities are little different from those in America. If a person really wants to see all Africa, particularly the Africa about which he has read and dreamed, he must leave the cities and the modern ways of travel; he must go out into the deserts, climb the mountains, sail the great African lakes, make his way through the jungles.

If he does wander about the continent, hunting on the plains, fishing on the lakes, traveling through the jungle on foot and by river boats, he must be careful—and lucky—or some insect will fill his blood with a parasite that may kill him.

In equatorial Africa he must be forever careful about the sun.

At night in all parts of Africa he should wear a woolen band about his body—called a "cholera belt" and really just a belly band—or he may become chilled internally and suffer from serious stomach disorders.

If he is wise he will take no ice drink in equatorial Africa during the heat of the day. Really cold drinks during the day near the equator may lead to cramps and stomach ailments, possibly to a permanent "fretting of the guts."

If the traveler goes into the bush, he must always wear stout shoes, bathe his feet frequently, and regularly inspect

his toenails to see that no jiggers have crawled under his nails and laid their eggs. The eggs hatch out into bugs that may eat his toes off.

And always, day after day, he must take regular exercise, or his liver will go bad in a hurry.

If a traveler follows these rules and if he's lucky—very lucky—he will come out of Africa in good health. If he ignores these rules, or is bitten by the wrong mosquito, louse, flea, or tick, he may be buried in the bush.

Besides these dangerous parasites, there is another—the tsetse fly, the most terrible of them all. If the traveler is bitten by this fly, he will not be buried in the bush; he will have ample time to get home from Africa before he dies of sleeping sickness. The infected tsetse fly leaves a germ in the blood that kills slowly, painfully, sometimes after five, six, even seven years.

In the bush when one is bitten by a tsetse fly, when he feels that hot, stabbing sting, he can only hope that the fly is not infected. That's about all he can do. There are no inoculations against sleeping sickness and the medicines are not very effective.



Some authorities declare that the tsetse fly during the past seventy-five years has killed twenty million men and women in the Congo alone. They will not even guess at the total number of deaths from sleeping sickness in other parts of the continent.

Incidentally, African sleeping sickness is not the same "sleeping sickness" as that which some years ago swept through the Middle West, doing most of its damage in and around St. Louis. This American disease is comparatively new and has not yet been fully diagnosed. Except for its name, it has absolutely nothing in common with the sleeping sickness of Africa.

Unlike yellow fever, the true African sleeping sickness could not be spread through the United States even though infected persons brought the germs to this country. The reason is that in the United States there are no tsetse flies, an essential part of the cycle, to transmit the disease. It is a frightening fact to learn that at one time this fly did live in North America—his fossil remains have been found—but mercifully he disappeared from the continent. Why he died off, one one knows; but it is God's own blessing that he did. Had he lived, the history of America would have been fundamentally affected.

Certainly Africa has been terribly affected by this fly. Indeed one has difficulty realizing the variety and extent of the harm caused in Africa by the tsetse.

In parts of Central Africa, for instance, the fly has killed off millions of men and women and destroyed absolutely all domestic animals; in Central Africa one can travel for two thousand miles and never see a cow, an ox, a horse, or a goat.

One of the many results of this destruction of domestic animals is the undermining of the health of African mothers. Without cow's milk or goat's milk for their children, the women of Africa often nurse until the baby is three years old. One sometimes sees a husky child running around the village, then stopping play long enough to scurry home and tug at its mother's breasts. The strain on the mother, when she may already be pregnant with another child, and certainly while she is doing the manual labor expected of all native women of Africa, is so great that she is weakened and ready for any germ that may attack her, particularly the germ of tuberculosis.

Some authorities contend that this destruction of domestic animals is also partly responsible for cannibalism in Central Africa. The people crave meat, but they have no cattle or sheep or goats to slaughter; so they kill off all the wild

animals in their district. Once the game is gone, the people who still desire meat turn upon their neighbors and kill them for the pot.

Besides the destruction of life in Central Africa, the fly has played a strange part in the destruction of the land.

Whenever the tsetse appears and cattle sicken and men and women go down with the fever which announces their ultimate death, then whole villages flee. They round up their cattle and trek to an area that has no sleeping sickness. Of course they take the infection with them.

As soon as this new area becomes a center of sickness, the newcomers and the old residents alike gather their cattle and hurry off to some other district where frequently the grazing already is poor, and certainly is insufficient to support the extra cattle. In a short time the grass is eaten away and there is no protection for the land: erosion begins and something like the dreadful dust bowl of America is started. Then all the people in this district move on, fleeing now from both the dust and the fly. They find a new home and settle until once more the land about them is ruined and they must move on again, and yet again.

Today vast tracts of Africa are waste lands; miles and miles of plains are covered with dust. The destruction of the land has been partly caused by the tsetse fly driving men and cattle to areas that could not support them, then driving them on to other areas, and still others.

In attempting to combat the tsetse fly, the governments of Africa have set hundreds of traps and caught millions of flies; but always there are other millions. The governments have slaughtered thousands of wild animals, because it was believed that these beasts are carriers of sleeping sickness even though apparently it does not affect them in the slightest. The authorities have burned great areas, trying to destroy the fly. They have cleared the bush back from the edge of countless pools and rivers, because the fly can-

not live and breed unless it has both shade and water. They have evacuated all natives out of certain infected areas and barred all travel in these areas, some of which are thousands of miles square. They have tried in scores of ways, at almost unimaginable cost, to break the cycle of infection.

But with all that the governments have done, the fly is winning; repeatedly new areas are marked as infected and closed to man and beast. Sometimes a frightening question is asked: "Must we surrender a whole continent to an insect?"

A RIVER IS BORN

When I stopped at the little inn I planned to stay only for lunch, but I remained all afternoon. As I went into the lobby I saw five men who were drinking and obviously had been drinking hard all morning. I passed them and went to a corner of the room where there was a case filled with carved ivory and ebony. As I looked, one of the men left the table and came over to me.

"Interested?" he asked.

"Yes. There are some nice pieces here."

"There ought to be—I brought them out."

He went on to tell how he traded with the natives. "Yes, I go down there"—he flung out his hand in the general direction of the jungle—"and come back with the damn stuff." He unlocked the case and showed me one tusk which the second I saw I knew I had to own. It was wonderfully carved and in its crudeness was so much finer than the machine-like perfection which characterizes Japanese and Indian workmanship. "And you know"—he leaned forward a little unsteadily and lowered his voice—"the last time I went in, I damn nearly didn't come out. Dysentery," he said abruptly and went back to the table, leaving me to examine the ivory and ebony.

All afternoon I sat with those men. Three were Belgians. One was a German. The other man said he was Russian, but when I tried to talk with him about Russia he seemed to know nothing of it.

They drank and talked and drank, keeping just on the verge of drunkenness. The conversation was carried on in three languages: French, English, and German, and sometimes a man would shift languages in the middle of what he was saying. Besides this polyglot talk, the men would

occasionally toss in African words and expressions, then would translate for me.

In Nicaragua and Honduras one sees what in Central America is called the "T. T. T."—the Typical Tropical Tramp; but the fellows in Central America are only playing at being human flotsam, just dabbling at it. Those men in the Congo were complete wreckage, derelicts washed up on the shores of God knows how many seas until finally not even the coastal towns would tolerate them; then they took to the bush and now were living on the edge of the jungle, the last stopping place for such men before the final one.

We talked of European capitals and music and women and politics. But nothing all afternoon was said that was personal, nothing was said that told me anything directly about any of these men.

When it was late, I told the men good-by. As I shook hands they all stood except one of the Belgians who was half lying on the table asleep.

When I took the hand of the man who owned the ivory, I drew him from the others. "I want to talk with you about that tusk," I said.

"But certainly," the man said. He walked to the case and swayed as he walked. "I want you to have it." He picked up the thing, so perfect in its barbaric imperfections, and handed it to me as if it had been a stick of wood. "Here, take it. It is yours."

"Oh, no," I said. "I want to buy it."

He straightened as if I had slapped him. "*Monsieur!*" he said—and suddenly there came to him in some incredible way an unmistakable dignity. In his shirt sleeves, no necktie, his collar open and the inside of his collar dirty, his eyes bloodshot and his hair scarcely combed, he straightened before me and I recognized a dignity that was natural and not merely assumed. "*Monsieur,*" he said, "would you insult me?" In his muddled brain there was a horrible confusion

of the past and the present. "Would you insult Henri François—" He smeared his hand across his mouth as if to shut off what he was saying. For an instant he stood before me, then he moistened his lips, swallowed, and turned away. "Take it," he said, without looking around as he went back to the table.

I took the tusk and went out of the lobby. I went to the small room where the landlord was writing in a ledger.

"How much is this tusk worth?" I asked.

He told me.

"Here," I said, "put this on that gentleman's bill and give him the balance tomorrow."

The landlord took the money. "*Monsieur*," he said, "there will be no balance. He owes me twenty times this amount."



The distance I had planned to drive after leaving the inn was not great and over good roads would not have been difficult; but for sixty miles the road itself played its part in a nightmare.

Most of the roads of the Congo are good—the natives of each area are held responsible for the roads that pass through their area—but usually these roads start in the Congo and go to some other point still in the Congo. The sixty miles of road I traveled after dark was a spur going to the Uganda border. It was through a sparsely settled district and therefore had few men to keep it in condition; besides, no one in the Congo was particularly interested in building a good road to Uganda.

It took me five hours to drive that sixty miles in ruts and through gulleys and ditches indescribable. Furthermore, Frederick was less than helpful because he was having another round with his fever, and this time it took the form of chills: he was lying on the back seat, his teeth rattling even

under all the coats and other garments I could pile on top of him. Out there on that impossible road, on a moonless and starless night, with only me and the mosquitoes and a man with chills, I thought about Daniel in the lions' den and how he got out, and Ulysses in Circe's sty and how he got out, and myself in the Congo and maybe I'd get out.

I particularly wanted to get out to Uganda. I had heard that the roads in Uganda were perfect.

Mercifully, the Uganda road was perfect. Broad and smooth and just the kind for a tired driver to skim over at a comfortable fifty miles an hour. So smooth, in fact, that it lulled me to sleep.

Several times I woke with a frightened start, sat up straight, braced myself, and promised not to do it again. But I was so sleepy that soon I was dozing again and the car was gently weaving from one side of the road to the other. This torment continued until suddenly in the midst of a semi-nap I woke and slammed on the brakes. What woke me I don't know; but my everlasting thanks to whichever guardian angel it was, because I stopped the car just in time to avoid receiving a lapful of hippopotamus.

The hippo was out feeding, at night as usual, and had happened to wander across the road as I was coming along. The headlights interested him and he stopped to investigate. When I first saw him he was standing in the highway glaring. He seemed the biggest hippopotamus in all the world and I still wonder what would have happened to the automobile if we'd smashed into him.

He stood glaring and turning his enormous head farther and farther to one side, as a puzzled puppy sometimes will do. I let him guess about it for a minute or two, then I blew my horn. He jumped and snorted; he fairly dug his toes into the dirt as he galloped off into the bush.

Big animals on the road are not uncommon in certain

parts of Africa. One morning in front of a hotel I heard a wife tell her husband good-by, then add: "And darling, please be careful of the elephants on the road."

Fully awake after my hippo scare, I drove on again.

Before so very long I came to a memorable sign. It was divided in half.

One half said: YOU ARE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

The other half said: YOU ARE IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Crossing over into the northern hemisphere, I sat up straighter and whistled a little tune. Back in my own hemisphere again. Almost like getting home once more.

I drove on away from the sign, whistling about no place like home, when suddenly I had an idea. I stopped the car and got out.

It was an excellent idea.

If anyone had passed during the next few minutes he would have seen a man marching up and down the road, up and down, up and down. No sentry ever walked his beat with any more persistence than I walked back and forth across the equator.

In the future when some traveler bores his hearers to the limit of their endurance, telling of countries he has visited, voyages he has made, the number of times he has crossed the equator, I shall casually toss in the remark that I myself have crossed some forty odd times.

I figured forty was enough; but just to make sure, I stayed on a few minutes longer and ran up my crossings to sixty-four.



One day Frederick and I stopped in front of an inn.

The landlord came out to welcome us. I spoke to him and asked if I might get lunch.

"But, certainly, sir," he said.

"And my chauffeur—can he get some lunch, too?"

I saw that the man was displeased, so I said: "I mean, of course, would you let him eat with the servants?"

"But he is a black man," the innkeeper said.

"Black or white, he is hungry—the same as I am."

"I will let him have a piece of bread."

"But he is hungry. Let him have some food."

"He is a black man. A piece of bread only."

Frederick and I both went hungry that noon.



It is difficult for men and women in the United States and Europe to realize the differences between the peoples of Africa, even those peoples living only a short distance from each other.

Some of these people are completely black with low foreheads and flat nostrils. Some are brown and have the sharp features of an aristocratic Jew.

Some are backward and primitive. Some are successful farmers and fine craftsmen.

Some live in caves. Others live in better and cleaner homes than the homes of many white tenant farmers in the South.

The contrast between the native peoples is particularly noticeable as one goes from the Congo to Uganda.

As my automobile rounded bends in the Congo roads, I repeatedly saw natives race into the bush. Women with huge baskets or great bundles of wood balanced on their heads would dive into the grass, sometimes in their terror dropping whatever they carried.

I asked a missionary, a man who has lived in the Congo for years, why the natives were frightened of me. He said that there was a story current among them, probably started by some embittered witch doctor, that white men were

traveling in automobiles and were suddenly leaping out and killing natives with hammers, then eating them.

This missionary also told me of a happening in his district sometime before. He said that a government inspector had come in and found some diseased pigs. He ordered the pigs slaughtered and their flesh buried. Soon the news swept the bush.

"The white men are slaughtering our pigs. They are burying the flesh."

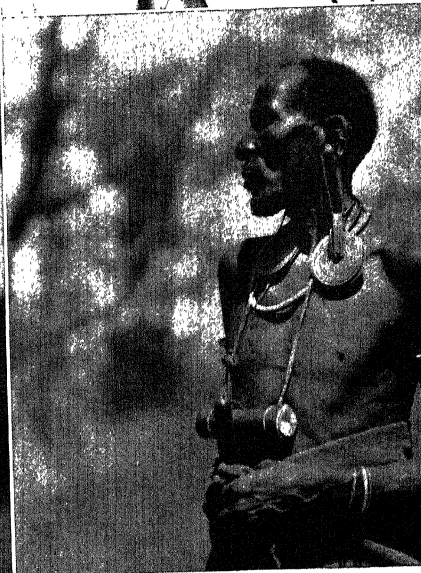
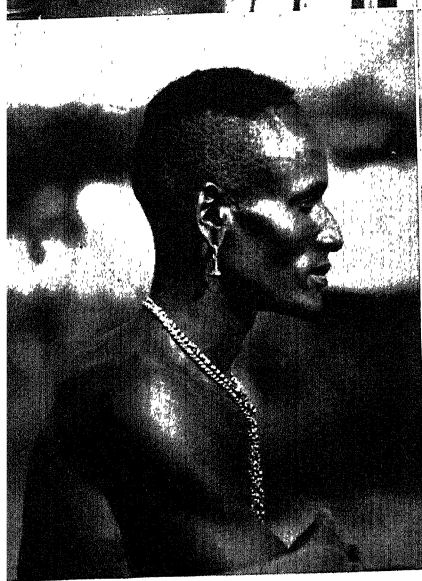
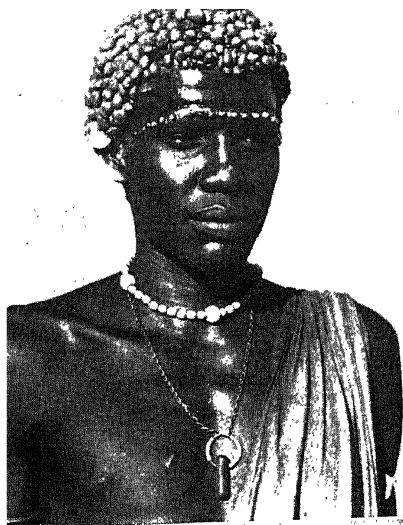
So the natives all over the countryside had a feast which lasted for days. To keep their pigs from the white men, the natives killed every pig they owned, then held a continuous feast until everything was eaten; they so gorged themselves on pork that a number of them were ill and several died.

In Uganda there is little of this primitiveness. The natives in Uganda have wonderfully absorbed the white man's civilization. Whether or not it is better than their own, they do not question; they recognize the fact that the white man is dominant and that his civilization in Africa is inevitable. Therefore they accept it. Many of the Uganda natives live in small cottages with even modern conveniences. Their schools are sensibly adapted to the needs of a people just rising from savagery, yet rising with a startling rapidity. Some of their towns are centers of a simple, but unmistakable culture.

Yet even in Uganda all the tribes have not fully taken over the white man's way of living.

In Kampala, for example, and in most of the lowland towns in Uganda, the women wear brightly-colored robes of cotton, silk, even of velvet, that hang from their shoulders and extend in long loose lines to their feet, looking almost like an evening gown.

A traveler in Uganda grows accustomed to the sight of these simple, yet beautifully dressed women; then he leaves the lowlands and goes into the mountains in the southwest,

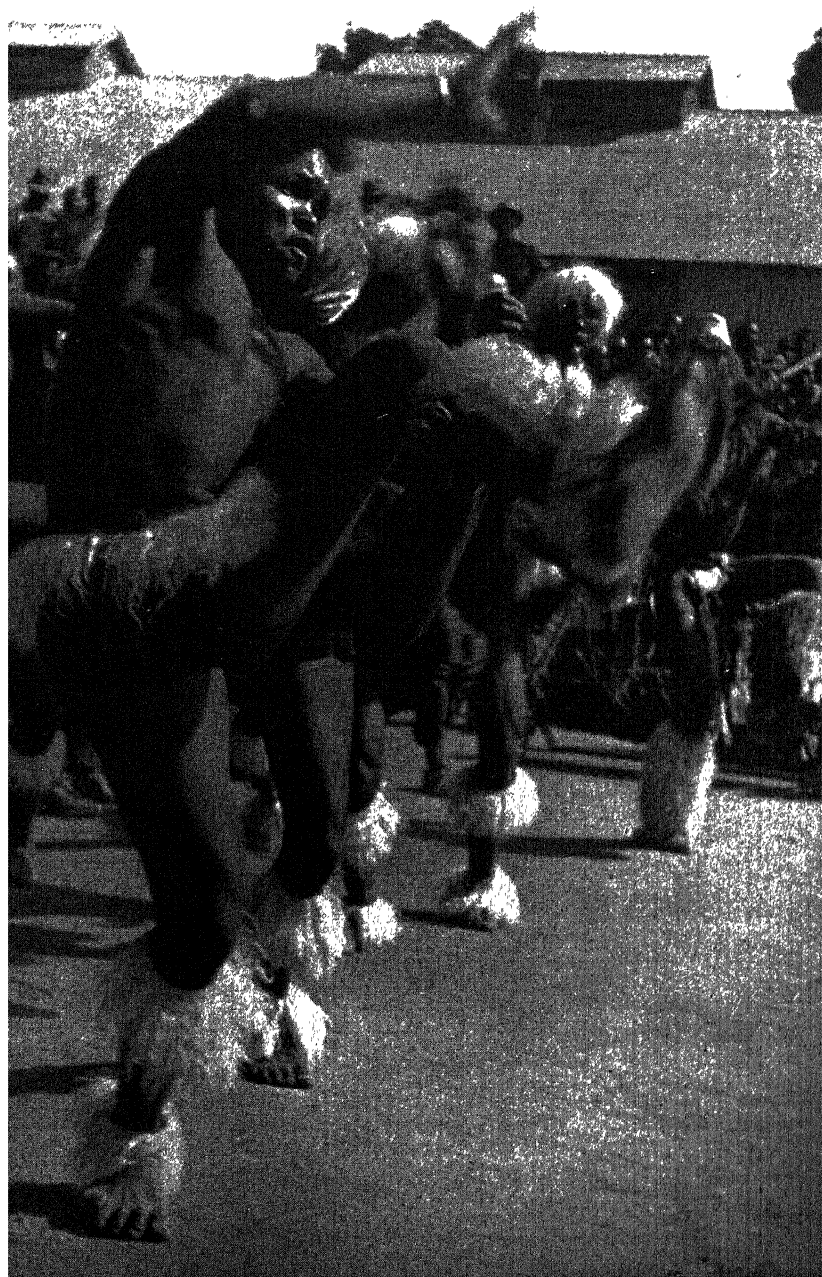


Upper left: A MAN OF THE SUDAN: His forehead is tattooed. His hair is caked with a mixture of mud, urine, and dung.

Upper right: A MAN OF THE CONGO: As a boy in the jungle he was heavily tattooed. Today he is a man about town.

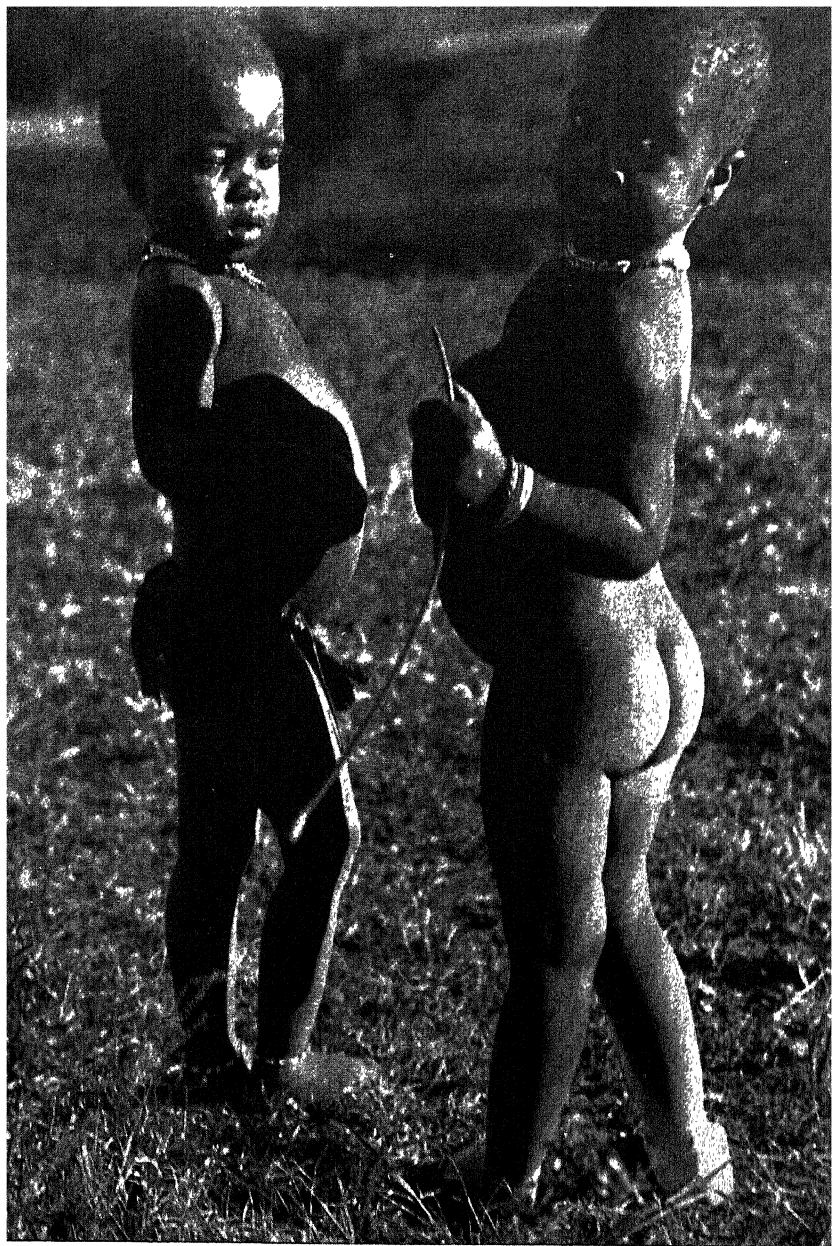
Lower left: A MAN OF EAST AFRICA: This member of the Masai tribe has a profile like an ancient Roman.

Lower right: A MASAI: When young he pierced his ear lobe and hung a weight from it. The lobe stretched until now he has the handsomest ear in all East Africa.





TWO GENTLEMEN OF JO'BURG



MUMBO JUMBO, JR.

around the town of Kabale, and there he sees the natives, men and women, still wearing only the skins of animals, of buck and cattle.

The repeated contrasts in Africa are almost incredibly sudden and are as great as the contrast between a velvet evening robe and a cowhide.



An extract from a letter written by a Roman Catholic priest, a very dear friend who for years has been on mission work in Africa:

Well, here I am in South Tanganyika. I am on the shores of Lake Nyasa—it is full of crocodiles and other dangerous things that are not at all nice and friendly. Then, too, this part of the country is infested with wild animals of all kinds, big and small—two years ago a man-eater lion killed forty natives before they succeeded in shooting him. Usually lions aren't dangerous but when they grow old and are unable to hunt for game, or when they have been wounded, then they become really dangerous.

We have eighteen mission stations to take care of, also a leper settlement. It is an absolute wilderness here, no roads, "no nothing"—but the work is interesting and we do the best we can for the poor natives.

I often tell them about the Blacks in the U. S.—how advanced they are—in order to give them courage. There is a danger of the natives associating greatness with only "the great white lord," of their thinking that the white man has a monopoly of greatness.

This country is hilly and so we have a fair amount of rain which keeps things looking green and fresh. I fear, just the same, that it is really not healthy here because our hospitals are oftentimes overcrowded. We have qualified nurses in all of them and a doctor goes the rounds as often as he can.

The Matengo and Nyasa tribes mainly constitute the inhabitants. We have schools everywhere, but so far the education is backward here when compared with North Tanganyika, Kenya, and especially Uganda. Wonderful work is being done in Uganda and the natives already have made such fine progress, setting an

example for the natives everywhere—at least for those that are given half a chance to develop.

I have found in my work in different parts of Africa that the native is almost always eager for an education and I believe that care and time will see a solution of the problem, that the day will come when the black man of this continent will take his just place in the onward march.



When I was traveling in Uganda the rains were just beginning and one afternoon Frederick and I came to a hill where the mud was thick. Half way up the hill a truck was stalled. In trying to pass the truck we slid off the road and stuck.

"This is bad," I said. "I don't see how we'll get out of this."

"Men come," Frederick said.

"What men?"

"Men."

After this lucid explanation Frederick took out his cigarettes and began to smoke.

I endured the delay and the vile smell of Frederick's cigarettes for as long as I could, then I said: "This is silly, just sitting here. Let's see if we can't pack grass under the wheels and get going again."

"Men come," Frederick answered, and went on smoking.

I didn't ask what men because if again he had said: "Men," I think I should have bashed him.

Rain was coming down steadily and there was elephant grass eight feet tall on each side of the road. I felt hopelessly shut off from the world.

I kept silent for a quarter of an hour, then spoke to the smug and irritating Frederick: "Why do you think men will come?" I asked.

"Men always come."

I could have murdered him.

But half an hour later I had to apologize. At that time three men came over the hill toward us. Then three others. Then four more. Yet we had not passed through a settlement or seen a hut for miles, nor had we seen any person on the long stretch of vacant road.

"Where did these men come from?" I asked, as they walked down the hill. "How did they happen to come at just this time?"

"No happen. They hear about us and they come."

"But how did they hear?"

"They hear."

I had been in Africa long enough to accept the mystery of news traveling swiftly through the bush; and while Frederick's "They hear" was by no means explanatory, I knew it would be the only answer I would get.

Even for old residents of Africa there is a genuine mystery in the jungle telegraph which flashes the news and assembles a crowd of natives almost immediately anything unusual happens.

Get a puncture in the middle of what seems absolute wasteland—before you've half changed the tire, a ring of natives are squatting around staring. Stop the car, climb a hill so that from the top you can take a photograph of the countryside—by the time you reach the top some natives will be there to peer in amazement at the strange person who looks into a strange black box and presses a button. Let anything happen in almost any part of the continent and straightway "men come."

I have asked white men, old residents in Africa, how news gets around so fast. They have laughed and said that news in Africa is like scandal in European and American towns: "It travels on excited feet."

Of course, in parts of Central Africa every village has its drums and the black men talk back and forth with their

drums like telegraph operators with their electric keys. But no white man understands the drums, either the sending or the receiving of the messages.

In her very excellent book *Beyond the Smoke That Thunders*, Lucy Pope Cullen tells of an experiment which is intensely interesting to anyone who has tried to learn the mystery of the drums:

That no white man has ever mastered the language of the African drums is probably due in part to the fact that Africans themselves seem unable or unwilling to explain it, or even to say whether it is actually a language at all. That something more subtle than words, or even than a form of telegraphic code, is involved, seems indicated by the description a visitor to our home in Africa once gave us of an effort made by himself and several associates to investigate this particular phase of drumming.

They gave several drummers a certain piece of news which was to be drummed repeatedly so that they might learn and eventually record the sounds by means of which it was conveyed. The attitude of the drummers was apparently co-operative; they willingly sent the message rolling through the bush again and again. The only trouble was that the actual drumming was entirely different each time. There was, in the end, nothing of the slightest significance to record.

Possibly in this seeming confusion of drumming the shrewd black man was merely protecting his secret. On the other hand there may have been no confusion whatever. There may have been simply a form of signaling which the native understands, yet which the white man does not understand and can not detect even when it is demonstrated for him. Certainly there is no confusion when native drummers send messages through the bush as fast as sound itself can travel.

Each village in the Congo has its signal drum, a hollow log slit along the top and beaten with sticks. In other parts of Central Africa hand drums are used, the fingers of the

drummer thundering out the message. In the Congo and in vast areas of Central Africa these drums are the only telegraph. Even the white man sends his message by the native drums.

Does a government official, away from home on business, want to know how his sick child is getting along? He speaks to a naked black man who squats over his drum. Soon the query is rolling through the bush, passed on from village to village until the answer comes back.

Does a business man want to know the answer to the cable he sent before leaving the city to go into the jungle? He speaks to a black man who beats out the question on a hollow log—then sits and listens until the answer comes rolling back.

Does a hunter want to know where the elephants are? A drummer broadcasts the query. Soon an answer comes back from the south: "The elephants passed near our village yesterday." The hunter hurries away to the south.

During the war of 1914-18, when there was considerable fighting in the bush, government officials at government houses received their information by the white man's telegraph. I was told that native servants in government offices invariably knew about battles, and the results of battles, before their white masters heard the news.

Where the drum is used, one can understand that some form of actual message is sent. But where the natives use no drum—how does the black man in the bush learn what has happened almost as soon as it occurs?

In Zululand Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm and I had a narrow escape as we were towed through the Black Umfolozi River. After we had dried out our belongings and somewhat quieted our nerves, we drove on north through Zululand.

"You'll see something interesting now," Mr. Malcolm said. "In our automobile we'll be traveling much faster than any man can travel. There is no telegraph. There are no drums.

Yet everywhere we go this afternoon, tomorrow, for days to come, the natives will ask about our experience as we were towed through the flooded river."

He was right. Repeatedly the natives would say: "So! You were towed through the Black Umfolozi when it was in flood. It was dangerous—ummmmmmmmm. Ayeeeeeeeeeee."

Later I asked Mr. Malcolm how the natives heard. "How could they possibly know?" I asked.

Mr. Malcolm smiled as he said: "Don't ask that question. I myself have asked it scores of times. The invariable answer from each native has been a completely blank expression. The African has perfected the trick of pretending stupidity when it isn't convenient for him to reply. Whenever you ask him about how news travels, he understands nothing and says nothing. And you learn nothing."

One of the men who so mysteriously came to help Frederick and me out of the ditch was the driver of the truck.

Frederick talked with him, then told me that the man had been stuck for five days.

"What's he doing about it?" I asked.

"He stay with people."

"What people?" I asked, and could have kicked myself for asking because I knew the answer even before Frederick spoke.

"People," he said.

The men standing around the car waited patiently in the rain while Frederick and the truck driver chatted, exchanging the amenities of the morning and never minding the downpour. As I looked from one waiting man to another, each of them touched his forehead and I saw his lips form the customary salutation: "*B'wana*"—my lord.

After Frederick had finished his talk with the truck driver, after they had fully exchanged civilities and learned each other's history, Frederick gave the order for the men to take hold. They immediately stooped and shoved. The car did

not move. They shoved again. And a third time. Still the car did not move.

Then the truck driver stepped out into the road and made a speech. It was as impassioned as political oratory. The more he spoke, the faster he spoke, the more emphatic his gestures became. Suddenly in his pantomime he stopped speaking and bent low, straining to lift an imaginary mountain.

Instantly all the men stooped and caught hold of the automobile.

The truck driver then began a chant which quickened and quickened until suddenly it broke off—the men grunted, shoved, and the car moved. The chant began again. It rose and quickened until suddenly it broke off—the men grunted, shoved, and the car moved. The chant began again. It rose and quickened until suddenly it broke off—the men grunted, shoved, and the car moved.

To the demands of the chant, the car was moved inch by inch out of the mud; it was virtually lifted out of the deep mud and back onto the road once more.

I gave each man sixpence. They were very pleased.

"*B'wana, b'wana,*" they said, and touched their foreheads and said they hoped I would come again and go into the mud so that they might be enriched.

As we drove away, I asked Frederick about the chant with which the truck driver had inspired the men to lift the automobile.

"No chant," Frederick said. "He just say *b'wana* off the road. *B'wana* stuck in the mud. He say *b'wana* want to get home to his food and his wife. And everybody shove like bloody hell."

A little later I asked Frederick what the truck driver was doing about getting his truck over the hill so that he could continue his journey.

"He wait."

"What's he doing besides waiting?"

"He wait."

"When will he get going again?"

"Bye-um-bye."

"But how long?"

"Bye-um-bye."

"But these rains may continue for weeks," I said.

"Be dry next winter," Frederick said.

And meant exactly that—if the man had to wait six months, what of it? Be dry next winter.



We came to the town of Jinja. It is at the northern end of Lake Victoria.

Lake Superior, between the United States and Canada, is the largest body of fresh water in the world; it covers an area of thirty-two thousand square miles. Lake Victoria in Africa, the largest of the great lakes on that continent, covers twenty-seven thousand square miles.

We spent the night at Jinja.

Next morning early Frederick came into my room all excited.

"We go see where Nile River start," he said.

Later, as we were driving away from the hotel, he said: "Nile River start at Jinja."

He drove through the town, out beside a golf course and down to the lake. I had seen Lake Victoria—Victoria Nyanza, as it is commonly called in Africa—a number of times while we had been traveling about, but I was happy to see it again. There is something particularly fascinating about this lake with its shoreline frequently low and marshy, papyrus and swamp grass growing at its edges and hippos and crocodiles living in its water.

Once the continent is fully cleared and the trade routes

more exactly marked, Victoria will play a great part in African commerce. Cecil Rhodes's dream was wrong: the route of trade in Africa is not from north to south. That way is too long, and there are too many conflicting national and commercial barriers. The way of trade in Africa is trans-continental, from the interior west to the Atlantic and east to the Indian Ocean. Lake Victoria lies between, a welcome relief from the slow and expensive travel through the jungle.

While Victoria's commercial importance will become obvious only in the years ahead, its cultural and ethnologic importance through the ages is almost incalculable because this lake is the birthplace of the River Nile; through millenniums the lake has started the mighty river on its way. At the northern end of Victoria Nyanza glorious rapids pour out, flowing toward the north, beginning the Nile's momentous three-thousand-mile journey to the Mediterranean, carrying with it the fate of many peoples, as it has borne that burden continuously through the ages.

As I stood looking at the rapids—Ripon Falls, they are called—and saw the river swirl away toward the sea, I thought of Egyptians, Phœnicians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, ourselves. The whole history of civilization became vivid for me as I looked at the birthplace of a river.

That night at dinner I talked with an old man at the hotel. I asked him about the Nile and he told me stories of the river. Finally when it was late, he said: "There is no journey on earth so fascinating as the journey down the Nile."

He went on talking, but he needed to say no more. Already I knew how I was going out of Africa. There in the heart of the continent I suddenly knew that I was going out by way of the river. Uganda. The Sudan. Egypt. What was the truth about those pearls drunk in wine? Tutankhamen, what of him? And Rameses with his curled beard? How many of the pharaohs would I meet?

Next morning as Frederick was packing my bag, I said:

"I've changed all my plans. We're going north to Butiaba."

"Yes."

"It's a town on Lake Albert."

"Yes."

"I'm going down the Nile," I said. "I'm going out of Africa by way of the river."

Frederick looked up from his packing. "What we do with automobile?"

"I want you to drive it back to Nairobi."

"You no let me come down Nile River with you?"

For a minute I didn't understand. "You mean—why, Frederick, I couldn't do that. I couldn't possibly do that."

He didn't answer. He just went on with his packing. When he finished he shut the traveling bag and stood up. "You no let me come where you go?" he asked.

"But I can't. It wouldn't be possible."

He picked up the bag. "No good for Frederick," he said, as he went out of the room.

THE NILE

At Butiaba Frederick and I went fishing. In Kenya I had heard about Nile perch. In the Congo I heard about them. In Uganda men told me marvelous stories about these fish. When I arrived at Butiaba I decided to find out if the stories were true or only the tales of fishermen.

I rented some tackle from the owner of the little hotel.

"Will I really need this heavy stuff?" I asked, as the man brought out rods and reels that ordinarily are used for tarpon and sailfish.

"You'll need all the tackle you can get, if you hang a big one," he said. "These fellows put up a great fight."

At the wharf I hired a boat. The owner had elephantiasis in his right foot and leg. When he walked, he had to drag his leg; it was too big to swing. His foot was swollen and cracked. He spoke to Frederick and laughed.

"He say he use foot for anchor," Frederick explained.

As we left the wharf and steered out toward the fishing ground near an island in the lake, I tested my line and the heavy wire leader. Then I fastened on a large artificial minnow which Frederick thought was silly.

"No look like fish to me," he said. "Why you think look like fish to fish?"

I dropped it over the side and let him see it swim. He still was doubtful.

But he changed his mind quickly after we reached the fishing ground because I had hardly let out my line before the reel sang and I set the hook. Instantly a beautiful silver-gold fish leaped in a gleaming arc clear of the water. And leaped again. Then came up with his mouth wide, flinging his head from side to side until he flung the bait from him.

It all happened so quickly that Frederick didn't under-

stand. But when he realized that the fish had escaped, he was disconsolate; he slumped in his chair and remained sad until the reel sang again.

The Nile perch fights like a tarpon, jumping repeatedly and making short swift runs between leaps. Then, too, he is as tricky as the tarpon and allows one to think him whipped when with a sudden rush and leap he flings himself free. Largest of all fresh water fish, the African river perch frequently weighs over two hundred pounds; the record catch, made in Lake No, weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. The fish are caught throughout the length of the Nile and even the really big ones are good to eat; those weighing around forty pounds are delicious.

The first perch I put in the boat weighed sixty-three pounds. The second weighed thirty-eight pounds. The third weighed eighty-six pounds.

Then I gave Frederick the rod. He had never fished for big fish and didn't understand the tackle. I explained it carefully; but at the time of the first strike, he didn't have his thumb-guard in place. When he attempted to thumb the reel, the singing line burned him quickly. He shifted to the other thumb. Again he was burned. He began to alternate thumbs, sticking one in his mouth to cool it, then putting it back on the line, shifting rapidly from one thumb to the other.

When I saw his difficulty I took the rod away from him. Later I looked at his hands. Both thumbs were blistered.

"How do you like fishing?" I asked.

He was positive when he answered. "No like it," he said. "No like fire in string."



On the morning I was to sail from Butiaba, Frederick packed my bags and loaded them into the automobile. When

I joined him, he drove slowly down from the hotel on the escarpment to the long winding road that leads through the town.

Since that morning in Jinja, he had said nothing about my leaving him. But as we passed the shops in Butiaba, Frederick said: "Could leave car here."

"Let's not talk about it, Frederick. I'd like to take you with me, but I can't. I wish I could."

He drove on to the wharf and unloaded the luggage. A porter ran forward and picked up one of the bags. Frederick aimed a kick at him which fortunately missed. Frederick himself carried all the bags into my cabin.

He waited on the steamer until almost sailing time. Then he said good-by, walked quickly down the gangplank, and drove away without once looking back.

It is the Fredericks of the world who make travel more than merely going from one place to another. I wouldn't trade my memory of these friends—Wu in China, Wongkit's father in Siam, Mohammed in India, Joco in Canada—for all other memories of distant places.



The steamers that ply the lakes in Central Africa are marvelous boats. Not so marvelous because of themselves, but because of how they got where they are.

A steamer on one of the Great Lakes of North America can easily be accounted for; it was simply built on the lake itself. But there are no shipbuilding yards on the lakes of Africa. When one steps upon a trim little boat on an African lake, he knows that the boat was built, piece by piece, in Scotland.

These pieces were then stored in the hold of a ship and brought to the coast of Africa. At the coast they were loaded into trucks and taken as far as trucks can travel; then they

were unloaded and, piece by piece, put upon the backs of men who carried their burdens through the jungles until they came to the shore of the lake. There the pieces were fitted together until finally the flag itself was raised at the stern—and the whistle tooted its jaunty defiance of all handicaps.



On the afternoon of the first day down the Nile I was sitting on the forward deck having tea with the captain and his wife. Bordering back from the river were low swamps that in time rose to higher land where buck of all kinds grazed and elephants sauntered about lazily feeding.

"You'll see a lot of elephants on your way down the river," the captain told me as I looked through my glasses at two big fellows standing at the water's edge, occasionally lifting their trunks and giving themselves shower baths. "Some of the herds will be quite large—two and three hundred head."

When the captain and his wife are not making their fortnightly trip down the river and back, they live at their home beside the Nile.

"A short time ago I looked out of the front window," she said, "and there was an elephant almost in our yard. I could see it was in trouble of some kind, though I didn't know what.

"Then suddenly I saw why the elephant was lying down. I saw the baby as he was born.

"He was grayish pink and was simply too funny because almost immediately he tried to stand. He was tottering around trying to balance himself and his little trunk was bobbing up and down when I looked off to the right and saw a huge bull coming over the hill.

"He moved on down to where the mother was lying and stood over her, touching her here and there with the tip

of his trunk. Finally as he stood above her, she struggled to her feet and remained still a moment. He braced himself and she leaned against him. After a time she began to walk away.

"The last I saw of them, they were moving back over the hill. All of them walked very slowly, the mother with her head swaying gently from side to side as if she were tired. And the *toto*, the little calf, stumbling along, half supported by his father's leg. The father would lift his leg very slowly and move it forward only a little at a time, carefully helping his young son along. They disappeared over the hill toward the forest."



Along the banks of the Nile in Uganda, the part of the river on which we were traveling, the women wear the costume of Eve.

They cut twigs from bushes and tie a small bundle in front and a small bundle behind. The freshly cut stems stick up almost to the navel; the leaves of the twigs are correctly placed and act more or less as a screen. The ladies wear these twigs, along with bracelets and anklets, as their ordinary costume.

But there is another costume; it is worn by the girls who have gone modern. Instead of the simple twigs that for centuries have been good enough for their mothers, that actually are quite modest and also are very pretty, fresh green against the black bodies, these modern young ladies of the mechanical age prefer a ridiculous little apron, if apron it can be called.

The apron is made of meshed wire and looks exactly like one of the old-fashioned wire pot cleaners; furthermore it is just about that size, about four inches by six inches. The girls tie the thing around their middle and go switching along the highway as if they were all dressed for the ball.

The joke is that many of the young ladies have very fat and very protruding stomachs. The little rectangle of meshed wire dangles over the brow of the stomach while the part it is supposed to cover comes along inches behind and is fully exposed. But of course this exposure doesn't trouble them. Like their sisters in other parts of the world, the utility of a garment is meaningless, so long as the wearer is in the mode.

According to European standards, the women of Africa are not beautiful; they are not even attractive. I did not see one native woman in all Africa who caused me to look at her as a man sometimes looks at a woman. I cannot understand how Europeans, even those shut off in the jungle for months, can take a native woman as a mistress.

In the first place the native women have an odor peculiar to themselves which is not pleasant to the white man. I have met some of these women in the open, the sun bright and the air clear, who smelled with such a strong rancid smell that literally I held my breath until I passed. Part of the smell is owing to the oils which some of them smear on their bodies until they glisten, but part is unmistakably natural.

It is true that many of these women while still young have well shaped bodies, but even though one sees them virtually naked, and at times entirely naked, one still is not interested in their bodies.



We tied up at a landing beside the river. I went ashore to photograph some white rhinoceros that live in the neighborhood. I took along a native tracker and we struck out into the bush.

The last time I had been out to photograph rhinoceros was in Kenya when I was with Donald Ker.

"The rhino is one of the most dangerous of all animals," Ker told me. "He is very stupid and the workings of his hazy mind can never be guessed. Because he is so completely unpredictable, you should be careful when he's around."

One day as Ker and I were trying to photograph a rhino, I received perfect proof of the animal's fickle temper. We had spotted him with our glasses and had gone toward him. Taking care to approach from down wind, we crept closer and closer. I was armed with my camera. Ker was armed with a double-barreled rifle which he would use if absolutely necessary.

In photographing wild animals I followed a plan of taking a picture when I was still some distance away, then moving in and taking another, and moving still closer for another. Sometimes in waiting, in trying for the perfect picture, a person waits too long—the animal races away, then one has no photograph at all.

I took several pictures of this particular rhino and we were getting in really close. Suddenly he swung around and faced us. He stood for a moment with his ears forward, his nose searching. The rhino, like the elephant, is nearsighted and depends for protection on his ears and nose, mostly on his nose. We watched him turn his head from side to side, sniffing the air and trying to locate us. But I was not nearly so interested in his nose as in his ears. Ker had told me that when a rhino pricks his ears, he is just about to go into action.

"He may turn and run," Ker said. "Or he may charge, trying to impale you on his long forward horn."

This one decided to charge. His head down, snorting as he came, he lunged forward with amazing speed. Ker had told me repeatedly never to run from any of the big animals.

"They can all run faster than you," he said. "And, besides,

your running seems to excite them and they follow. Never run; just stand your ground and try to turn them."

As soon as the rhino started toward us, Ker shouted and waved his arms. I shouted, too, though probably it was not a very emphatic shout as I saw the rhinoceros galloping toward us, his head lowered, his horn, as I horribly imagined, pointed exactly at the middle of my belly.

The rhino came to within thirty yards, then Ker threw his helmet at him. Following Ker's example, I threw mine.

The rhinoceros put on the brakes and stopped. He stood there a moment peering at us—he himself looked for all the world like a huge pig with a couple of misplaced horns grotesquely growing out of his snout. He woofed and pawed the ground, then swung off sharply to the right and ran from us just as hard as a moment before he had run toward us.

"They're crazy beasts, I tell you," Ker said, as the rhino galloped away.

"Look here, Ker," I said. "I'm damned if I can be so casual about all this. I'm just plain scared and I'm not ashamed to admit it. My stomach is in a knot and I feel as if I want to be sick—and I don't mean just nauseated."

"Why, that wasn't even close," Ker said, as he picked up his helmet. "Forget it. He was only curious. They often charge simply because they smell something and can't see it. They want to get close and have a look, that's all. I'd have let him come much nearer before I'd have shot him."

Ker told me of one day using a camera on a tripod while photographing a rhino who was dozing under a tree. "He got wind of me and charged and wouldn't turn. I yelled and threw my helmet and did everything, but he was on a real charge and meant to drive home. I waited as long as I could, then I fired and broke his neck. He was coming so hard that he skidded up and wrecked my tripod and my camera."

When one goes out to photograph animals in some parts of Africa he must get a photographer's license from the gov-

ernment. There is no charge for the license; but one must sign a promise to report any animal shot, even though he be shot in self-defense. If an animal is killed, the man who killed it must pay a fine and turn in the head and the ivory, if any.

I was hopeful that nothing unpleasant would happen on the morning the tracker and I went through the bush toward where the white rhinos had last been seen. Neither of us had a rifle and therefore we could not defend ourselves and, even if I had been armed, I should have been particularly unhappy to fire at one of the beasts I was out to photograph.

There are two kinds of rhinoceros, the white and the black—the names do not signify any difference in color because both animals are dark gray; the names are used merely to distinguish the two species.

The black rhinoceros, the slightly smaller of the two, is the more common, though even he is becoming rare.

The white rhinoceros is second in size only to the elephant, and the white rhinoceros is nearing extinction. There are some still in Zululand; there are a few near the Nile in Uganda—these were the particular rhinos I was seeking with my tracker—and of course there may be others in inaccessible places, though the authorities do not believe so.

As a matter of fact the range of the white rhino is so circumscribed and so well known that from time to time a census is taken. The figures tell the sad story that these interesting animals are on the decline and soon may be gone from the earth, even though at present they are given every protection possible. In an effort to save the white rhino the governments have set a fixed fine of five hundred dollars against any person shooting one of them, even in self-defense.

As we were going through the bush, the native with me suddenly touched my arm and stopped. He pointed down at tracks in the sand. They were as large as dinner plates.

I moved forward to examine the three-toed tracks when from the bush to the left a rhinoceros crashed away in full gallop. I caught only a glimpse of him as he ran through the grass and trees, but I literally felt the earth shake beneath his thudding hoofs.

I used signs and asked if we should try to follow him. The tracker signed to me that the rhino would run in a straight line until he passed over the hill, then over the next, then he would hide in a thicket and if we approached him, he would charge. Just how the tracker knew so exactly what the animal would do, I couldn't quite understand; but having looked at the point of one rhino's horn, I had no desire to look at a second. Therefore I signed for the tracker to change his course and see if we could find another rhino.

We moved through the bush for a quarter of an hour when again the tracker touched my arm. I saw no tracks or any other reason for stopping; I heard nothing unusual. But still I stopped. The native stooped and picked up a handful of sand. By allowing it to drift through his fingers, he determined the way of the wind and, crouching, began to move to the right. Again I looked for tracks, but could see none.

Suddenly the native stopped and remained motionless.

And then I saw them. From between two trees a family of rhinos sauntered. They had not detected us. There was a father, a mother and a half-grown calf. As I looked at them I thought again how much a rhinoceros looks like a huge pig with tiny, bead-like eyes and great horns blatantly curving up from the snout.

"Surely," I thought, as they came out into the open, "but the Lord was experimenting when he made you."

We watched them for half an hour. From time to time the tracker would let fall a little dust. So long as it blew back toward us, he did not move. But when he dropped it

and it blew from us toward the rhinos, he motioned to me and began slowly to withdraw.

Almost at that instant the mother rhino got our scent and pricked her ears. I saw her when her ears flipped forward. And I made up my mind that if she charged, Ker or no Ker, I was going to run like hell and take my chances.

Fortunately she did not charge. She knew something was wrong but, luckily for us, she seemed unable to locate us and after a minute or two she turned and trotted clumsily into the thicket. Her husband and daughter dutifully followed after.



As we were going back through the bush toward the river, we passed some dung which I thought was cattle dung.

I asked the guide.

He told me it was buffalo dung.

There is a strange confusion, almost a bewilderment, as one looks down at the droppings of some of the wild animals. Buffalo dung, for instance, seems like dung from the patient ox or cattle in the barnyard at home; yet one knows that it came from the body of the shrewd and fearless buffalo, perhaps the most dangerous of all animals. He passed here only a short time ago. And paused here, exactly here, for a moment.

This same confusion is in one's mind as he sees the dung of the wild dog. It is like the dung of any other dog, even like that of my big bulldog at home, Sir John Falstaff, who is so gentle that the children of the neighborhood pull his ears and try to climb on his back for a ride. Yet in the bush when one sees dog droppings, he knows they were left by the wild dog, the fierce and merciless killer.

The huge droppings from the elephant are frequently seen in the forests and on the roads of Central Africa. If

the elephant stood still while he dunged, he left a mound that could not be covered with a market basket.

One afternoon seeing the spoor of a herd of elephants that had passed some days before, I stopped and measured one of the droppings. It was twenty-two inches in circumference.



I was photographing a giraffe, taking a picture, then moving in and taking another.

For some strange reason this giraffe let me approach him. He was out in the open and of course saw me perfectly as I walked toward him, but he chose to stand and merely look down at me.

My guide, a native, was off at a safe distance and said nothing until he thought I was in danger; then he called to me to come back.

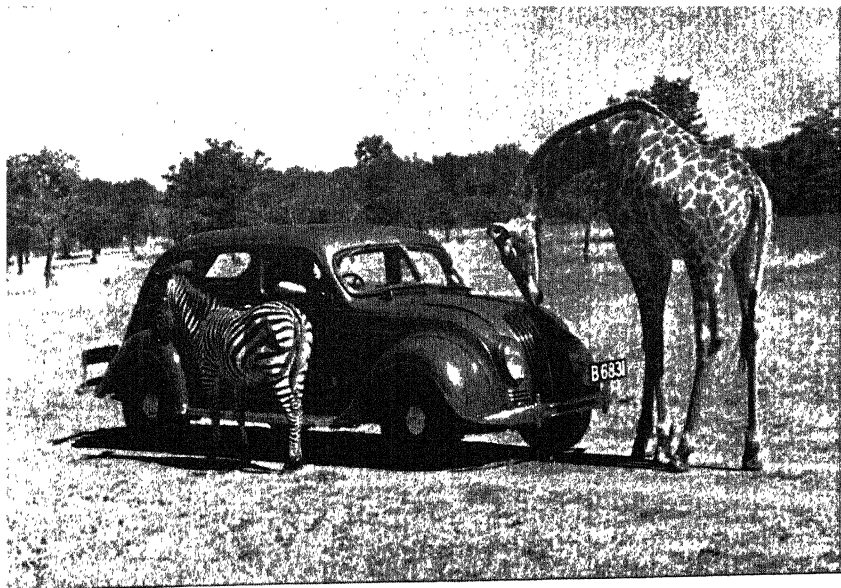
But I was not frightened because I was approaching from the front. I remembered from my college zoölogy that a giraffe is dangerous with his back feet only. So long as I was in front, I was certain there was no danger.

The chief trouble with my reasoning was that I hadn't carefully studied my zoölogy lesson on the giraffe day. Actually these animals can kill instantly with their front feet. With one pat, a giraffe can break a lion's back.

Ignorant of my danger and ignoring the shouts of the guide, I went in closer and closer. For some inexplicable reason, the giraffe did not move. ("A man never knows what a wild animal will do. Never say a wild animal won't, because maybe he will.")

Finally I was so close that I was photographing almost straight up the long neck. Indeed I made one picture that plainly shows the chin whiskers.

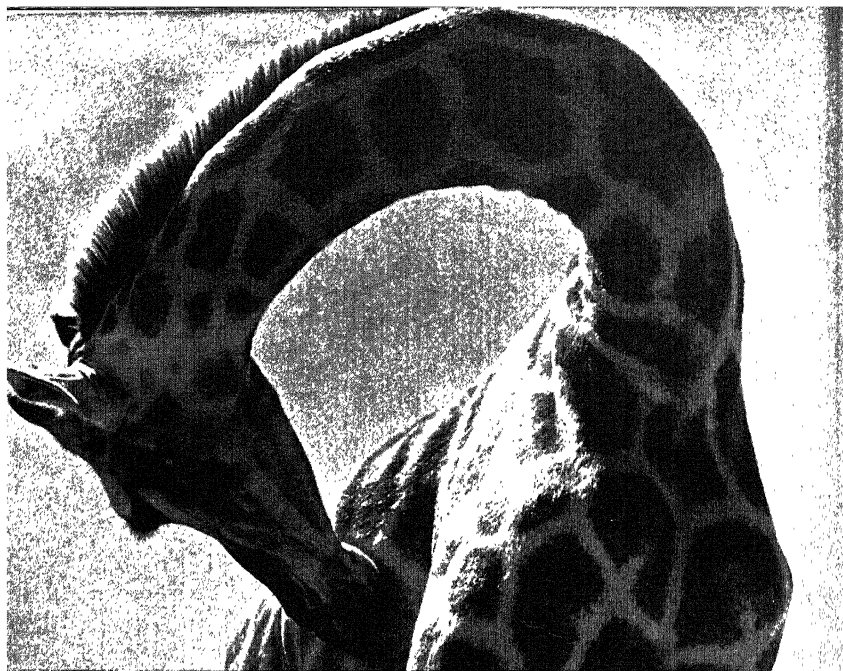
The instant after this picture was made something very fortunate happened. The giraffe suddenly whirled his head



WILD LIFE IN AFRICA! This picture was made in a small game preserve where the animals are so tame that they hurry out to greet all visitors.

HITCH-HIKER





GIRAFFE AND FLEA

SIESTA



and began to chew himself as a dog whirls and chews his leg when a flea bites.

I never saw such a giraffe pose before and I am exceedingly grateful to the flea or fly or whatever bit the giraffe at that exact moment.

Standing still and posing unconventionally were not the only peculiarities of this giraffe. These animals have no vocal cords and are supposed to be unable to make any sound whatever. This is not true because the giraffe I am writing about made an unquestionable sound. As I drew nearer and nearer to him, he suddenly flung his head slightly to one side and made an explosive, coughing, snorting sound.



On the boat making the trip down the Nile from Butiaba were five white passengers:

An old German professor from Heidelberg and his wife. An American business man. An Englishman whose hero was Stanley and who, since boyhood, had dreamed of making the Nile trip. And myself.

We traveled north until we came to the town of Nimule. There we left the steamer and drove overland by automobile to Juba, a city in the Sudan.

At intervals the Nile is not navigable because of rapids and cataracts. At each cataract all passengers must leave one steamer, go by train or automobile around the cataract, then return to the river and board another steamer for the next part of the journey.

The governments of Uganda, the Sudan, and Egypt, the countries through which the Nile flows, have so scheduled their boats, trains, and automobiles that they meet each other and there is no delay as a person travels the entire length of the river. The trip downstream requires three weeks. Upstream, against the current, requires two weeks longer.

At Juba we boarded a large steamer on which were fifty white passengers: traders from the Congo, missionaries from Uganda, young Englishmen in the Sudan Civil Service going home on leave.

Besides the white passengers, a hundred natives were making the journey down the river. Some were traveling for a short distance only; others were going all the way through the Sudan and on into Egypt.

These natives mostly were traders, though some were workmen going to jobs at different cities along the Nile. None of the native travelers was given a cabin; instead, each was charged a few pounds for deck space. Throughout the journey they were to sleep on deck and cook on deck. Having to provide their own food for the entire trip, they came on board with bags of rice and sacks of vegetables and coops of chickens. One of them brought a lamb, two brought kids which they butchered after the journey was half over.

It was just at dusk that the shore lines were untied at Juba and the boat slipped out into the current of the river, beginning the longest single part of the journey: eleven hundred miles to the north, through the great swamp, through the Sudanese desert and on to the city of Khartoum.



Long before Jesus was born, men sought the headwaters of the Nile. Numberless expeditions went up the river; but all were turned back or were lost, conquered perhaps by the cataracts, possibly by a weird swamp in the Sudan.

Taunted by the river's secret, explorers in ancient times continued to go into the interior, determined to find the headwaters. Traders, too, in ancient days sailed up the Nile, seeking to exchange their goods and also to find the source of the river. Then in the Middle Ages came Portuguese mariners. These adventurers had rounded the point of the

continent and now they sought to penetrate to its heart. But even they, men accustomed to obscure surroundings, were turned back by the rapids and by an inexplicable swamp that had swallowed so many men and that in some mysterious way seemed to swallow the river itself.

July 28, 1862, an Englishman named Speke stood beside the falls at the northern end of Lake Victoria. He knew that at last he had discovered the headwaters of the Nile. Speke was the first white man to see the birthplace of the river.

Until a person has studied a map carefully, until he has read a book or two about the Nile, he will have genuine difficulty understanding the river. (And may I be intrusive and suggest that you do not seek to understand the Nile through reading Emil Ludwig's famous book *The Nile*. That book is less a narrative than a symphony in prose with the Nile as little more than a solemn and imposing theme sounding from time to time as Mr. Ludwig confuses with his endless counterpoint and overtones. If one wishes really to know the Nile, he should seek his information outside the turgid prose of Mr. Ludwig's volume; if he wants merely to drift sleepily down the mighty river, then Mr. Ludwig's book will serve.)

The first difficulty in understanding the Nile is that the Nile flows north. Such a caprice is contrary to the way of most well behaved rivers and is likely to slip our memory at any minute. Our minds stubbornly refuse to remember that when one says "down the Nile," he means traveling to the north.

Then, too, as one reads about the Nile he may encounter arguments about the source of the river. Some men aren't content to name Lake Victoria as the source; they must go back to the streams the flow into Victoria, contending that these feeder streams and not the lake itself are the source. Still others want to go even farther back, to the snow on the Mountains of the Moon—the snow that feeds the stream,

that feeds the lake, that feeds the river that is the Nile. On this basis we could, of course, continue tracing back until we came to the first chapter of *Genesis*. Most authorities ignore the argument and name Lake Victoria as the Nile's source.

Then comes the confusion about names. At different parts of its journey, the Nile is called the Victoria Nile, the Albert Nile, Bahr-el-Ghazal, the White Nile. When the White Nile has completed half its journey to the sea it is joined by the Blue Nile and the Black Nile, rivers that come down from Ethiopia. This final combination of Niles becomes at last simply The Nile, the great river.

The layman can avoid a great part of the confusion if he will content himself with knowing that "the Nile" is really a vast water system draining parts of Central and North-eastern Africa. The main river of the system begins in the swift flow of the rapids out of Lake Victoria in Uganda. This main river, under various names, continues north for three thousand miles through swamp and desert, being joined at different points by other rivers, principally by two that come down from Ethiopia, until finally the one river, The Nile, empties into the Mediterranean.

THE SWAMP

Five hundred miles north of Juba the boat enters the great swamp. Nothing else on earth is like this vast bog in the Sudan, thirty-five thousand square miles of tangled weeds and grass, a swamp greater in area than the combined states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware.

In the swamps of Louisiana and Florida, cypress trees grow from the dark water. Gray moss hangs low from the branches of the trees. Even in their dismal silence these swamps live and are beautiful.

But the swamp in the Sudan is a dead place that has long been dead; it is moldy and musty and smells of the grave.

Nature built this swamp in a strange way; she taxed even her patience as through the ages she slowly changed a lake into a bog.

In prehistoric times the swamp area in the Sudan was a great lake. Papyrus and sword grass grew along the banks and lilies grew upon the water.

After a few centuries there were more lilies and more papyrus; the vegetation encroached upon the lake, moving a few inches out onto the water, like ice forming at early winter.

Through ages and ages the papyrus and lilies and tiger grass grew farther and farther onto the water until finally the growth covered the lake. Today this covering of vegetation is like a crust that in places is soggy, but that elsewhere is so thick and firm it will support a hippopotamus. Even elephants move out onto the crust of the lake. They have been known to break through and die piteously.

The English call this growth "the sudd." And "sudd" is a

corruption of the Arabic word *sidd*, meaning an obstruction or blocking, a perfect name for this pestiferous crust.

At flood time when the power of the river is almost irresistible, or at times of wind and storm, the water tears at the edge of the crust and breaks off great pieces of it. These pieces are swirled downstream until they come to a sharp bend in the river. There they jam.

As more and more pieces of the crust whirl down the river, jamming together, piling upon themselves, the river builds its own dam. It is completely choked.

Then what of the Nile?

Its channel blocked, what of the great river?

Sometimes the river is strong enough to break through, to burst the blocking sudd and force a way through again.

Sometimes the old channel is hopelessly choked, but the river is powerful enough to break through in a new channel, making a new way for itself through the swamp.

At other times the sudd is too strong. The river cannot force a passage anywhere.

Then the Nile must get through the swamp in one of two ways:

It may disperse and merely seep through the spongy marsh.

It may dive and flow beneath the crust, finding a way through the prehistoric lake.

But then where is the Nile?

Where is the great river?

No wonder the old explorers could not find the headwaters of the Nile.

They sought a river that openly flowed between its banks.

When actually the Nile might have been only water seeping through a bog.

Or a subterranean river flowing beneath a vegetable crust.

Even at the beginning of the present century the Nile was lost. Men knew that the river entered the swamp from the south and that it flowed out again at the north. But its course through the sudd was unknown.

In 1902 English engineers cut a path through the swamp. They went up the river with gunboats until they came to the edge of the blocking sudd, then they sent Nubian prisoners overboard, sending them to struggle waist deep through the slime until they could drive stakes into the crust. Chains were then fastened to the stakes and the gunboats were backed suddenly, jerking and tearing off great blocks until finally the Nile was freed from the imprisoning crust that covered it. Instead of being forced to dive through the old lake under the sudd, the river now was able to come to the surface and flow through the channel that the engineers had opened.

But the channel was narrow and boats had difficulty getting through. Engineers say that until the way is widened and deepened, the Nile can not be trusted as a way of navigation. They still are troubled about this passage that might at any storm or flood be closed again.

Then once more there would be only the swamp, the home of cranes and egrets, crocodiles and hippopotamus. Once more the Nile would be hidden as it seeped through the marsh. Or as it flowed under the crust and through the ancient lake.

For ages a river has flowed down from the great lakes of Central Africa and flowed north through the Sudan swamp. But always the river that flows out of the swamp is only half the river that flows in. One half the river is lost in the spongy sudd that spreads the water out over thousands of miles for the sun to drink.

And the land to the north needs water. The life of Egypt depends upon the Nile and the water it brings. Let the Nile bring more water and millions of acres of Egyptian desert

could be made to grow cotton and cane and millet and rice. Egypt's land might truly flow with milk and honey, if only the full Nile could flow through the Sudan swamp and bring its water to the desert, if only the vast bog did not soak up half the water that the river brings down from the lakes.

THE DESERT

We were five days in the slow, tortuous passage through the swamp.

Each morning when we woke—if we had been able to sleep in the distressing heat and humidity—we saw the river bordered with papyrus and tiger grass. All day we followed the river as it turned and twisted over a course so tortuous that at times it seemed almost to turn back onto itself. Constantly we moved on through grass which in places closed in until the channel was less than a hundred feet wide; the waterway was like a path through a jungle.

After the long, long day the sun went down; but even as it set, it seemed like a copper cauldron still pouring fire upon an unnatural world of tangled grass.

That night again there was little sleep.

And again we woke to look out and see only papyrus and tiger grass, fifteen feet high in places, shutting us in completely.

In other places the grass was low and we could look over it and see what lay beyond—papyrus and tiger grass stretching away on each side to an illimitable distance, a marsh unbroken except where water seeped up and formed slimy pools.

All that day we moved over the endlessly winding river and always there was only the heavy, pressing humidity and the tangled grass as thick as green walls closing us in.

We learned why some men called the swamp loathsome, why they talk of claustrophobia.

"This damn grass gets on my nerves."

"You've said that before."

"It still gets on my nerves."

Sometimes the channel is so narrow and the bend of the

river so sharp that even a slight wind skids the flat-bottom boat off the water. As it tries to make the turn, the boat crashes out onto the sudd. The tall, reedy stems of the papyrus snap with a sharp sound like the shattering of glass.

Each time the boat leaves the water and takes to the weeds, the Arab boatmen leap onto the freight barges and stick poles into the sudd and push. The engineers back the engines in jerks. After a while the boat is free and floats in the channel once more.

One night the wind rose suddenly and twice we went out onto the sudd. Each time we freed ourselves only after the engines had jerked and jerked until it seemed that the boat would come in half. The third time the whistling wind ploughed us into the grass, the pilot announced that we would remain where we were until morning.

"Hope we get off in the morning," the captain said, "because there'll be nothing through the river for ten days, no boat of any kind to help us."

"That being the case," someone said, "let's have a drink."

"Ten days hung up in this bloody swamp."

"Let's have a drink."

Next morning the wind had gone. The Arabs went onto the barges to push against the sudd. The engineers backed the boat until, after a time, they freed us.

But still there was the heat and the papyrus. All that day. All that night. All the next day, still the steaming heat and the grass and the papyrus with its fragile leaves like dark green lace.

"This damn grass gets on my nerves."

"How many more times will you say that?"

"The rest of us not only put up with the grass, but with you as well."

"Can I help it if it gets on my nerves?"

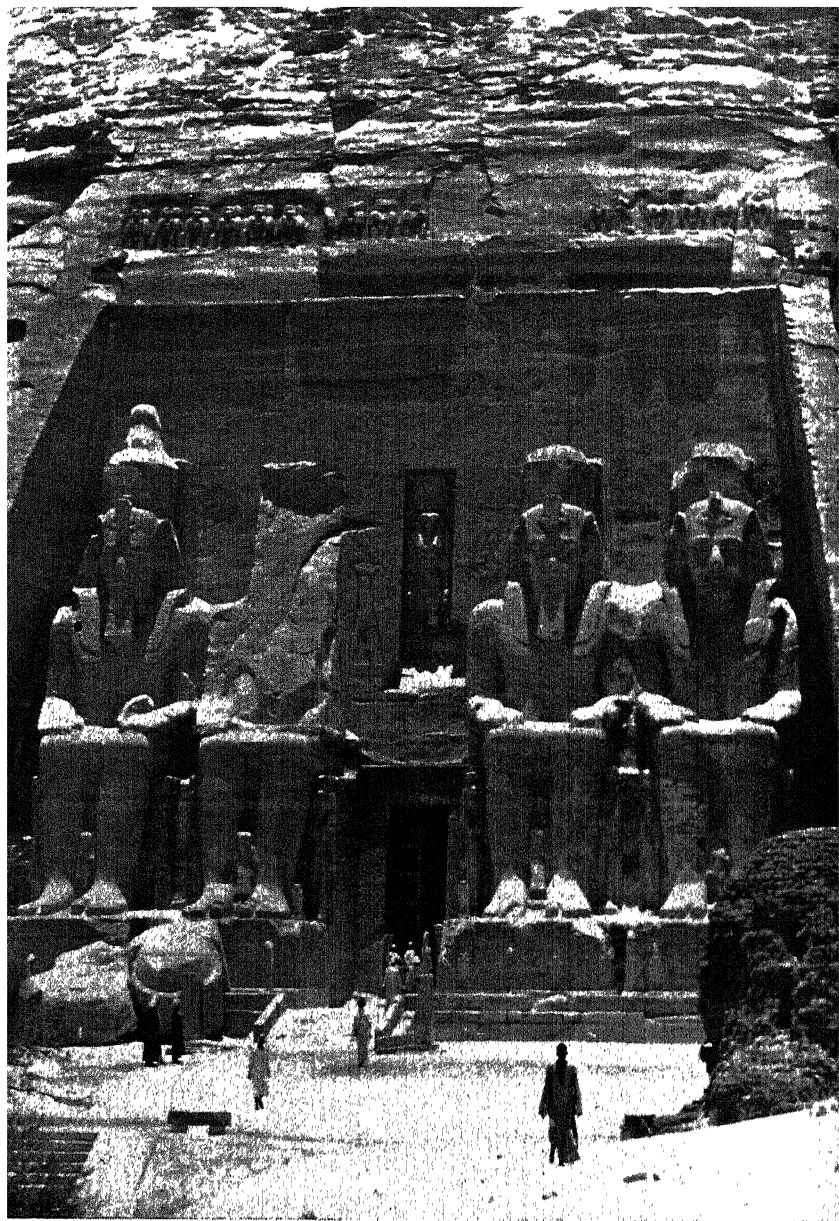
The stakes at the red dog game in the smokingroom were higher than most of the players could afford. The law of



BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

IN THE SWAMP





ABU SIMBEL

the tropics was ignored and some of the passengers drank before the sun went down.

"I feel as if I'd been in this grass for months. I'll be jolly glad to get out of it."

"Why? Where will you be when you get out?"

"The desert is better than this."

"That's right—miles and miles and days and days of sand; just sand, that's all."

"The desert is better than this. Anything is better than this damn green coffin."



The boats that ply on the stream are old fashioned paddle-wheelers that jog along as best they can, carrying their cargo of passengers and pushing two, three, sometimes as many as six, freight barges. The cabins on each boat are large enough for two people. The diningroom is adequate and the food satisfactory. The smokingroom at the stern is comfortable. And there is room on the deck of the barges for a walk, a little exercise after sunset, back and forth over the sixty-foot deck.

The water on the boat is the chief worry.

There is no water except from the river itself. And daily one sees the river used for every possible purpose by both man and beast. One sees the natives on the bank and the natives on the boat defile the river. One sees the camel send his stream into the river. One sees the hippopotamus elevate his rump just above the top of the water and empty himself, his stubby tail swishing back and forth rapidly, churning the water into a froth.

Then one goes in for dinner and a pitcher of water is brought to the table. It is clear and not at all muddy like the Nile, but one knows that it has come from the river.

"Has this water been boiled?" one asks the Arab waiter.

"No, but it has been filtered," he says.

If the glass is allowed to stand a few minutes, the bottom of the glass is slowly covered with sediment. One looks at the sediment. One thinks of the grotesque camel; one hears the swish of the hippo's tail.

"Bring me a bottle of beer," one says—even though he is sick to death of beer and would give any price for a glass of water.

In school we learned of the River Nile as a shimmering green flood on which Cleopatra floated with her Mark Antony in exciting licentiousness. Under the canopy of their river barge the lady—as Shakespeare has told us—turned the brave Roman into a strumpet's fool, causing him to renege his temper and become the bellows and fan to cool a gipsy's lust.

It is further told of this same Cleopatra that at the age of nine she was a blasé little brat. At one time she was to be taken to see the ocean. For weeks her tutors and handmaids recited tales of the grandeur and the majesty of the sea. Then finally they took her to the coast. They led her out upon a cliff so that she could see far away to the horizon.

She stood for a moment, looked down, glanced off into the distance casually, then asked: "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?"

Even though one remembers the romance of the River Nile, the loves and adventures of its famous men and women, the rise and fall of nations along its banks; even though one remembers the whole history of the river, one still is tempted when first he sees the Nile to ask the question so impertinently propounded by the young lady: "Is this the mighty Nile? Is this all?"

Near its headwaters the river in many places is a skinny little stream. And, too, romance is not easy to recall, not even the celebrated affair of the Roman general and his

lustful gipsy, when twice each day one's backside is painfully scratched by the Nile.

The tank of the filter on the boat is large enough to filter the drinking water, but it is not large enough to filter the water used for bathing; each morning and night when one goes to his bath, the tub is half full of unfiltered water that has been drawn directly from the river. It is so muddy and so full of grit that after one sits down in the tub, he must be careful not to move about: any sudden shift would send him from his bath with a raw and painful behind.

So long as the boat is on the move, one takes his bath and risks the water, singing loudly about the Bonny, Bonny Dee and the Beautiful Ohio and Moonlight on the Wabash, hoping that the songs and the memories of these more civilized rivers may cause him to forget the water of the Nile and its camelistic and hippopotamustic contents. So long as the boat is chugging along, one bathes; but if bath-time comes when the boat is tied to a landing, with natives lined on the bank and from time to time nonchalantly utilizing the river, one forgets about bathing and simply goes unwashed.



Soon after the Nile comes out of the sudd and before it reaches the desert, it splits and passes around an island four acres in size.

Eleven years ago two elephants went out onto this island. They have been there ever since. There is no tree on the island, no shade of any kind.

Six years ago there was a blessed event.

As we passed the island, we saw the old elephants and their young son. They made no attempt to hide. Indeed, there is no place for them to hide.

No one can imagine why the elephants remain on the island when they might be enjoying the shade on the banks

of the river, the succulent roots and the tender branches of trees.

"Maybe they're outcasts," one man suggested.

"Or snobs," another said.



In Africa I asked continuously about the persistent rumor that somewhere on the continent is a graveyard where elephants go to die. I could get no more satisfactory answer, no more proof, than in India I could get an answer to questions about the fantastic rope trick.

Men in Africa would tell me that they knew a man who knew a man who had said that he knew about the elephant graveyard. But I could learn nothing definite, nothing that would lead me to any specific person or place where I might learn anything definite. All the talk was rumor, and third and fourth hand rumor at that.

Today there may be large undiscovered deposits of ivory on the continent of Africa, just as there are vast fossil remains in Siberia and Colombia, South America. But there is absolutely no satisfactory evidence that the African elephant realizes when death is upon him, and that he then goes to some secret place to lay down his bones with the bones of his fathers.

Numerous public claims have been made about the discovery of the elephants' graveyard, but as yet no one of the claimants has taken anyone else to see the discovery. Nor has anyone brought out even a part of the vast fortune in ivory which such a remarkable cemetery would contain.

But if there is no common graveyard and the elephant does not die in some hidden place, what becomes of the gigantic carcass after death overtakes him?

In the first place the normal life of the elephant is about seventy years. He is not subject to the diseases that some-

times wipe out great numbers of other wild animals, and he has no natural enemy that can kill him except man. Therefore there is little reason why the elephant should not live out his span of three score years and ten—except for the constant reason that man usually destroys him before he reaches that age.

As an elephant matures, the tusks grow both in the cow and the bull. And once a good pair of tusks have developed, some native is almost certain to see them. Then the word gets around. Soon hunters go into the area where the big fellow lives and they follow him until they bring him down. Most elephants are accounted for by the guns of white hunters or the spears of natives. They never have a chance to go to even a mythical graveyard.

But what of those few that escape the hunters? What becomes of the body of an elephant that dies of a natural cause?

A person need live in the bush only a short time to learn how quickly nature's scavengers in Africa dispose of anything that dies. In Africa with the vultures and hyenas and jackals and white ants and the jungle itself constantly growing and covering everything that falls, there is no chance for dead flesh or bones to remain long exposed.

It is true that scavengers eat all flesh and bones, but not even a hyena's jaw can crack an elephant's tusks. What then becomes of the tusks of elephants that die a natural death?

Frequently tusks are found by natives before the jungle has covered them; possibly from far off the natives have seen the great circling of the vultures and, suspecting the cause, have gone to investigate. Numerous tusks found by natives have borne the teeth marks of hyenas. These marks tell plainly what has become of the flesh and of the lesser bones.

Frequently, too, tusks have been found where once there was a pool or a marsh that has dried up. Usually these tusks

bear the teeth marks of crocodiles. The crocs ate the body of the elephant after he had bogged down in the swamp, or had been caught there and died at flood time. But they couldn't eat his tusks, though they had gnawed on them.

There is no riddle about what becomes of a body in Africa, even the body of an elephant: it is eaten, and quickly eaten, bones and all.



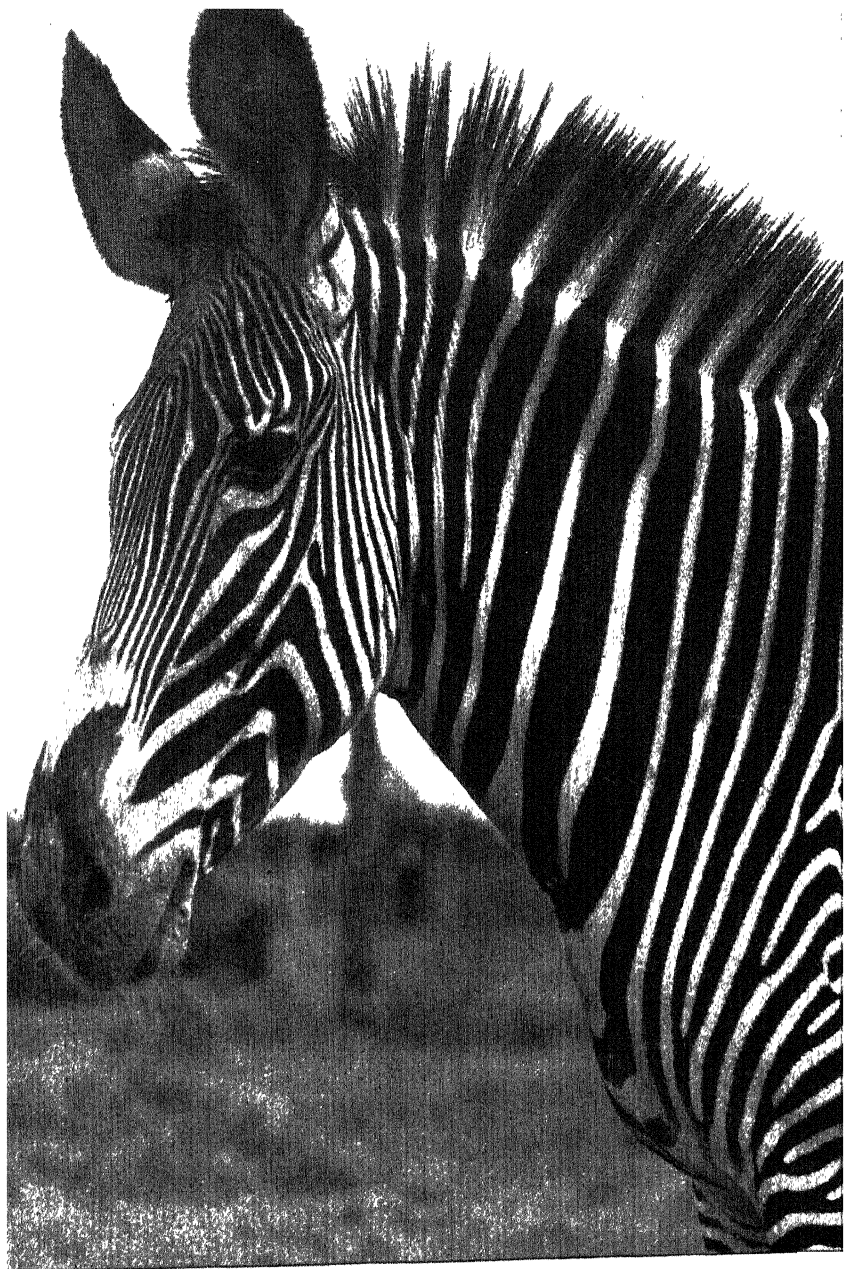
In more ways than his way of dying, the African elephant has puzzled the white man.

For centuries the elephants of Asia have been used as laborers. But the African elephant has been considered a stupid, fractious beast that would defy all attempts to train him.

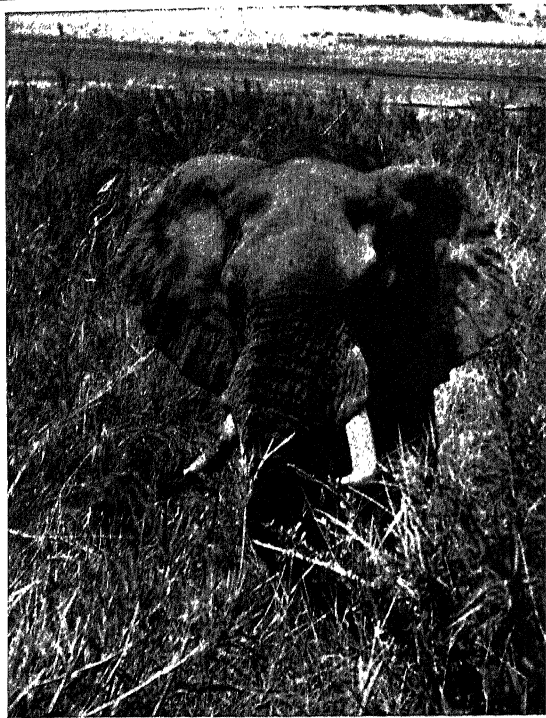
Then a few years ago some Belgians in the northern Congo remembered the war elephants of Hannibal. While the animals used by the Carthaginians were smaller and of a different species, a species now extinct, the Belgians argued that the African elephant had not always been useless to man; furthermore, they might not be so vicious as commonly was believed.

These Belgians, therefore, went into the jungle and captured young bulls and cows, then began patiently to train them. In a short time the elephants accepted harness and today in the northern Congo they clear and plow the fields and haul wagons and carts.

The old belief that the African elephant is a mean fellow and is unteachable has caused American circuses and zoos to shun him. Only one full-grown African bull has ever been brought to the United States and he died some years ago. Besides this one bull only two other African elephants have been shipped to the United States. They were two pygmy elephants, tiny little fellows from the Congo, that were brought over by the Ringling Brothers Circus.



ZEBRA



Top: AFRICAN ELEPHANT AT WORK
Left: NERVE OUT OF AN ELEPHANT'S TUSK

One afternoon at Winter Quarters in Sarasota, Florida, I asked Walter McClain, Superintendent of Elephants with the circus, about these pygmies. I asked if they were dolts.

Mr. McClain said that for a long time he had thought of them as stubborn and treacherous. He had made no attempt to train them. Then one day for his own amusement he set them a simple trick. They took to it quickly, like intelligent youngsters playing a game.

"Maybe the African elephant isn't so dumb, after all," he said.

"I guess you're right," I said, and laughed because at that very moment one of the pygmies was slyly trying to reach into Mr. McClain's pocket for a titbit.

The difference in the mentality and the temperament of the African and the Asiatic elephant is open to debate, but the physical differences that distinguish the two species are unmistakable:

The African elephant is sway-backed. The Asiatic elephant is hump-backed.

The African elephant has two "fingers" in the tip of his trunk. The Asiatic elephant has one.

The African elephant has four toes on his back feet. The Asiatic elephant has three.

The African elephant is a larger beast, particularly his head and ears. When his ears are extended full and are measured across the forehead, they sometimes span as much as fifteen feet.

Hollywood has had difficulty in making films with African settings in which African elephants were needed. Of course a person who knows anything about elephants can tell at a glance whether a beast is from Africa or Asia, just as a man who knows can tell at a glance whether a horse is a Percheron or a Clydesdale.

Faced with the requirement for African elephants in California and there being no African elephants in the United

States, the directors were in a quandary. But with their usual ingenuity, they found a way out. They rented Asiatic elephants from circuses and zoos, fitted a sway-back rigging over the Asiatic hump, fastened on huge African ears, and paraded the masquerading elephants before the camera while Tarzan beat his chest, cried out his "Yoo-loo-lay-eeeeeee" and swung on through the branches of the trees.



When at last we came out of the sudd we entered that part of the river that flows through the desert. On each side of us was a limitless and unbroken stretch of sand.

The humid heat of the swamp became the dry heat of the desert. During the day the glare of the sun was blinding. At night the cabins were like ovens and the electric fans only stirred the burning air.

One would then leave his cabin, go on deck, and spread a sheet. He would lie there looking at the low stars and thinking of Nubians and veiled Touaregs, of pharaohs and pyramids, of Moses and Aaron's rod. Dervish boats with lateen sails would stand to the wind. Barges weighed with stones quarried for the tombs would be dragged over the shoals by black hands straining at the ropes, urged on by the bull-whip endlessly striking flesh. High-backed ships would float down from Kush with tributes of ivory and gold. One would lie there and almost forget the heat in the rich confusion of thought.

In the days we would occasionally tie up at a landing beside the river. A little freight would be put on and off. Dinkas and Shilluks, the tallest men on earth, would stand at the side of the river and watch the boatmen fasten the shore lines. These men of the Sudan, some of them almost seven feet tall, wear no clothing. Their women, too, go naked.

So much is written about the nakedness of the African.

"Half-naked savage" is a slurring comment so frequently made about him.

But the people of the Sudan, like the people of other hot countries, have no need for clothes and see no use in wearing them. After all, clothing is merely an incident of climate and as for these people hiding their bodies!—they are not dirty-minded, they see no reason for hiding their fine bodies.

As a matter of fact one does not have to be a disciple of Rousseau to see that these giant naked men of the Sudan, tall, erect, proud, somewhat unapproachable, are more dignified, more impressive, than a group of European or Americans for all our hats and coats and well-pressed pants.



One day the boat was tied up at the side of the river and two of us were trying to photograph some crocodiles. We had seen them on the bank and watched them slither over the sand-bar and down into the water, their prehistoric armor clanking as they moved.

As my friend and I waited for the crocodiles to show themselves again, he told me of certain difficulties that the missionaries have in his part of Africa, which is over by the Ethiopian border.

"The missionaries can't explain the Virgin Mary," he said. "Where I live, the natives play erotic games from childhood. They simply can't understand what a virgin is, or might be."



Half way down the river are the cities of Omdurman and Khartoum. They are on opposite banks of the Nile.

Omdurman is a native city where Arabic silversmiths hammer out massive pitchers and fashion delicate bracelets. At

Omdurman black men work marvels in leather and camel hides. Life at Omdurman is all African and Allah is acknowledged as the only god.

Across the river is a strictly European city, Khartoum, the great modern city of the upper Nile. Here Chinese Gordon met his death. Here Kitchener broke the power of the Mahdi, the Mohammedan who had vowed to end the hated Christian rule.

The whole story of this uprising is told by Winston Churchill in his book *The River War*. The book is particularly vivid because Mr. Churchill is not only a fine historian and a brilliant writer, but he was with Kitchener and himself fought in the campaign.

Perhaps one should not admit it, but frankly we travelers down the Nile were not interested in history when we reached Khartoum. The Mahdi, Gordon, Kitchener, the battle of Omdurman were not our chief concern. We had endured the swamp and suffered the desert and to us the bright lights of Khartoum were as exciting as the midnight blare of Broadway.

After a luxurious hour at the barber shop, we each took a carefree bath in a tub with a bottom as smooth as satin. Then we arrayed ourselves in dinner jackets and entered the diningroom at the hotel. There we feasted until late, then went out to participate in the night life of Khartoum.

We began by visiting a night club.

Some day some disillusioned fellow will write a book about night clubs in different parts of the world. If he tells the truth and can write at all, his book will be a fascinating story even though it will be highly repetitious. His book can only tell over and over the same old story of gyp.

From Paris to Peru, from New York to Singapore, the identical tricks are worked. Though frankly I hardly expected to find an orthodox night club in Khartoum, a city twelve hundred miles up the Nile.

I didn't expect to find a clip joint where cover charges were outrageous. Where waiters were insulting if the tip wasn't comparable to a legacy. Where "entertainers" sang creaky songs and stumped through awkward dances, then mingled with the customers and mooched drinks in the old, old way.

Whenever a girl hooked a patron she ordered a brandy. The charge was one dollar. As the drink was served, the girl was given a ticket.

She remained with her patron until they had finished their first drink. Then she asked for another. If he bought it, she remained longer. If not, she moved on in search of some other friend.

At the end of the evening she cashed in her tickets. For each of them she got thirty cents. The house kept seventy cents. And that's not bad profit on a one-dollar drink, particularly the kind of drink served the girl all evening.

While the men patrons had actually been served brandy, the girl had never tasted brandy once. She had been given only tea that had been watered to the proper color.

Most of the girls were Hungarians and Poles, though the star of the troupe was an Egyptian who did a slow, squirming belly dance, varied from time to time with a sudden midriff agility that in speed was second only to the flicking of a duck's tail as he comes in out of the rain. As the Egyptian maiden writhed, the waiters were kept rushing from table to table, taking the excited demands of the gentlemen for drinks.

One particular gentleman who had traveled down from Juba with us went to the bar and ordered a whiskey and soda. Soon a young lady joined him and began the unvarying routine.

Could she have a drink?

Could she bring a friend who wanted a drink?

Could the friend bring a friend?

Finally several unauthorized beauties joined the merry gathering.

An hour later when time came for the gentleman to leave, he was presented with a bill for ninety-six dollars and a half. And still they call it the Dark Continent!



From Khartoum we traveled around the cataracts by train to Wadi-Halfa. Then back to the river again and two days and nights by boat to As-wan in Lower Nubia.

The largest of the Nile dams is at As-wan. This great granite barrier has one hundred and eighty sluices and is capable of holding back five billion, four hundred million cubic meters of water from flood time—August and December—until the following summer when the water is needed.

Owing to its new system of irrigation, Egypt now grows rich crops on land that once was part of the desert. Thousands of acres have been made fertile by irrigation and millions of other acres, now valueless under the parching sun, could be made to grow cotton and rice, millet, vegetables and sugar cane, if only they had water.

The need throughout Egypt is water, always water, and almost the only source is the Nile. Egypt has a total area of three hundred and eighty-three thousand square miles. Of this area, only twelve thousand are arable, only the land immediately beside the Nile. The rest of Egypt is desert.

It is truly said that to live in Egypt, one must live within sight of the river. Today almost all the fourteen million people of the country live on the banks of the Nile. Virtually every one of these people, as well as their camels and oxen and goats and donkeys, is dependent for life itself upon the river.

He who controls the Nile, therefore, controls the life of

Egypt and its people. Shut off the Nile, or any one of the Niles, and Egypt is ruined.

These facts are so well known that during the war of 1914-18, Germany sent her agents into Ethiopia and offered huge bribes to the emperor of that country. Only let us blast away the banks of the river that flows out of Lake Tsana, they said. Our blasting will make no difference to you or to your country. All we want is to disperse the water, to send it dribbling out into the desert before it reaches Egypt. We will pay well for the privilege of a little blasting.

If hostile engineers tampered with Lake Tsana and the river flowing out of it, they might stop the flow of the Blue Nile into Egypt. They might give Egypt back to the desert and the people of Egypt to starvation.

But if the river flowing out of Lake Tsana were dammed by friendly engineers and the water controlled, five million acres of desert land in the Sudan and Egypt could be made fertile. This land could be made to grow two million bales of finest long-fiber cotton. Egypt's terrific population pressure would then be ended and her wretched poverty dispelled.

When one realizes these facts he then understands that Ethiopia—with its Lake Tsana—is a tremendously important pawn in the game that the nations endlessly play for the control of Africa.

The nation that dominates Ethiopia holds a constant threat over Egypt; indeed, it partly controls Egypt.

And the nation that partly controls Egypt, partly controls the Suez Canal.

VALLEY OF THE KINGS

I first visited Egypt a number of years ago. I arrived at night and early next morning hurried downstairs at the hotel to arrange for a great expedition into the desert. I was going out to see the pyramids and the Sphinx. Would I go by caravan? Would I need an escort of the camel patrol to protect me from roving bands of desert robbers? I felt like some explorer nearing a goal of which he has dreamed.

"I want to see the pyramids," I said to the clerk at the hotel. "I want to visit the Sphinx. Where shall I go to begin making arrangements?"

"Certainly, sir. Front, boy. Get this gentleman a taxi. Tell the driver to take the gentleman to the Sphinx and the pyramids."

That was a body blow.

I resented even the thought of riding in a taxicab when I had envisioned slow-moving camels casting their shadows on sand dunes.

But the bellboy in natty uniform was saying: "This way, sir."

I rode out of Cairo over a paved highway that leads to the base of the Great Pyramid.

There I found I was not to be denied my camel after all. Waiting there, like taxis in front of a theater or any other show place, were scores of camels for hire. The tourist is supposed to rent one, climb aboard, and ride a few hundred yards from the pyramid to the Sphinx.

So this is the Great Pyramid, I thought, as I looked up at it.

I wanted to have a good look, really to see this famous tomb. But I didn't have a chance. Within a minute or two

after I appeared at the base of the pyramid, I was the center of a mob.

Blind men, fortune tellers, cripples, ragged women, and dirty children whined, held up their hands, pulled at my clothing. Each swore by Allah that he had not eaten in weeks. Each swore that mothers, fathers, babies at home were starving.

One old woman offered proof that she was not faking. She wanted me to know that she was really a cripple. Pulling up her dress, she hopped along on one leg while she shook the stump of the other.

Yes, that is the Great Pyramid, I said, as I looked up at it.

It is undoubtedly an amazing job of building, an almost incredible structure about which a mathematician or an architect might get genuinely excited.

Furthermore, it is the tomb of Cheops.

Cheops?—who is Cheops?

History doesn't answer very plainly though legend gives him a daughter who was hired to all comers at the price of a single stone for her father's tomb. In passing one might say that Sir Flinders Petrie, the great authority, estimates that there are two million three hundred thousand stones, each weighing two and a half tons, in the pyramid.

Legend also gives to Cheops a magician who could sever a goose's head and set it back on the body and have it grow once more.

But not even legend tells any more about Cheops, whose tomb is the tallest in the world, except that the people so hated his name that for centuries they would not pronounce it.

After looking at the tomb of the pharaoh who had a daughter and a magician, I climbed onto a camel and feeling very conspicuous and something of a fool for riding the few hundred yards that I could have walked, I ambled on

around the corner of the pyramid and down toward the snub-nosed Sphinx.

A dozen children, each wearing a single garment like a ragged and dirty nightgown, were playing a game, racing and laughing when I turned the corner. Then they saw me. In an instant they all had bent backs, twisted legs, crooked shoulders. Some of them, who a moment before had been playing a game like tag-you're-it, now dragged themselves through the sand, their legs limp. All of them looked up with expressions of infinite suffering, crying aloud for money to pay for the cure of their ailments, to buy bread so that they might not starve and that the great white nobleman on the camel might be eternally blessed.

It was the Sphinx all right. I had a good look at her. She looked just like her photographs. But she was stone and had been stone since time began. There was no life in her and there never has been.

On this, my first visit to Egypt some years ago, I visited the pyramids. I saw the tombs and the ruins near Cairo. But I couldn't get interested in the pyramids, or the ruins, or the Sphinx who has always been stone.

On this first visit, Egypt to me was a land of the eternally dead, a place of the silent past and of endless desert sand.

Then, years later, I returned to Egypt, coming up out of Africa, entering Egypt from the south after the long trip down the Nile. I wondered if once more I would find it silent, forever dead despite its temples and pyramids and carvings.



The first temple we saw in southern Egypt was the famous temple of Abu Simbel, built by Rameses II in honor of himself.

One day about noon as we traveled from Wadi-Halfa to As-wan the boat swung to the side of the river and

nuzzled in the sand. The gangplank was lowered. We walked out onto the sand that blazed up like the sun itself. Beyond the stretch of blinding sand was the temple.

One of my old professors, years ago, told me about the temple of Abu Simbel. "How I should love to go there," he said. The place, therefore, had a double meaning for me and I was eager to see it, not only for myself but that I might write him of my visit.

Only a short distance back from the edge of the river on the west side, four colossal figures are carved in the solid rock cliff. They represent Rameses II, impassive in his flaring headcloth and wedge-shaped beard, his hands upon his knees, fronting the east. Though the king is seated, his figure in stone is sixty-five feet high.

Between the king's feet and on either side of him are alternating figures of the hawk, the sun, and the king himself. Above the entrance to the temple is the falcon-headed sun god to whom the place is dedicated. Still higher is a frieze of baboons.

As I walked over the sand toward the giant carvings, toward the hawk-headed god and the entrance to the temple, I believed that surely here at last Egypt would live for me. Here certainly, at the famous temple of Abu Simbel, I would come to know the glory of Egypt.

"Tickets, please." The man standing beside the entrance to the temple, standing just beneath the falcon-headed god, caught my sleeve. "Your ticket, sir."

"What ticket?"

"Admission to the temple, sir. Fifty cents, please. Tickets, please. Have your tickets ready."

I bought a ticket. Inside the temple the guide assembled us and herded us from one chapel to the next, like a barker in a side show displaying first the three-headed calf, then the boy with the elephant skin, then the sword swallower. Half asleep, the guide droned on as guides the world over

drone on, reciting in unnatural voices facts which to them have long ago lost all meaning and of which they are infinitely weary.

An hour later I came out of the temple. I glanced up at the towering statue of the king. He wasn't so big, after all.

Up at the falcon-headed god. He looked pretty much like hawks back in Alabama.

Up to the frieze of baboons. I had seen darn sight better looking baboons running around loose in the bush.

A friend said: "It's hot as hell out here."

Another friend said: "Let's go back on the boat and finish our game."

Five minutes later I said: "I bid one spade."



One morning we tied up beside the pier at As-wan. We would travel no more by the river.

In an afternoon and night the train would take us from As-wan to Cairo.

But I left the train at Luxor, arriving there at eight in the evening.

Next morning I visited the temple in the heart of Luxor. That afternoon I went back. I was in the temple as the sun set. I looked down the glorious colonnade, across the Nile, and far out into the desert where the sun was setting in a bedlam of colors.

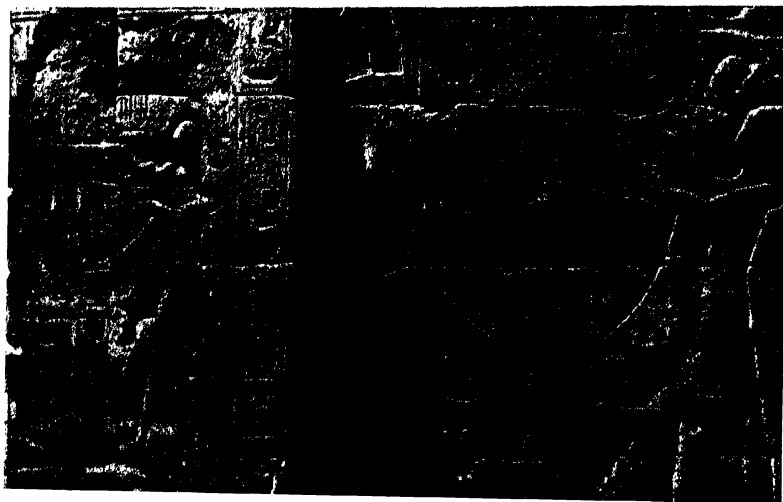
Unfortunately the grandeur of the view was partly blocked by children and old men and ragged women who thrust their hands through the fence and swore by Allah that they had not eaten in weeks. They cried out that mothers, fathers, babies at home were starving.

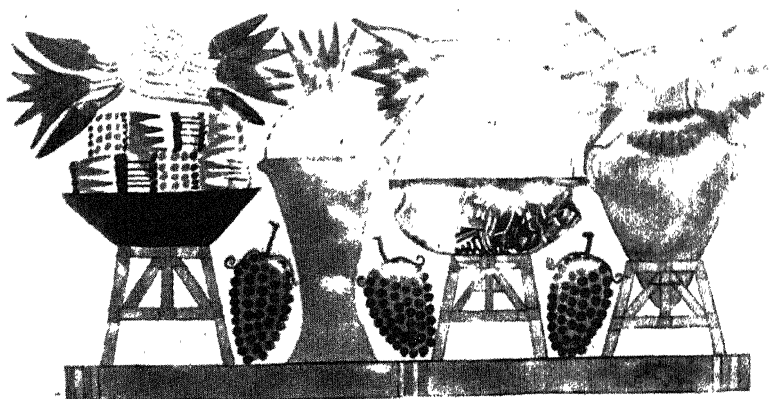
That night in an open carriage I drove from Luxor to Karnak. There was a full moon. I first saw the ruins of the magnificent Karnak temple by moonlight.



KARNAK: This window at the top of the building proves that once the great temple was roofed. The roof was destroyed in the terrible earthquake of 27 B.C.

KARNAK: WALL CARVINGS





A guard walked in front of me, protecting me, carefully tapping with a stick to frighten the snakes away. Of course one must pay a high fee to receive such protection from the snakes in the temple, even though all the time one knows there are no snakes in the temple.

One day I went across the Nile from Luxor to the deserted city of Thebes, and on to the Valley of the Kings where Tutankhamen and other pharaohs were buried.

This valley is now a bleak and barren gulch, as bare as the desert itself.

Here, millenniums ago, narrow passages were cut in the rock underground. At the end of the passages great rooms were patiently chiseled out by men who, once their task was completed, were killed so that they could not betray the secrets of the royal tombs.

After the vaults were made ready, they were left vacant until the pharaoh died and was mummied with asphalt and bitumen and nard, until he took his last journey up the Nile, head to prow in the white bark without rudder or sail. Wrapped in fine linen, swathed in bandages from the hand of Tait, anointed with cedar oil and myrrh out of Punt, the child of the sun lay in his coffin whose lid was a symbol of the sky goddess Nut.

His mummy-shell was of gold and the head of lapis lazuli. Isis and Nephthys spread their wings in protection at the four corners of the sarcophagus while in the vault itself, painted on the walls in bright colors upon slightly raised plaster, were the scenes the king had loved during life. Near the mummied body were small statues of the Ushebti, the Answerers, to serve the king in death.

Fruits and cakes and barley and honey in alabaster boxes lay near him, since possibly the goddess might neglect to give him food and drink out of the sycamore tree. Or the fire-spitting serpent, who encircles the sun to fight its foes, might forget to suckle him.

And he would need sustenance as he made the long journey by night to the Lower Regions, traveling in the bark of the nocturnal Ra so that he might stand for judgment before Him-of-the-West with fan and crooked staff, and before the two-and-forty judges when his heart should be weighed in the scales against the features of Truth.



Once Thebes was a great city. It was then not only a city of the dead, but also of living men. They crowded its streets as they went about their business.

But there came a time when living men left Thebes and it was a place deserted. In the valley beyond the city the pharaohs slept unguarded, waiting long past the three thousand years which their religion had promised as the time in the burial chamber. While the pharaohs slept in their rock crypts, the sand blew in from the desert, covering the tombs, filling the valley.

For ages the pharaohs rested in peace under their covering of sand. Then in modern times excavators began to dig, searching for the narrow entrances that lead down to the burial vaults.

Seeing the scientists digging in the valley, the poverty-ridden fellahin hurried in and began to burrow, searching for treasures.

Side by side the archæologist and the pauper dug in the bleak valley until the entrances of the tombs were found, the tombs themselves opened and explored.

"We will visit one of the tombs," my guide said.

We went to the ticket office in the valley and bought our tickets.

A guard admitted us to the tomb of a pharaoh.

As we entered the vault, the guard turned on electric lights and showed us the paintings on the wall.

For an added fee, he would turn on more electric lights and show us more paintings. For a still further fee, he would turn on all the electric lights, even the two-hundred-watt globe in the burial chamber; it hangs directly above the spot where the pharaoh's body once lay.

But the paintings on the wall are beautiful, despite the electric lights and the petty grafting of the guard. The figures in their flat-soled stride, with feet and head in profile and shoulders in full view, are as clear and bright as if the artists had only just finished their work in the king's tomb, instead of themselves having been blown about on the desert winds for thousands of years.

Not even beggars and grafters and electric lights can lessen the beauty of those paintings of a brown, apron-clad people surrounding their king. Nor detract from the king himself, seated on his ivory throne, doubly a king, wearing both the white crown of Upper Egypt and the red crown of the northern country.

On the walls are portraits of animal-headed gods. And paintings of battle scenes, amazing expressions of agony on the faces of dying men. There are peaceful scenes of fishermen mending their nets on the river. Scenes of farmers tending plows in the fields. Of hunters on lakes with wild fowl beating up from the reeds and pink flamingoes lifting in squadrons from the water. On an opposite wall other hunters bear home their kill of lions and leopards, gazelle and antelope. On the wall at the end of the tomb, guests at the banquet languidly smell lotus buds while dancing girls, playing lutes and pipes, dance before their king.

On my first visit to Egypt I saw the pyramids where once the haughty Alexander stood. Where the Roman legions passed. Perhaps a child named Jesus played beside those pyramids, brought by his mother—I wish he had been older so that he could have played tag-you're-it with the other boys; I should like to think of his having some fun. As-

syrians, Persians, and Turks marched by the pyramids. Napoleon paraded the Old Guard there. And long before any of these had come, Egypt's own mighty kings had known a glory and a grandeur which not even Greece and Rome have dimmed.

But the Egypt of power and learning and beauty did not live for me as I stood beside the pyramids or the Sphinx or any of Egypt's temples. I first saw all that magnificent beauty in a tomb. I saw it painted on the wall of a burial chamber.

LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

The national anthem of Egypt is the bakshish chorus. The salute is the outstretched, begging hand.

An American has only to appear in any part of Egypt and everyone begins crying out for money, grabbing at whatever the American is carrying, blocking his path with donkeys, taxicabs, and camels, draping and entangling him with necklaces, scarves, walking sticks, bracelets, obscene postcards.

In Egyptian cities the perpetual bodyguard is a bevy of slimy dragomen who insist on following every American and planning his day. "You come with me. I show you everything—yes? Museum. Pyramids. Sphinx. We ride the camel—yes? We see City of the Dead. See the *souks*. See everything—yes?"

The luckless American stops and, in a friendly way, explains that he has no desire to see anything. He wants merely to be left alone. "Please—each time I come out of my hotel you swarm around me. Please don't do that. Just let me alone, will you, please?"

All the dragomen gather around close and blandly listen. They say nothing until the American has finished, until he has said his last "please," then instantly they all begin in chorus again: "You come with me. I show you everything—yes? Museum. Pyramids. We ride the camel—yes?"

The American, with murder in his heart, tries to walk away. The dragomen gang him, pulling at his clothes, running around in front and turning on their revolting charm as they smile and lay their hands on their breasts and bow: "You come with me. I show you everything—yes?"

Beggars fight to get at the American. Peddlers struggle

to show beads, scarabs, imitation silk, and fly swatters. Other peddlers pollute the air with vile perfume and fling hideous rugs in the American's face while they shout, "Verree cheap. Verree cheap."

As this mob fights it out on the sidewalk, the carriages in the street follow along, the drivers cracking their whips over the American's head and calling out repeatedly: "Yoo hoo! Hel-lo! O-kay!" Taxi drivers cruise along at low speed, waiting for an opening to dash through, yet even at long range endlessly blowing their horns and calling: "Hel-lo. You come see girls—yes? See naked girls."

Eventually I became worn out by the daily struggle. I went to the country seeking quiet and peace for my jangled nerves.

The train stopped at the little hamlet where I had gone for rest.

I stepped from the train.

And here they came.

The entire village poured down upon me, just as it pours down upon every American.

Men and boys, women and girls, goats, dogs, donkeys, and camels all pushed in close. All were covered with dirt. All were heavy with smells of the immediate day and of days past. Some of the children had eyes falling out from ophthalmia; all of them had eyes fringed with flies that they never bothered to brush away. They crowded about me and followed wherever I went, whining endlessly for bakshish. Bakshish! Money! Money!

A person may try to ignore them. They are as persistent as the flies that swarm from their ophthalmic eyelids to your eyelids.

You may hit at them with suitcase or camera. They only dodge and return to the attack, never even breaking the rhythm of their cry for "Bakshish! Bakshish!"

You may appeal to the police. The police merely turn their backs and walk away.

You may shout "*Ma fish*," which means I have nothing for you. Or "*Imshish*," or "*Ruh*," or "*Yalla*," all of which mean go away and leave me alone. The descendants of Cleopatra, Rameses, *et al.*, merely shriek derisively, repeating the words with mock American accent, and continue the siege.

They are as persistent as their fleas—which they share with you generously—and they work on the theory that if they nag long enough, walking close beside you, pulling at you, running around in front and blocking your path, pestering all manner of hell out of you, finally you will give in and buy a temporary freedom from them and their annoyances.

The trouble is that if you buy off one crowd, another instantly swarms down and once more the whines and the smells and the dirt are at your elbow.

The best plan is to retreat into the comparative safety of the hotel.

But don't get the idea that inside the hotel there will be any relief from the mooching. Every waiter, bellboy, and porter not only hints for tips, but calmly and openly demands them.

At an Egyptian hotel a third porter brought me a bottle of drinking water—for which, by the way, I was charged fifty cents—and that is absolutely everything he did for me while I was at the hotel. When I checked out, this particular fellow wasn't on duty. Evidently, though, his friends notified him because he came racing into the station just before the train left. All out of breath, he demanded two dollars' payment for his services to me.

At the hamlet where I had gone for peace and quiet, I cowered in the hotel as long as possible. Finally, though, I simply had to sally out again in order to get to the railway station.

And there they were. Exactly as I left them. All the boys and all the old men, all the women and girls, goats, donkeys, camels, and dogs.

Realizing that the American was trying to escape, that he was on his way to the train and out of the town, realizing that it was their last chance at him, they ganged around close and fought even more fiercely than usual for him and his luggage.

Anyone fortunate enough to get a suitcase or a typewriter or a camera, struggled out of the pack and raced away. But half a dozen other natives quickly overtook him and brought him down. The fight was on. Soon, instead of the general riot, there were several separate brawls, each centering about some piece of my luggage.

In the land of the noble pharaohs, I've had my breath knocked out, got some pretty sharp jabs and some near black eyes from elbows and flying fists—not flying at my eye in particular, just flying—and had my clothes torn and covered with dust, while swarms of natives fought over my property.

Each of the natives who manages, at any time during the fray, to lay a hand on a piece of luggage, feels that thereby he has earned his share of the spoils and will run beside the carriage demanding payment. He will climb fences at the railway platform and board the train and not leap off until it is going forty miles an hour, then stand in the dust of the track and shake his fist, calling down all the curses of Allah upon the head of the Christian dog who has cheated him.

From the moment that one enters the land of the Egyptians, he is in a fury of beating off beggars, peddlers, dragomen, and pimps. In many countries, particularly in the East and Near East, there is a perpetual open season on tourists, but the treatment the traveler receives in Egypt sends him away with a confused memory of heat, smells, flies, and that endless plea for bakshish.

Bakshish!

Babies coo "bakshish," as their mothers shove them into the traveler's face.

Old men rear themselves from their death beds to mumble, "Bakshish. Bakshish. In the name of Allah, bakshish."



Egyptian temples in particular are surrounded by bakshish boys, peddlers, and swindlers of all kinds. The most ingenious of these thieves are the natives who specialize in archæological discoveries.

The native "archæologists" wander around with the tourists and pick up precious fragments of ancient art, discovering the treasures at the very feet of the traveler. As a matter of fact, the more skilful natives will find on order, picking up from the sands exactly whatever each traveler wants.

Does the traveler desire a scarab?

The native promises to look carefully.

How marvelous is his luck! Within only a few minutes, and when no one is looking, a scarab is shaken from his sleeve, then pounced upon.

"Look! Look!" he cries excitedly. "The real thing! A genuine ancient scarab found in the sands of Egypt."

After the proper hesitancy, which pushes up the price, the native consents to sell. And the tourist, who is just dying to take home an authentic piece of Egyptian art, buys the scarab. The real thing! Didn't he see it found in the temple of the pharaoh!

These "authentic" pieces are made mostly in Cairo, and are characterized by modern Egyptian craftlessness. The more common discoveries made by the natives are seals that have been carefully chipped just enough, ratty alabaster vases, and "verree old" green plaster scarabs all fresh from

the factory, yet delicately rubbed with abrasives to make them ancient.

At Memphis I saw a dragoman work a neat variation of the archæologic racket. I saw this fellow give a couple of mangy scarabs and a tiny plaster cat to a little girl. She scampered away and got in the path of the tourists that the dragoman was guiding. When they came upon the child she was playing with the scarabs and the cat.

The dragoman stopped, threw up his hands, and registered great excitement. "Where did you get these pieces?" he asked, taking them into his hand reverently.

"I found them in the sand," the child said. "Right over there," she said, and pointed toward the great statue of Rameses.

"But these are wonderful examples of Egyptian art dating back before the Christian era. They are wonderful—wonderful."

By that time the members of his party were fairly drooling and were already reaching for their pocketbooks.



One night at dinner in Cairo, I was talking with two American girls about the methods used by natives in getting bakshish.

"I ran into a particularly cute device the other morning," one girl said.

She told me that while she was looking at the glorious carvings in a temple at Abydos, an Egyptian guard approached and beckoned with an air of authority. Something about him seemed to indicate that he would show her special sights, treasures newly found or seldom seen by ordinary tourists, perhaps a masterpiece of sculpture hidden in a dark antechamber, or a tunnel leading to an unexplored tomb.

So this American girl followed past the gracefully-curving



THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN LANCERS ARE REVIEWED BY THEIR KING
AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE





MADONNA: *I bought this carving from a native who had just finished it. I would have given almost anything I had, but he wanted only my pocket knife and twenty-five cents.*

lotus blossoms, forever pink and green on their limestone columns. She followed past the niche of the falcon-headed Horus, past the curling horns of the rams' heads, past the pharaoh smiting his enemies, and the bright red boats of the dead.

The girl and her mysterious guide hastened through the hypostyle halls and the gallery of the kings. They went swiftly through the temple until finally, at the end of a long passageway, they reached a courtyard where the guide stopped. He made a slight bow and pointed, supremely sure of his success.

"And no native was ever more deserving of his bakshish," she told me, "for there, amid the statues of the pharaohs and the shrines of the gods, was a modern sanctuary, the nicest, neatest little Ladies' Room I'd seen in all Egypt."



The art of Egypt has suffered greatly at the hands of vandals and robbers. Through the centuries anything portable has been carried away by thieves, while magnificent temples and tombs have been destroyed by rulers and priests. Pyramids—and there are hundreds of pyramids scattered over Egypt—have particularly suffered. They have been used repeatedly as convenient quarries whenever a pharaoh needed stones to build a monument to himself, or the dominant priests wanted stones to build temples to their particular gods.

A typical story of these vain, jealous, and destructive gentlemen is the story of Akhnaton.

This pharaoh was a monotheist. He refused to worship the traditional Amon-Ra, the sun god with a powerful priesthood and a state religion; instead, he accepted Aton, a Syrian importation, a god believed to be the unknown power of which the sun was merely the visible symbol.

Once the young pharaoh had selected Aton, the new god, he set about a complete job of destroying the old religion and establishing his own.

First, he moved his court from the stronghold of Amon-Ra at Thebes and built a new capital at El Armarna. Then he instructed workmen to destroy all monuments and symbols of the old god; he ordered the names of these gods hacked from the walls of the temples and obliterated from the tombs.

Having disposed, so he thought, of the gods themselves, he began to treat with their followers. He refused preferment to any who clung to the old religion; he advanced only believers in Aton.

Then he put into startling practice the teachings of the new god. If an Egyptian general in Asia Minor sent word to the king telling of desperate need for troops in order to hold rebel chieftains in check, the king ignored the message. If the Egyptian governor of Jerusalem begged for soldiers to protect the city against insurrectionists, the king denied the plea. He refused to fight. Was not violence a sin? Had not Aton decreed that universal peace was the law? In the heart of the devout young pharaoh the worship of God was more important than the love of temporal power.

But while the pharaoh was praying, Egyptian garrisons were falling before the advancing Amorites.

In time the empire was lost.

Broken by his losing fight for his god, Akhnaton died when he was only thirty years of age.

Immediately the priests of the old gods came swarming back. Now it was their turn to tear down and destroy. They followed the usual procedure. The military authorities were encouraged to stir up the common people against all who had served Akhnaton. The priests themselves pronounced the customary anathema against those who questioned the authority of the church or its officially designated guardians.

Once the rabble had been sufficiently roused and hoodwinked, the priests took their revenge furiously. They knocked down all monuments to Akhnaton, overturned all statues of him and chopped his name out of the temple walls. They played havoc in general with sculptured beauty that we today would have treasured as priceless examples of ancient art.

The result of this particular squabble between Akhnaton and the priests—it is but one example of the endless bickering—was merely to deepen contemporary jealousies and hatred, as well as to make the world poorer forever by the loss of carved and painted beauty.

The Christians were among the most determined temple wreckers, trying whenever possible to obliterate at least the heads of the old gods and anything on the walls that seemed to them, even in those days, indecent. Fortunately these custodians of the public morals often found difficulty in determining what was indecent and who were the gods; nor did they often climb high enough to get at absolutely everything that was beautiful. They contented themselves with a lot of rough chiseling and hundreds of sloppy crosses painted over the brilliant art of the heathen.



Not even knowledge of the living Egyptians should prevent one from visiting Egypt. There is consummate beauty in Egypt. For example, there are the treasures from the tomb of Tutankhamen, now exhibited in the museum at Cairo.

Of course the Egyptians do all in their power to make a visit to the museum as unpleasant as possible; but one must endure the Egyptians, one must fight his way through.

As the taxicab slows down in front of the museum, it is mobbed. A mass of dragomen, beggars, and peddlers leap upon it. They fight the taxi driver and fight each other to

open the door; they reach in and snatch at the person inside.

"You come with me. I show everything. Me best drago-man. Show you museum. Tutankhamen—yes?"

"Verree cheap."

"Bread in the name of Allah."

"See girls dance. See naked girls."

"Tutankhamen—yes?"

"Verree cheap."

"Bread. Bread. Bread in the name of Allah."

"Naked girls. Young girls."

One struggles through this shoving, shouting mob that hangs on across the sidewalk. Across the courtyard. Up the museum steps. To the ticket office. To the turnstiles where the mob makes a last grab at the traveler.

"Tutankhamen—yes?"

"Bread. Bread."

"Verree cheap."

"Young girls. Naked girls."

Eluding the dirty hands at the turnstile, escaping at last into the cool and great quiet of the museum, one should walk slowly away from the entrance and find a place to sit down. There he should rest, trying to forget the living Egyptians and to think only of the dead. One must take time to smooth his ruffled clothes and his ruffled temper; one must completely leave the dirty, greedy world outside before climbing to the gallery where the eloquent beauty from Tutankhamen's tomb is exhibited.

After one has rested, when there is peace in his soul once more, he climbs the stair to the gallery where he doubts that there can be such beauty, even as he looks at it.

That statue was carved centuries before Phidias or Praxiteles was born. Those paintings were made millenniums before Cimabue or Giotto made their paintings. Three thousand years ago that vase of alabaster was carved. Aristotle

had not lived. Or Socrates. Or Plato. That fragile vase was already a thousand years old when a lad played in his father's shop in Nazareth. There in the glass case, just beyond my finger tips, are delicate vases of gold; they were made while the Greeks were yet barbarians and Rome was a swamp. One looks at these pieces and time itself loses its meaning. Now at last one understands John Keats, the priest of beauty, who spoke so simply that he is not understood: at last one realizes the timeless union of truth and beauty, and knows that is all we need to know.

In the tomb three coffins held the body of the king. In the museum the coffins are exhibited. The innermost is of solid gold; it is shaped like the body itself. On the forehead of the golden coffin are the vulture god and the serpent god in gold and lapis lazuli. The folded arms of the king are across the breast. Over the abdomen the vulture and the serpent spread their protecting wings.

Near the coffin the falcon goddess keeps watch. And the moon god. And the sun god in the form of a golden beetle.

Within the tomb, a boat sailed on a lake of glass; inside the boat sat a girl and a dwarf. In the tomb were cushions embroidered with colored beads. There were cosmetic boxes. And baskets filled with fruits. There were jars of grain and jars filled with wine, the year of the vintage marked on them. In the tomb were ostrich-plume fans. Gaming tables and castanets. There were figures of animals, small birds, and carved swans covered with black resin. There was a tiny wooden coffin; inside is a lock of the queen's hair.

There is a picture of the young queen herself, a painting of her in a gown that might be the latest creation of Molyneux. She stands by the king, leaning over slightly to rearrange his collar. One can hear her say: "There, dear, that's better. It's all straight now."

As one dreams his way through this glorious exhibit, the

years lose their terror; they can no longer bully. One sees the writing reed that the king used, the earrings he wore, his ointment box in the shape of a goose. One smiles at old fears, and no longer guesses at the meaning of immortality.



Showing the three most famous Egyptian pyramids, those at Gizeh, is now Big Business. A well-lighted highway leads straight to them from Cairo, while across the street from the pyramids is a modern hotel where one can sit in the shade, drink highballs, and look out upon the monuments of the ages.

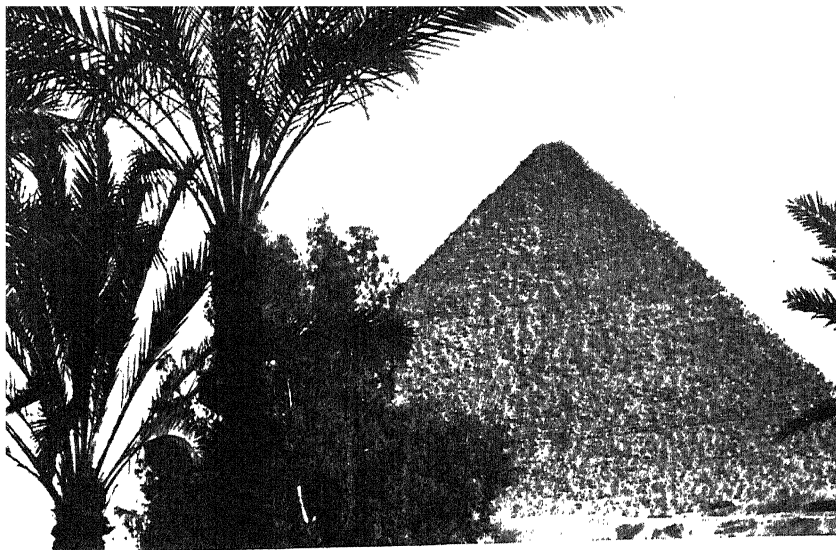
Some tourists are piqued by the camel drivers, fortune tellers, and photographers that greet visitors to the pyramids. They disapprove of the modern hotel across the way. They are thoroughly provoked by the commercial sell-out.

Other tourists are disappointed in the pyramids themselves, arguing that they look too much like the postcards, too exactly like Camel cigarette covers.

But other travelers are enraptured by the pyramids. These devotees believe that the tombs were inspired by God, that the Great Pyramid not only preserves all symmetry and all standards of measurements, but that in some esoteric manner it prophesies the year in which the world will end. The worshipers take the measurements of the Great Pyramid—seven hundred and fifty feet on each side and four hundred and fifty feet high—and use cabalistic mathematical formulas to predict future events about which ordinary persons, without cabalistic knowledge, can also guess.

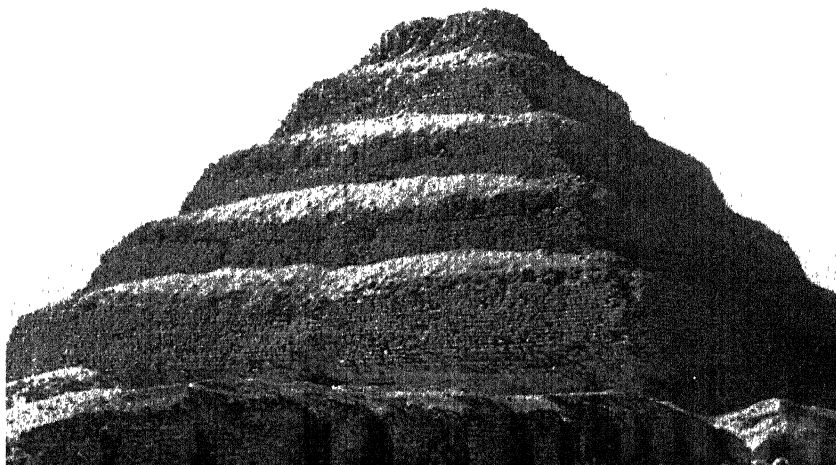
Somewhere between the two extremes, the disappointment of the grumbler and the fervor of the worshiper, a sensible regard of the pyramids can be established.

Certainly I find difficulty in getting really excited about



THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH, THE TOMB OF CHEOPS: *Built somewhere about 3000 B.C., this pyramid covers thirteen acres and is one hundred and fifty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral in London.*

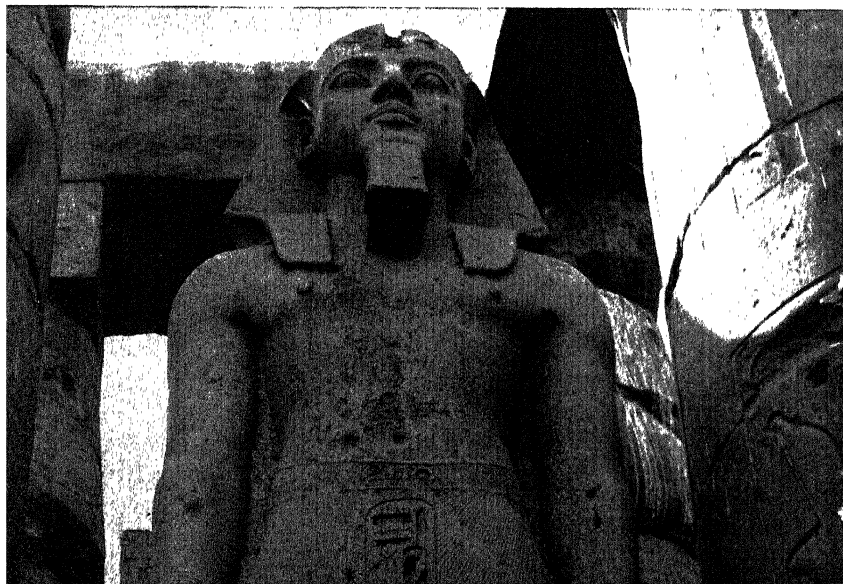
THE STEP PYRAMID AT SAQQARA, THE TOMB OF ZOSER: *This pyramid is a thousand years older than the Great Pyramid, and "is probably the earliest stone building of importance erected in Egypt." It is about six thousand years old.*





STONE

RAMESES THE GREAT



the pyramids. Yet just as certainly there is a serene and detached look of eternity about these solid structures—who was it said, “All things fear Time, but Time fears the pyramids?”

One night I drove out from Cairo and saw the pyramids and the Sphinx under a full moon. I thought that surely in the moonlight the past would become the present, and that the stones would live. But they didn't; they remained stones, ageless, massive, impressive, but still stones, and nothing more.



On one of the main streets of Cairo an oily individual fought his way through the mob of hangers-on and tried to sell me some French postcards. When I didn't buy, he gave me an advertisement. Perhaps my lack of interest in his dirty pictures prompted him to think I was in need of his nostrum.

This was the advertisement:

The Greatest Manufacturer for the World renowned **AMBER PASTE**. **AMBER PASTE** is the very Oriental real preparation from the genuine fat of the Ambergous whale-fish, the effect of which is sublime and delightful. When added to Tea, Coffee and Cocoa. Though useful and suitable for all ages and in all walks of life; yet it is of a wonderful nice flavour and is a **SPLENDID BLOOD ELIXIR** and through its use the portals of faded youth are opened to elderly people. We supply the purest and only the **GENUINE** is effective.



More than any other city, Cairo is filled with specialists in women, pimps who constantly approach the traveler with stories of exotic ladies who are cunning in any, even the most eccentric, ways of love.

The pimps loiter along the streets until they see a tourist approaching. Then they sidle up to him and smile their greasy smile.

"Hel-lo," they say, and smirk.

The tourist ignores them.

"Hel-lo. You American?"

The tourist ignores them.

"See the girls. See girls, young girls, dance naked."

"I don't want to see any girls."

The pimp comes in closer. "Look, mister, look. See the postcards. Man and woman."

"I don't want to see any postcards. Go away. Leave me alone."

He gets in still closer. "You see girls dance naked. Then you have what you like. Whatever you like, mister."

The tourist ignores him.

Then the pimp plays his trump card. "Mister—mister, hel-lo. I give you special treat. I take you have something wonderful. Never be with man before. I take you have my young sister."

Then the tourist knocks hell out of him.

The police rush up, waving their arms and bellowing.

Thousands of people, so it seems, spring up out of the pavement and crowd around the tourist, glowering at him and muttering.

The police gesticulate and shout.

The pimp points and makes accusations.

The tourist, who understands none of it, stands by, cherishing a sore knuckle and a happy memory.

Finally the police exhaust themselves.

They tell everybody that the show is over.

Everybody goes home.



One of the red-light districts in Cairo stretches for many squares, the houses and the women getting dirtier and dirtier as one goes deeper and deeper into the district.

The last square, with its hovels and its old and broken women, is called "The Fish Market."

In the Fish Market, the women ask ten cents. They will accept a patron for five cents.



The American girls who told me of finding the neat little sanctuary in Abydos, also told me of their "Night in the Desert," which was arranged for them by a tourist travel agency.

"As Sheik Farak Ghonerin led our caravan out for our 'Night in the Desert,' we slithered along on our camels with strange thoughts and vague fears," one of the girls said. "We were to see the desert moon, and the desert sunrise; we were to feel and dream all the appropriate things."

There was no romance at first, they said, because scores of small boys ran along beside the twelve camels and twenty donkeys, shouting and ringing bells and crying out for bakshish.

"I felt as if I were riding in for Ringling's Grand Entrance," one girl said. "At least I felt that way until I fell off the camel."

The natives nonchalantly pushed her back up, and the caravan rode out of Cairo and on into the desert, into the rolling sweep of the lonely and mysterious sands.

Once in the desert, they pitched camp among the undulating dunes that glowed in the light of the setting sun.

Then night came on, and they sat outside their tents and watched the moon rise. They thought of French legionaires and of caravans lost and men dying; they thought of Napoleon, Antony, Alexander.

But the souls of these dead generals did not appear to the girls who spoke of them, these frightened girls far out in the lonely, the mysterious desert.

"Instead of Alexander or Napoleon," one girl said, "there suddenly appeared around the tent corner a squatty little Turk.

"'You come to my café,' he said in French. 'You come dance.'

"We explained that we couldn't go back to Cairo just to dance.

"'Oh,' he said, 'but my café is only around the dune there.'

"We looked at each other grimly. 'I guess lots of Americans come to your café,' we said bitterly.

"'Oh, yes. Whenever tourists come out for a "Night in the Desert," they always come to my café.'

"Sure enough, just over the sand dune, was a convenient tourist settlement of honky-tonks with drinks, music, dance floor, souvenir beads, scarabs, and the usual desert postcards, showing the usual lonely and endless stretch of sand, quite unbroken by honky-tonks.

"The little Turk danced—as only a Turk can dance—and kept whispering in my ear: '*Ce soir, mademoiselle, ce soir.*'

"When we returned to our desert camp, rather weary after our visit to the dance hall, I undressed and got in bed. And I hardly had the covers up, when the flap of the tent parted and in walked the little Turk.

"'*Mademoiselle,*' he said, 'I am sad to think of you frightened here in the desert. I shall protect you. I myself—Ibrahim Pasha, descendant of the Mamelukes, rulers of all Egypt—shall sleep with you, and protect you.'

"I sat up in bed. 'Like hell you will,' I said. 'Go sleep with a camel.'"

Next morning the caravan returned to Cairo, Sheik Farah

Ghonerin leading the way over the romantic sands, returning slowly after the "Night in the Desert."



Outside Cairo in the burning Arabian desert lies a strange cemetery known as "The City of the Dead." Here are hundreds of sepulchers of Moslems and Christians who were buried in ground once holy, but that now is deserted, is left to the sun, the wind, and the sand.

Today on the yellow, pebbly stretch of the desert outside the city of the living, stands the weird, almost frightening City of the Dead. In this ghost place rise snow-white bubble domes. Minarets of marble, of alabaster, limestone, and granite point toward the cloudless sky. Miles and miles of beautifully proportioned mosques stretch across the desert. And nowhere in the city of the dead is there one tree, flower, or blade of grass.

At night under the moon, the domes and mosques form a dream city. But at midday when one sees them, lying far off in the desert, shimmering in the blinding heat, one believes the place is only a mirage.

Then one goes closer and sees all this lonely beauty in the dust and the heat of the desert. One looks through bare windows of the abandoned mosques. Bats hang from the arabesque tracery of the domes. Lizards race across intricate marble mosaics, across delicately chiseled words of the Koran, over treasures from Mecca that are relics of the Prophet.

"But why is this place deserted?" one asks. "Why is such beauty left to crumble?"

"There was no money to keep it up. Like so many cemeteries in other parts of the world, it has been abandoned. These tombs are old, very old. There are no relatives or friends of the dead to care for them, and the government

now refuses to guard the cemetery as it did for so long. In another century these mosques and minarets will have crumbled. Here will be only desolation."

Then from out the tombs of the dead come the living dead, the pestilent beggars dragging themselves from the sepulchers. Paupers having nowhere else to live, they have taken their places with the bats and the lizards. They have made their homes in the tombs. They have come to the City of the Dead a little before their time.

NORTH AFRICA

One of the most common ailments in Egypt is "Gippy Tummy," a name that is a euphemism for a terrific belly-ache.

Egypt and the countries of North Africa are thought of as hot countries. They are not. They have a hot sun but at night they can be very cold.

Almost the instant the sun drops below the horizon one feels the sudden chill in the air. Then one must put on his "cholera belt," a woolen body band that is worn next to the skin. Its purpose is to prevent the insides from becoming chilled.

All wise travelers wear these bands each night in countries where the days are hot and the nights cool. European governments wrap their African troops with body bands. Turks and Persians and Indians recognize the need for protection and wear cummerbunds. Other peoples of the East wear sashes which look pretty and decorative, but are worn primarily as safeguards for the insides.

Two successive nights in Cairo I was careless and went out without a body band. The second night as I was driving home from a theater across the Nile, I felt the clammy mist of the river wrap itself about me and my stomach give a warning twitch.

Unfortunately that night was my last night in Cairo. I had already made arrangements to leave by plane the next day for Libya. From Libya I was going on west to Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Tangiers; I was setting out to see the whole of North Africa.

Next day as I stepped into the liner at the Cairo airport I was somewhat nauseated and considerably in pain. My Gippy Tummy was announcing itself.

The liner took off and flew across the city with the Nile winding through it, then low over the Sphinx and pyramids and out over the Libyan desert. The air during that four-hour flight was terribly rough and air-sickness bags were used by several passengers. None of us was happy when we landed at Benghazi, a small Libyan seaport on the Mediterranean.

We landed at four o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock I sailed on a little Italian boat. It was going west along the coast to Tripoli, the chief city of Libya.

On this boat I met Maddalena. She is the reason for writing so much about a stomach ache.

Maddalena was the stewardess on the boat. She was elderly and so fat that she waddled copiously as she walked, swaying with the roll of the sea.

The first night I didn't go in to dinner.

Maddalena came to my cabin. Was anything wrong? she asked.

I told her I was sick and asked for a bowl of broth.

"Ah," she said. "Ah," she said again and hurried away.

Pretty soon she came back with a cup of steaming hot beef broth.

I couldn't drink it.

"Never mind," she said, as she took the cup. "Never mind at all."

She went out of the cabin and was gone for a while. When she came back, she had a hot water bottle and a basin of hot water. She put the bottle to my back; then she unbuttoned my pajama coat and, after warming her hands in the basin of hot water, she sat on the edge of the berth and rubbed my stomach and my legs until the pain was less and I went to sleep.

I didn't sleep long. I waked again and lay there staring into the frightening darkness that is in every sick room. Furthermore, there was a terrible sea that night and some-

times the stern of the boat would lift the propellers clear of the water and then the boat would shake and jerk as if it would fall to pieces.

But no matter about the roughness of the sea. Again and again the door would open gently: "It is Maddalena," she would say.

She would come in quietly and warm her hands and rub my stomach and my aching legs until I could go to sleep once more.

Half a dozen times during the night the door opened gently: "It is Maddalena," she would say.

Frederick.

Maddalena.

How can people hate other people simply because they were born a few miles to the east or the west? Or because the color of their skins is different? Or because they speak different languages?

How can there be so much hate when the world is full of men like Frederick and gentle, kindly women like Maddalena?



I could have flown from Benghazi to Tripoli, the famous North African port where the Americans fought the Barbary pirates, but I wanted first to view the town from the sea. I wanted to sail in like the American seamen who, back in 1802, sailed in to settle a score with the North African robbers, those brazen rogues who played such havoc with shipping in the Mediterranean.

Throughout a good part of the eighteenth century the pirates of the Barbary Coast, the North African coast, had levied tribute on all ships sailing the Mediterranean. European rulers believed that the overthrow of the corsairs would be costly, if not impossible; therefore they paid the tribute.

In 1800 the United States was a young country. Congress thought best to follow the example of the European nations and pay the money demanded by the Barbary pirates. But when the Bey of Algiers and the Pasha of Tripoli steadily increased their demands, Thomas Jefferson, third president of the republic, finally despatched a squadron of four vessels to protect American shipping in the Mediterranean and to fire on any pirate who failed to respect the American flag.

When the Pasha of Tripoli heard of the order he was so infuriated that he cut down the flagstaff of the American consulate in Tripoli.

For four years the war dragged on. There was an occasional fight at sea and a little fighting on land. But there really wasn't much to the war that ended in 1805.

Except that we didn't come out of it too well.

We had talked a lot about "not a cent for tribute," but just the same we paid sixty thousand dollars' ransom for the release of three hundred American sailors and, while we refused to pay tribute, we still agreed to send the Pasha "a cash present" from time to time.



The little coastal vessel on which I was traveling sailed into the harbor at Tripoli one beautiful morning. From the bow of the ship, I saw the old fort and the ramparts of the city.

In which cell of the fort was poor Bainbridge chained? In what part of the harbor did Captain Somers blow up his ship and his crew rather than be captured? Where did the *Intrepid* enter on the night she stole in and burned the captured *Philadelphia*? From where did the *Constitution* deliver her broadsides until the Pasha fled from his batteries to the basement of his palace?

I was excited when I went ashore at Tripoli. Here at last

America was on the African stage. In South Africa I had seen the land of the English and the Dutch. Elsewhere on the continent I had seen where the Portuguese, the Belgians, Germans and French had entered the continent. At Tripoli I saw where America first stepped upon African soil.

I refused the taxi drivers and the carriage drivers. I walked along the quay and on into the city.

But instead of a turbulent town filled with pirates, I found Tripoli to be a city immaculately clean, completely modern. Men carrying portfolios hurried about their business. Women pushing baby carriages sauntered along the promenade beside the sea. The romance and glamor of Tripoli is lost in the modernity of a city that is no different from cities of the French and Italian Riviera.

Indeed, the time may come when Tripoli will successfully beckon to tourists who perhaps are tired of the Riviera and who seek new places to play, new beaches, new hotels, new surroundings.

I remained in Tripoli for a week, putting the final quietus on my Tummy and enjoying the beautiful public gardens, the band concerts in the public square and just sitting with a glass of gentle wine on the table and watching the medley of people go by.

Then one day I took a boat for Tunis, the capital of Tunisia and the next large town to the west on the Barbary Coast.



Incidentally, the Barbary Coast is named after the aborigines of North Africa, the Berbers.

These Berbers are members of the Caucasian race, distinctly a white people. Usually they have light skin and dark hair with brown or hazel eyes; some Berbers, however, have yellow hair and blue eyes and are as blond as the men of any country.

The Berbers were the fighters who, centuries ago, went to Spain and conquered the country. The Spaniards spoke of them as "Men of Morocco" or "Moors."

Through misconception, probably because the Berbers came from Africa, the term "blackamoor"—black as a Moor—was born. So the Berber, the white man of North Africa, was changed in popular thinking into a black man.

But the Spaniards know better and today some of the proudest blood of Spain boasts its Moorish ancestry.



Tunis is an important seaport, yet it is not on the sea. The city is inland, behind a marsh that barred the passage of big ships until the French built a seven-mile canal from the sea to the city's front door.

As we sailed along in the canal I could almost imagine it as a straight highway with embankments on each side. Boys would ride along on bicycles and call out to us from the jetties. Business men would come from their offices and shops and wave to us as we sailed on toward the city. After we had tied up at the dock, we stepped directly from the ocean-going vessel onto the cobbled streets of the picturesque town.

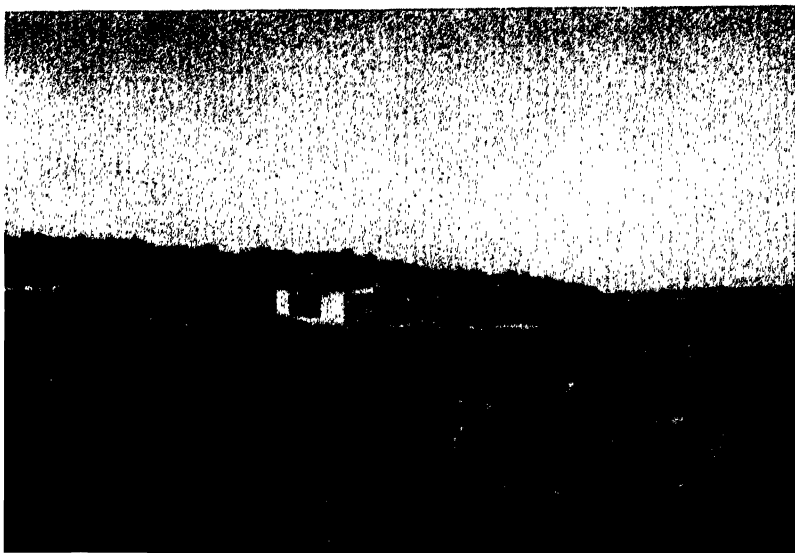
Tunis is largely a French city. Of course, it is not a city with a Parisian accent, but it is unmistakably a city of France. A seaport of France. Marseilles perhaps.

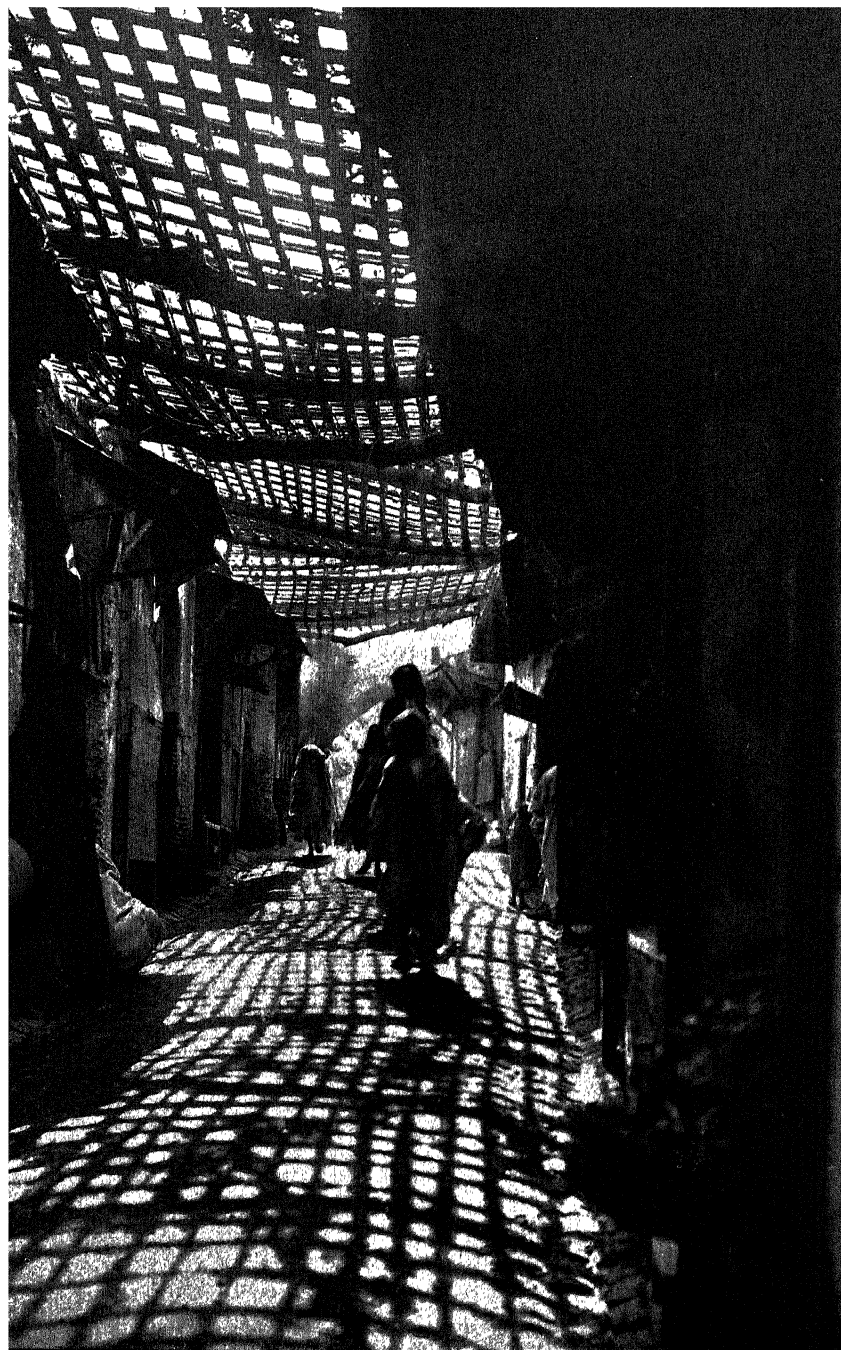
My first night in Tunis I was like a man who has been a long time in the jungle, then has come out and seen the lights again. At dinner I told the waiter of what I had been eating for so long—food that was only food, in which there was no music for the spirit or poetry for the soul. The food in Tripoli had been good, but my Tummy had prevented my eating with any real pleasure.



TRIPOLI

MODERN CULTIVATION OF THE DESERT IN LIBYA





"Could you," I asked prayerfully, "fix me a sole *au vin blanc*?"

"But, *monsieur*," he said and hurried away.

There was a bottle of Château Yquem. Then coffee. And brandy that touched the tongue, then was only an aroma.

From the café I went out into the soft air of the Tunisian night. I was strolling along the boulevard when:

"*Bon soir, mon cher! Où allez-vous?*"

Ah, but it was good to be home again.



In almost all North African cities, certainly in all the larger ones, there are really two cities: the city of the Arabs, where they live and trade, and the city of the Europeans.

The Arab trading quarter of Tunis is set apart from the rest of Tunis by walls, and by infinitely more than walls. One drives in a carriage to the gate of the trading quarter. There one leaves the carriage and passes through the gate and into the *souk*, the great marketplace like a bazaar of India. Here is a world completely Oriental. Here murder or marriage might just have happened and no man's face would tell.

The streets are narrow and twisty; they are dim because each street is covered over, is vaulted like an arcade.

One street is filled with the shops of the silversmiths.

In the next, the tailors ply their needles.

Then the shoemakers fashion yellow slippers for men, red slippers for women. They embroider them with blue threads and threads of gold.

Beyond is the street of the dealers in rugs and leather, in silks and damasks and embroideries.

The most fascinating of all the streets is the Souk-el-At-

tarine, the Street of the Perfumers. As I walked there, I felt that my nose was as large as Cyrano's and, like him, I inhaled all April.

Finally I came to "The House of M. Mohamed Ennifar"—it was really a booth, like all the other shops in the *souk*; it was about eight feet square. I went in to see this celebrated "Distributor of Genuine Tunisian Perfume Extracts." I wished to talk with the gentleman who publicly admitted in the newspapers that he was an "Expert in all Perfumes, Amber Pastilles and Incense. Amber Antiques. Roses of the Desert. Lilacs from Nubia. Jasmin from Sfax."

I had seen his advertisement and felt that I must call upon him. Though I was somewhat hesitant about going into the presence of a man who vaunted such knowledge.

He received me graciously, rising from the cushion upon which he sat and bowing to me as I entered. He seated me upon a divan. He served me coffee that was thick and black and sweet smelling. And always he talked of perfume, not infrequently reminding me that the Prophet himself loved not only beautiful women but the odor of perfumes as well. Of attar of roses, perhaps. Of mimosa. White jasmine. Narcissus. The perfume of sandalwood. Cedarwood. And ambergris.

For a long time he talked and the perfume of his talk was like the perfume of his flowers. When finally he knew I was roused by his talk and by his perfumes, the Arab with the white beard opened a bottle and drew the long glass stopper through the air.

The old rogue was so successful in capturing me with his beautiful talk, even though a good part of it was obviously a retelling of the tales of Scheherazade, that I bought bottles and bottles of his perfume.

They were expensive, those perfumes; but, after all, money is not to be considered when one can buy both the morning

breath of the flowers and the fabulous talk of a white-bearded Arab telling of incense and amber.



I left the Street of the Perfumers and came to the Souk-el-Leffa where are shops offering Tunisian silks. Bedspreads from Gafsa. Rugs from Persia. Silks from China. Brass from India.

"Hey, mister, you come see." He was a boy in a dirty burnous and too-large slippers that slap-slap-slapped as he walked. "You come see."

"See what?" I asked.

He explained that he could take me to a high place where I could look down upon the city.

I followed him up some narrow stairs as he led me to the top of a building. From there I looked out and saw the white roofs of Tunis, the cupolas and the minarets of the Tunisian mosques.

After I had looked at the city, the boy led me down from the top of the building. This time we went by a different stair. "Show you something stupendously enormous," he explained, as he led the way toward a room at the end of the passage.

At the entrance of the room a beaded curtain was parted by two black men and inside the room an Arab bowed to me.

Would I care to own a treasure that had come into his possession in a curious fashion, in a devious way he could not divulge?

"It is a great treasure," he said, as the black men crossed the room and drew aside a silken hanging. The Arab bowed again. "It is a bed from the harem, sir," he said.

The boy had been right. It was truly stupendously enormous. There were mirrors set at many angles and curtains of red and blue velvet, of green and blue silk. There were nooks

and crannies in that bed. It was three times the size of an ordinary bed. It was a bed for a game of hide-and-seek. It was as broad as a battlefield.



Ancient Carthage is a suburb of modern Tunis; the ruins are twelve miles out from the town. A paved highway leads to them.

As I drove toward Carthage, beside the harbor where Dido had entered in her purple-sailed Phœnician ships, I was thinking of her and of Æneas who left her weeping on the shore. I was thinking of Hannibal and of Cato, that frightened and vengeful old man, and of Scipio the Younger.

Surely there would be someone to tell me the story. A sailor perhaps who had fought against the dread quinquiremes of Rome. An elephant driver who had ridden his war elephant to the gates of Rome. A priest of Baal who frequently had laid the sacrifice, a baby, in the white-hot arms of the god. Possibly I would meet one of the soldiers who had died in the final fight the day the Romans forced the city and fought the men of Carthage hand to hand in the streets.

But there was no one to tell me anything. I found only a few uninteresting ruins hemmed in, choked off, by modern summer houses and villas overlooking the bay. Ancient Carthage was truly destroyed; even its ruins were plowed under and salt was sowed in the furrows. Today the ruins of the later Roman settlements are of but casual interest to the traveler.

I had been at Carthage only a part of an afternoon when I was willing to agree with my guide who remarked: "There really ain't much out here, mister."

My guide once had been an assistant porter at the Statler

Hotel in Buffalo. But he enlisted in the French army in the war of 1914-18 and had an eye shot out.

"And now I make it the best way I can, mister. You ain't got an American cigarette on you, have you, mister?"



To discuss the military and political struggle in North Africa is to write in the sand. Whatever is written today is erased by the sirocco tomorrow.

All the European powers are interested in North Africa, all want as much of the country as they can get.

A great part of the North African coast, that strip of land between the seas and the desert, is extremely fertile. Since the time of Rome it has been a precious granary for Europe. The products of North African grainfields and gardens, pastures and vineyards, are wealth and life itself for the peoples of France and Italy and Spain. These peoples of Europe will not easily give up their control of whatever parts of the Barbary Coast they now own. Even if control is wrested from them, they will immediately begin scheming to regain what they have lost.

Whenever in the years ahead there is no more pressing incentive for war among European peoples, they can always find cause for jealousy and hatred in the grainfields of North Africa. Each of the major European nations, particularly those directly across the Mediterranean, covet the North African coast for both economic and military reasons. Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Tangiers have long been pawns in the dangerous game played by the statesmen and soldiers of Europe. There is little reason to hope that these countries and colonies will cease to be among the loot for which the more powerful nations scheme and fight.

The strategists of Europe are not the only men who dream

of owning North Africa. The men of the Barbary Coast themselves want back their land and their wheat, their barley, olives, grapes, vegetables, and fruits.

But they are content to wait, seemingly at peace, while they endlessly watch and play one European nation against another. They can wait, because they believe that their time will come—the Prophet himself has promised—when suddenly they shall draw the sword in a great Holy War and fertilize their fields with the hated Christian blood.

These facts about North Africa are true as I write them. They will be true tomorrow, regardless of whatever European powers happen to be on top at the moment.

SAHARA

After one comes back from a trip to far-off places, his friends ask all kinds of questions. "Tell us about it," they say. So you tell them. At dinner. On the golf course. While riding along the bridle path. You even make speeches. Your mother belongs to a literary club and of course you must speak to her club. Your fraternity brother, whom you have hardly seen for years, bobs up in a sudden burst of friendship and in the end you speak to his scientific society.

J. E. Chappell, president of the *Birmingham News*, where I have written for years, and Raymond R. Paty, president of Birmingham-Southern College, where I have taught for years, both belong to the Kiwanis Club. I decided, therefore, that speaking to the Kiwanis Club was not only a privilege but was also highly advisable, particularly since both these really beloved gentlemen informed me hopefully that a refusal would be their long-sought-for excuse to fire me.

As I talked about Africa with friends at different times, I found that they were interested in the story of diamonds. They were interested, but didn't quite believe, the story of the torture rites. They liked to hear about the animals of the continent. They were particularly interested in the modernity of Africa, even though they had difficulty fully crediting that modernity. Again and again they would say: "But that doesn't sound like Africa to me. You mean they have skyscrapers and air-conditioned trains in Africa? And night clubs and golf courses in Africa! Doesn't sound right to me."

Perhaps the single feature of Africa that has interested my friends most is the Sahara desert. As I've talked with them

about the desert, they have said repeatedly: "Is it really that way? I certainly didn't know that."

They, and most other persons, I suppose, have thought of the Sahara as hot all the time, dry all the time, and made up entirely of sand.

They're partly right. The desert at times and in certain places is hot, dry, and sandy.

But not always!

Many of my friends didn't know—nor did I until I went to Africa—about the size of the Sahara. Africa is eleven million square miles and the Sahara is one third of the continent. Covering an area of three and a half million square miles, the Sahara is as large as all Europe and half a million square miles larger than the United States.

Perhaps the biggest surprise about the desert is to learn that it is not an endless stretch of sand, flat like a beach. In the Sahara are vast and lofty plateaus, huge stone crags, great rocky mountain ranges and volcanic peaks whose shoulders are brilliant with snow under the terrible sun.

More than half of the Sahara is at least a thousand feet above the sea. One of the desert peaks is nine thousand feet high. Furthermore there are several great mountain ranges in the Sahara. One of them covers an area larger than is covered by all the Alps of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

The misunderstanding about the Sahara being flat and covered entirely by sand is caused chiefly by the ordinary postcard view of the desert. Actually sand covers only a small part of the Sahara, only one tenth, but the sand is better known than the mountains because almost invariably artists make desert pictures of only the dunes. And they are right because when the winds are still, the sands lie in patterns of infinite beauty; then the winds come and rearrange the dunes and create new beauty by forming new patterns.

These winds at times are so fierce that they blow out of

the desert and across the mountains of North Africa, across the Mediterranean, carrying the sand of the Sahara into Europe, settling a fine red dust over parts of Italy, southern France, and Spain.



The desert is a dry and dusty place
Where there's hardly water enough to wash
your face
And a bath would never be feasible:
I'm sure the desert isn't very pleasurable.

This poetic monstrosity was included in a letter from one of my pupils who heard that I was going into the desert and hurried to warn me of what I might expect.

In my reply I proved that one never learns from experience and that hope springs even in the professorial breast. Despite the futility of past efforts, I tried once more to teach something to a sophomore co-ed.

Most painfully remembering your inability to learn anything about literature—can I ever forget your announcement that Homer and Milton had one thing in common: they were both deaf?—and realizing that you probably won't pay any more attention to my writing than to my classroom lecturing, I shall still try to tell you about the Sahara.

The desert is not necessarily a dry and dusty place, despite the fact that you and most other persons think so. Here is a report from Tamanrasset, a government weather bureau near the center of the Sahara:

"On January 15th, at 8 p.m. a hurricane broke over the region, followed by torrential rain. The roofs of the houses almost all fell in, and the native population took refuge in the fortress as the water carried away the small dwellings and gardens bordering the wadi. Rain continued to fall on the 16th and the wadi overflowed, the water racing past with the speed of a horse gallop. . . . The rain fell less heavily on the 17th; the wadi subsided and the weather cleared. There was seen to be snow on the neighboring summits."

A wadi is a dry watercourse, part of an ancient river system that watered the Sahara thousands of years ago when the land was fertile instead of dry and barren. Just why the land lost its fertility is not positively known, though erosion had a lot to do with it and some think that the recession of the ice in Europe, ages and ages ago, influenced this North African area.

Wadis are to be found in virtually all parts of the desert and no Touareg or Bedouin, the men who best know the desert and its dangers, would dare camp in one of them regardless of how deep the dust and sand might lie in the baked gully. No rain might have fallen for years near that particular wadi; but on this very night the storm might break, and the water roar down the old course with a speed faster than a man or a camel could run. The Touaregs and Bedouins, and all men who know the desert, fear the wadis and the danger of being drowned in the Sahara.

Just because you have seen so many pictures of desert sand and have heard of so many men dying of thirst in the desert, don't think there is never rain in the Sahara. Actually there is no place on earth where rain never falls and the Sahara too gets its meager share. The trouble in the Sahara is that torrential rain may pour down in a particular area for a day, then not a drop fall in that area for months, even years. No part of the Sahara has a regular fall of sufficient rain, evenly distributed over the year, to make the land fertile; therefore that vast tract across north-central Africa is a desert, arid and useless, a cultural and commercial barrier between the peoples in the northern and the southern parts of the continent.

There's something a little puzzling about the fact that an area larger than the whole United States lies waste and barren when it might be feeding millions of hungry men and animals if only it could receive a little rain. And it *could*, you know—remember how Sterne said in *Tristram Shandy* that the Lord could have made Prague a seaport, if only the Lord had wanted to? Wondering a little about all that and inspired by your poem, I too wrote a poem which, by the way, is almost worse than yours:

The desert is a dry and dusty place
Where you seldom have a chance to wash
your face
And all because the Lord refuses water:
Personally I think he hadn't OUGHT TO.

Despite the admitted scarcity of baths, the Sahara is actually very pleasurable. If you could be with me only once when the sun is setting out in the desert, you would forget about baths and the sand in your slippers and the soreness where the camel saddle rubs. Not even Robert Herrick—he was a poet of the seventeenth century whom I lectured about and you were supposed to have studied—not even old Herrick ever saw so many colors on one of his bright May mornings as flash from the low sun each afternoon across the desert.



People sometimes say, "As hot as the desert." But the Sahara isn't always hot; in reality, it has a great variation of temperature.

It is true that a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees in the desert is not unusual, and the highest weather temperature in history was recorded in the Sahara—one hundred and thirty-six degrees. Even greater heat has been recorded in the surface sands: they hold the heat and have been known to reach one hundred and fifty-eight degrees.

During a battle fought among the dunes, the soldiers were ordered to lie down to protect themselves against gunfire. They did lie down; but they rose instantly, preferring to be killed by a sudden bullet than to be burned by the sands.

While heat of the desert is well known, the fact that men have frozen to death in snowstorms on the plateaus just north of the Sahara is not common knowledge.

Nor is it generally known that on winter mornings thin ice covers the water puddles in the desert.

An annual report from a weather bureau near the center of the Sahara listed fourteen days of frost. Low temperature for the year was nineteen degrees.

The truth is that temperature in the Sahara is as variable

as temperature in any other great area. Summer days usually are hot. Winter days frequently are cold.

But always, winter and summer, the nights are cold. The day may be simply roasting, then at night one may shiver under three blankets and the drinking water freeze. As an example of how the desert temperature varies between day and night—the bureau that recorded the day temperature of one hundred and thirty-six degrees recorded that same night a temperature of seventy degrees.

This change of temperature from day to night, and back again from night to day, is so great and so sudden that the rocks of the desert cliffs groan each night and morning as they contract and expand, grating against themselves, wearing themselves away into grains of sand that slide down the cliffs and onto the desert floor.

The rocks of the desert are the source of the desert sand. Through the ages the rocks each night and each morning have rubbed a little sand from themselves. And now there is so much sand in the Sahara that when the winds blow, the sand rises into dunes sometimes five hundred feet high.



Many persons think of the Sahara as uninhabited. Actually, the area we call the Sahara has always been lived in and today thousands of men and women live scattered over the desert.

The thousands would be millions if only there were more water. The population of the Sahara is strictly determined by the amount of water that here and there rises to the surface.

At one oasis enough water rises to support two hundred persons and their animals; therefore two hundred men, women, children, and their camels, donkeys, and goats live at that oasis. At another oasis is a greater flow of water and

five hundred persons live there; if there were more water, a thousand men and women, or ten thousand, would live there.

Water in the Sahara is a mysterious gift of the desert, rising from sources which even modern scientists can not explain. Men who have made intensive studies of the desert oases still don't understand the Sahara water supply. They don't know the subterranean geography of the supply, or how great it is, or where it originates; they don't even know if the water is stationary or in motion.

Not long ago a crocodile was found at one of the oases—and a few more gray hairs were added to the scientists' heads. How was it possible for a crocodile to show up at an oasis? He couldn't possibly have come across the desert. Did he come under the desert? The scientists haven't yet answered that one.

In perfect honesty they admit that they know virtually nothing about the desert water supply. Certainly they can't explain why it rises to the surface and flows copiously in one place, flows again at some other place miles away, yet leaves the sand between these springs totally arid.

In the desert are areas of sand, only sand, like great sand lakes. Here of course there is no fertility. But outside these areas, these sandy deserts within a desert, the Sahara is rich in the mineral foods necessary for plant life. Wherever the soil can get water, it bears bountifully.

At the oases the people grow dates and wheat, millet and barley, apricots, peaches, pears, pomegranates, apples, grapes, melons and figs, onions, beans, cucumbers, eggplants, tomatoes, sorghum and mint, rice, tobacco, and cotton. The quantity of fruits and vegetables grown at each oasis is determined entirely by the amount of water at each oasis.

Despite the ordinary pictures in illustrated editions of the *Bible*, an oasis is not necessarily a couple of palm trees and

a woman dipping water. Some oases are like that, only puddles. Others are somewhat larger and support a settlement the size of a village. Still others are great cities. The oasis Biskra, for instance, has a population of eleven thousand persons. Figuig has fifteen thousand. Ghardaia has thirty thousand. And the great oasis city of Marrakesh has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand persons.

The architecture of these cities is adapted to the desert setting and the people have molded their lives to fit their surroundings; otherwise the cities of the Sahara are not particularly unlike cities anywhere else. Marrakesh and the other desert cities have rich homes and poor homes. Broad streets and narrow streets. Big shops and little shops. In desert cities men and women are born and live and die, just as anywhere else. Some of them are merchants, some bankers, some laborers, many are farmers. There is really no important difference between Biskra and Dallas, or Marrakesh and Atlanta.

To the desert cities the caravans come from time to time. The men of the caravans bring their goods to trade. They tell their stories of the outside world. Then they go on to the next city, the camels moving out silently at early dawn, watched by big-eyed boys and restless young men who dream of the horizon but never go toward it. They are like boys born on small islands who never go to sea.

In many of the oases of the Sahara boys grow to be men, and old men, and die and never risk a desert journey, never risk the parched tongue, the blinded eyes, and the burning death of the desert.

An oasis may be a rich center of desert trade or only a village where agricultural folk grow their fruits and vegetables, but always at each oasis there is sufficient food to support life and, even more important, there is water. Beyond the oasis is only the desert. Let the caravans come and go, some of them bringing tales of dry bones in the sand—

the men of the oasis remain quietly at home. Let the adventurers go into the outer world—the men of the oasis remain with their limited but unfailing supply of water and with the golden dates as sweet as honey when they are gathered fresh from the trees.

Besides the people of the oases in the Sahara, there are the nomads, the Touaregs and Bedouins, who wander from water hole to water hole, driving their flocks with them. The flow of water at these scattered holes is not great enough to support a farming community, but there is enough water temporarily to maintain life for the nomads and their animals.

At one time there were many bands of these nomads wandering over the desert, raiding oases and attacking caravans; but the number has been reduced by vigilant desert police who have made pillaging dangerous and unprofitable.

Wise government officials also have played a part in reducing the number of desert robbers. The officials figured out the income of the more successful thieves, then offered a larger amount as salary. Thus they bribed the Big Shots of the Sahara to join the police and capture or kill off the petty offenders.



Travel in the desert is chiefly by means of camels, though at one time the camel was unknown in the Sahara.

In different parts of the desert are rock engravings. They depict the life of the people who lived in the Sahara thousands of years ago. Intimate and detailed scenes of home life and of travel are carved on the rocks, but nowhere is there a rock picture of a camel. Numerous oxen are shown and sometimes horses, but there is no suggestion that those early people had ever seen a camel.

About fifteen hundred years ago, the camel was taken into the Sahara; the Arabs brought him in from Arabia. Since

then the camel has been the sole beast of burden and, until the present century, the sole means of transportation in the desert.

There are as many different breeds of camels as there are breeds of horses, and the *mehara*, the racing camel, is as carefully bred as the most blue-blood horse. These racing camels prove their breeding by covering one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours.

The ordinary freight camel is not such a magnificent beast. He is allowed to trundle along at twenty-five miles a day. But where the *mehara* carries only a soldier, a scout, or a messenger, the poor old freight camel—frequently a surly and invariably a stupid beast—pads along over the sand under a burden sometimes as great as one thousand pounds.

Stories about the camel's ability to go without water are sometimes exaggerated. The truth is that while traveling from oasis to oasis, the camel is given water every fourth day.

Just as the camel replaced the ox because in the desert the camel is a more satisfactory beast of burden, so the camel himself may eventually be replaced.

Already airplanes fly over the desert.

Railroads run deep into the desert.

And automobiles have crossed the Sahara until such a journey is now commonplace, like flying the ocean.

While airplanes may never completely replace the ships of the sea, or automobiles replace the angular and gawky ships of the desert, the time may come when the camel will be something of a museum piece, and the beauty and the quiet of the desert night will be ruptured by headlight and horn.

HADJ

I traveled leisurely through North Africa. There was no hurry. Some men spoke of war but other men laughed at them.

"France may go to war with Germany in Europe but it will make no difference to us in North Africa," they said. "And if the Italians dare say anything, we'll slap them down in a hurry."

I traveled through Lybia. Tunisia. Algeria. French Morocco. Spanish Morocco. Tangiers.

Everywhere I had a feeling of security. Some men were a little uneasy but the majority scoffed at any fighting in North Africa.

"There probably won't be any war," they said. "But if there is, the fighting will all be in Europe. Somewhere beyond the Maginot Line. Here in North Africa we're perfectly safe."

This was in the late summer of 1939.

I wandered from one North African city to the next.

From Tripoli to Tunis. From Algiers to Oran.

At Oran the French were showing the might of their air force. Squadrons were flying over and trick fliers were performing all kinds of aerial feats.

"What have we to worry about?" my host said. "It's silly to worry."

I went to Fez.

To Meknes.

Rabat.

At Casablanca some French battleships were in port. The sailors crowded the red-light district in Casablanca, the largest restricted district in the world. Three thousand women of every color and shade of color are in this district.

Saffron colored women from Arabia. Women black as ebony from the Congo. Brown women from the desert. White women from the North African mountains. They sit in front of their little stalls or stand in the street soliciting. They wear voluminous skirts and tight jackets. They wear flowing robes and veils over their faces. They wear gauzy pantaloons and nothing over their breasts. The French sailors with their little white caps and red pom-poms on top danced with the girls in the streets, singing gay songs.

I went to Marrakesh, the great oasis. There is little difference between Marrakesh and any other city of North Africa. Marrakesh is entirely surrounded by the desert. The other cities have the desert only at their back doors. That seems to be the chief difference.

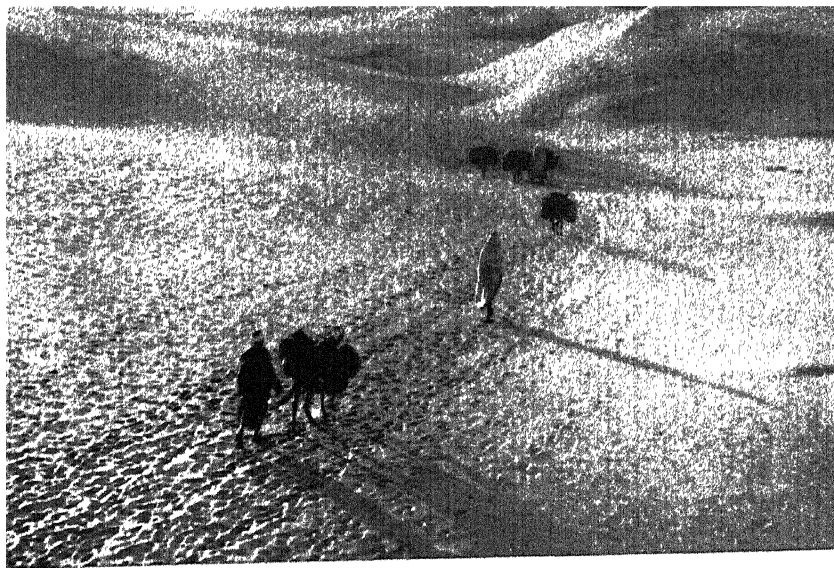
All these North African cities have European quarters with street cars. Modern hotels. Shops that offer dictaphones, automobile accessories, electric refrigerators.

Each has an Arab section where turbaned men sit cross-legged in their tiny shops and read the word of the Prophet until a customer interrupts. In this section are mosques and dirt and smells, veiled women and children in little white robes.

One wanders through the Arab section and occasionally enters a shop to buy perfume or slippers, brassware or leather. Occasionally one goes into a café and orders coffee.

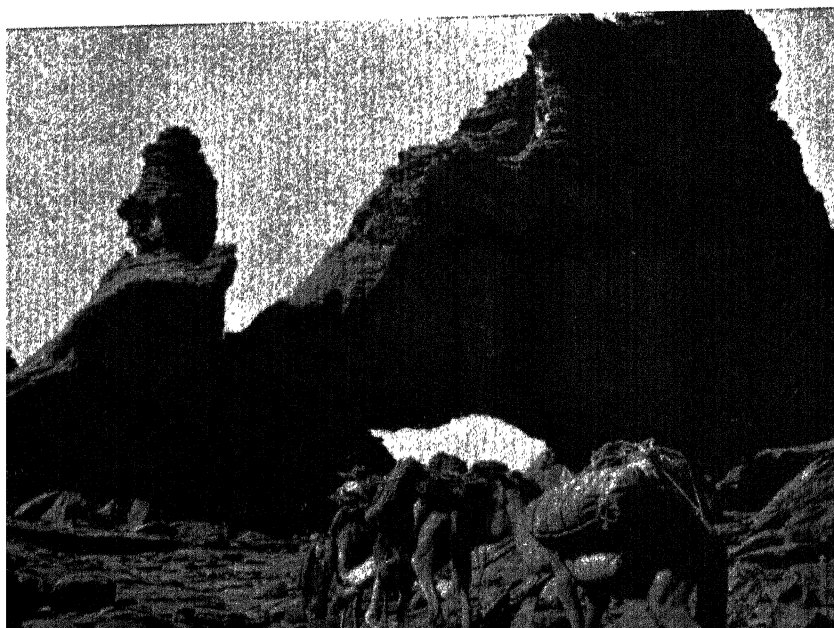
Neither in the shop nor in the café does one overhear the quick, friendly talk of a happy people. One suspects that before the European entered the café, the Arabs may have been laughing and telling stories. But as the European approached, their talk dwindled away and they turned sullenly to their coffee. These Arabs remember when they owned the land and owned it entirely. They will not forget. They, too, are waiting for The Day.

After I had visited North African cities, seen North African farms, driven over magnificent highways in Algeria and

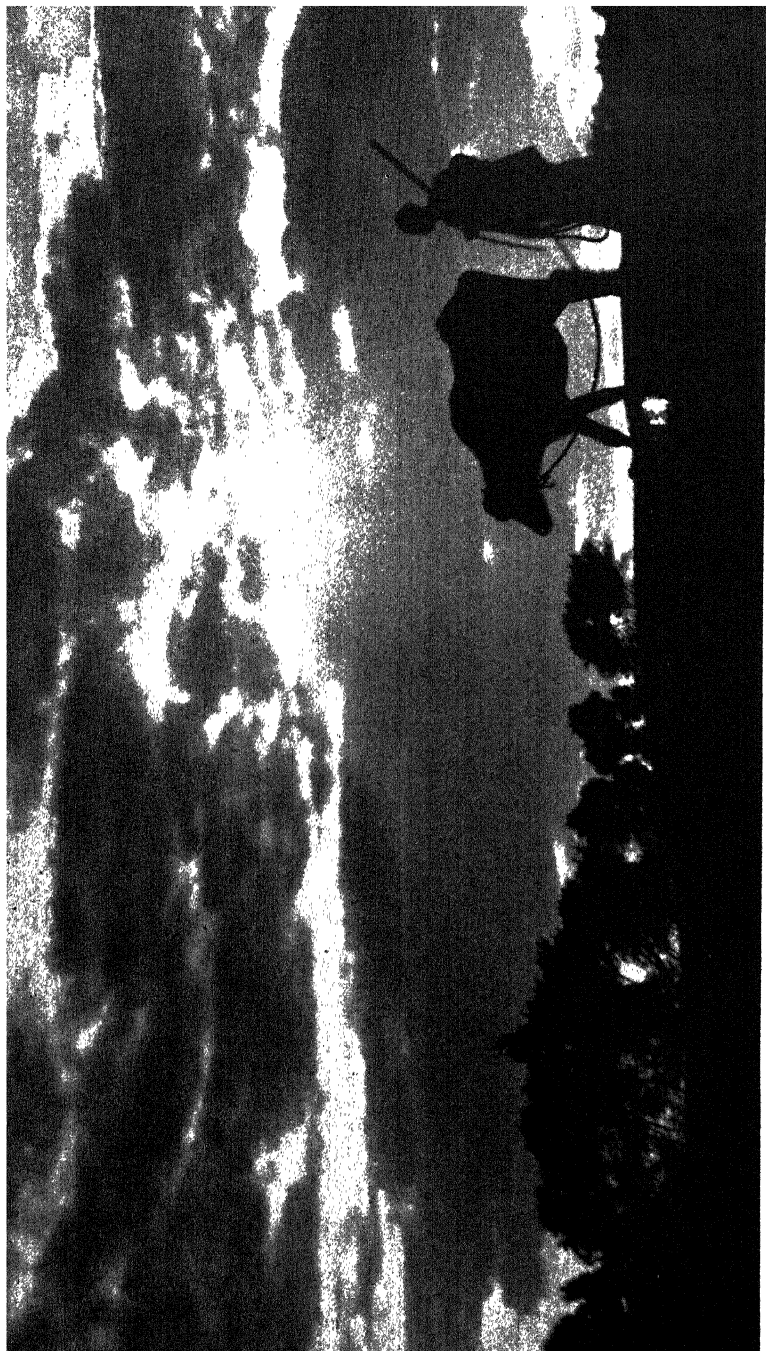


HIGHWAY TO THE OASIS OF MARRAKESII

IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA



AFRICAN ANGELUS



Morocco, I realized that once more Hollywood had tricked me. I had been shown pictures of legionnaires fighting the veiled men of Morocco, but no pictures of policemen handling the orderly traffic of Moroccan cities. I had seen alluring scenes in Algerian brothels, but never a scene of public playgrounds with boys playing soccer football and old men playing bowls and children rolling their hoops.

Finally as I traveled in North Africa, I came to the town of Tangiers. It is on the northwest corner of the continent. Just across the way—only five hours by a slow boat—is Europe.

One night in Tangiers I was in a café above the shop of Hadj Toufik Ben El M'rabet, the dealer in jewelry and old weapons and leather and silks. All that afternoon the little man and I had enjoyed the usual game of chess that is played between an Arab shopkeeper and his customer. The stake in this particular game was the price of a pair of golden bracelets that were too beautiful to ignore, but too expensive to buy. All afternoon we drank our coffee and talked of politics, of war, of men and horses. Only at quick moments did we speak of the bracelets that lay on the velvet cushion between us. Then there was a sudden thrust and an instant parry. Once more we talked of politics and war and men and horses.

It was night when finally the game was ended. The price that Hadj named at last, and to which I agreed, was one fifth the price he had asked at first and three times the price I originally offered.

Hadj smiled a toothless smile through his thin brown beard and told me why he would sacrifice the bracelets, why he would ruin himself and the future of his children. He said that he wished me to own the bracelets because he had found me a brother, one who loved men and horses, yet was wise enough to stay away from the heels of both.

The price that Hadj sorrowfully named, reciting calamities

that befall the man who gives bread from his mouth when he is needy, was probably ten times what he had paid for the bracelets when he bought them God knows where—he said he bought them in Damascus—but it was a price I could afford if I would travel home second class. I would have traveled in the forecandle to own them.

When at last the money was paid and the bracelets, wrapped in gauze, were in my pocket, Hady insisted that I dine with him.

"We will talk," he said. "We will talk and take our food together."

We went upstairs to the café where the orchestra was playing. Strange dishes of Moorish food were being served.

As we climbed the stairs, Hady, a bowlegged little man in a brown robe and brown skull cap, stopped twice to get his breath. He coughed that dry hacking cough which during the afternoon had told me about his lungs. "I am tuberculous," he said on the stairs as he touched his chest and waited for his breath.

We dined together and after dinner we drank our coffee and smoked. I smoked the strong Moorish cigarettes. Hady smoked his pipe with its bowl no larger than a thimble which he filled again and again with *kief*, the poisonous weed that we call hashish or marijuana.

Hady told me of his travels, how he had gone to Egypt and far back into the Sudan searching for treasures for his shop. He told me of his travels in Persia and Arabia. He told me of his four trips to Mecca.

"I have been to Europe, too," he said. "To France. Switzerland. Germany."

We talked of Germany. Of Unter den Linden. Of the Tiergarten on a bright sunshiny morning. We drank coffee at the cafés on Friederichstrasse. We went to the opera.

"This talk of war is foolish," Hady said. "Germany wouldn't

dare attack France. The French army is the most powerful army in the world."

There was a commotion outside. We went to the window. A procession was passing. There had been a wedding. Torchbearers lit the way for the bride as she rode on a mule to the home of her husband.

After the wedding procession passed we returned to our table and our coffee. We talked again of travel.

"The memories of travel are precious," Hadj said. "They sadden a man because they remind him that something has passed through his life and gone. But they give him a quiet companionship. He will not be lonely."

We smoked and drank our coffee.

"He can always travel in his mind, sitting quietly at home," Hadj said. "He can always remember. He will not be lonely."

"Yes," I said, "he can always remember."

We finished our coffee.

I told Hadj good-night.

Next morning I sailed from Africa.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS BOOK

The frontispiece was painted by Louisa W. Robins of Buffalo, New York.

"I did the picture after I returned to the United States from traveling in Africa," Mrs. Robins told me one night in Buffalo. "The woman portrayed is not the portrait of any one person but is a result of many sketches I made while traveling with my husband in Zululand and Pondoland. I painted the woman and her baby to show how gentle and at the same time how vividly barbaric these people are when seen in their native surroundings."

The painting has been exhibited twice: in the Western New York exhibition of 1939 where it won the prize for the best picture in the show, and again in the 1940 exhibition of American Painting and Sculpture at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Several photographs in this book are reproduced through the courtesy of the Publicity Department of the South African Railways. The pictures are: "One of the Africas," "At Work," "Zulu Man," "Gold Mine," "African Summer," "Leopard Watching the Trail," "Mumbo Jumbo, Jr."

With characteristic kindness and generosity Donald Ker opened his albums to me and allowed me to take my pick. I chose four of his pictures for reproduction. They are: "Sport with a Camera," "Lions Feeding," "Nerve Out of an Elephant's Tusk," "Rhinoceros."

My fine friends, Dr. Richard L. Sutton and Dr. Richard L. Sutton, Jr., of Kansas City, also opened their collection of African photographs to me. I have used the following pictures made by them while on their African tour: "Lion's Victim," "A Man of East Africa," "A Masai," "Birthplace of the Nile."

Ben H. Lobdill, of Chicago, just returned from Africa and bringing with him many pictures, gave me use of the following: "Off Duty," "Zulu Mother," "Hah-man-tool"

O. H. Schroder, of Johannesburg, further proved his friendship by allowing me to reproduce three of his photographs: "Kindergarten," "School," "Big Game Hunt: The Quarry."

Arthur H. Rosenfeld, of Cairo, nobly assisted by his young son, got together for me a number of their fine photographs made in Egypt. Two of their pictures have been reproduced: "The Royal Egyptian Lancers Are Reviewed by Their King" and "African Angelus."

F. H. F. Hamilton, of Johannesburg, lent me two excellent pictures: "Sunday" and "Impala." I should say that Mr. Hamilton's "Impala" is the picture of the four-legged kind. The photograph of that two-legged rascal nicknamed "Impala," the fellow who lost us on the veld that night, was made by me.

Betty Little, of Gadsden, Alabama, brought back some exceptionally good photographs from her recent tour of North Africa. She was good enough to permit me to include two of her pictures in this book: "An Egyptian Village" and "The Great Pyramid of Gizeh."

J. S. C.

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